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THE VAUX-DE-VIRE

OF

MAISTRE JEAN LE HOUX.



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THE VAUX-DÉ-VIRE

OF

MAISTRE JEAN LE HOUX,
ADVOCATE, OF VIRE.

EDITED AND TRANSLATED

BY JAMES PATRICK MUIRHEAD, M.A.

WITH A PORTRAIT AND OTHER ILLUSTRATIONS.

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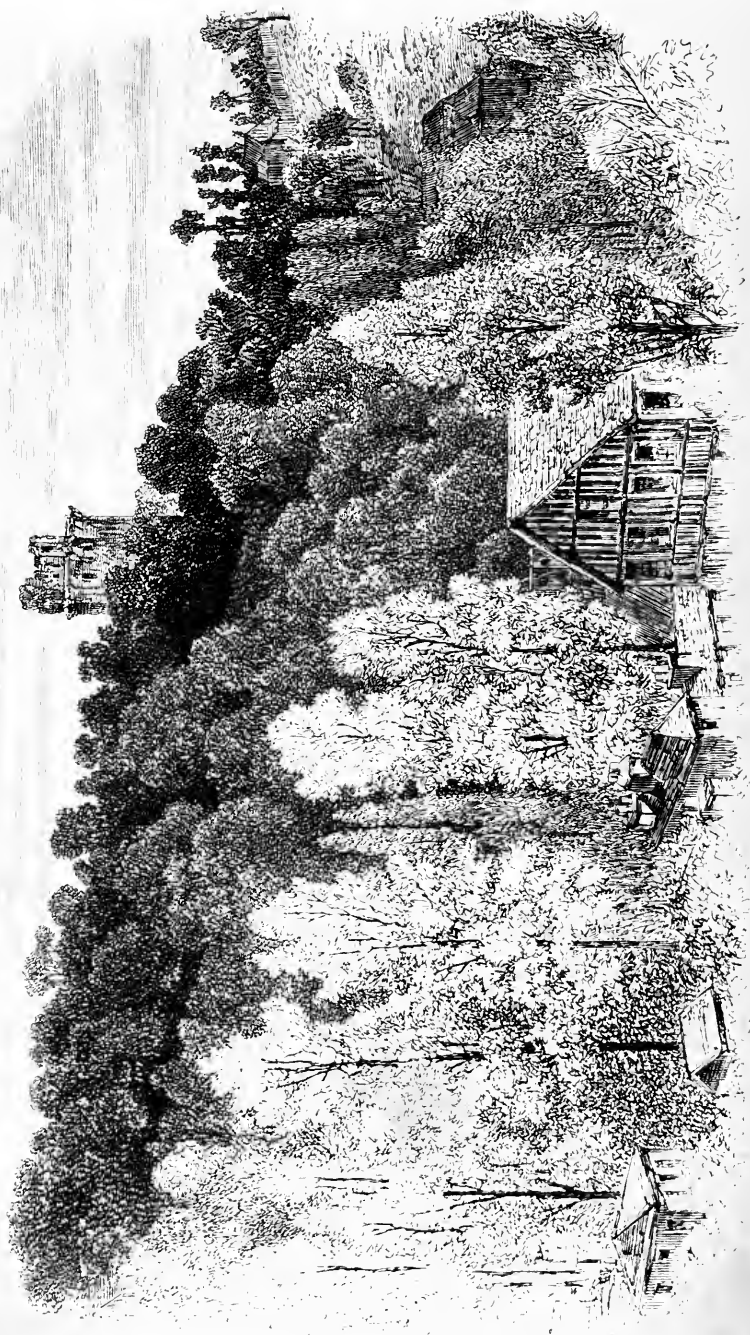
ENGRAVED ON WOOD BY J. W. WHYMPER, FROM A
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L'ENVOI.

“ Σοὶ τόνδε πλεκτὸν στέφανον ἐξ ἀκηράτου
“ Λειμῶνος, ὃ δέσποινα, κοσμήσας φέρω,
“ Ἐνθ' οὔτε ποιμὴν ἀξιοῖ φέρβειν βοτὰ,
“ Οὔτ' ἡλθέ πω σίδηρος, ἀλλ' ἀκήρατον
“ Μέλισσα λειμῶν' ἡρινὸν διέρχεται·
“ Αἰδώς δὲ ποταμίᾳσι κηπεύει δρόσοις
“ Ὅσοις διδακτὸν μηδὲν, ἀλλ' ἐν τῇ φύσει
“ Τὸ σωφρονεῖν εἴληχεν ἐς τὰ πάνθ' ὁμῶς,
“ Τούτοις δρέπεσθαι.”——

Eurip. Hippol. l. 73-81.

To thee, O Mistrefs ! from a virgin mead
This chaplet, woven of its flowers, I bring :
There no scythe comes, no shepherd dares to feed
His flock ; but o'er a virgin mead, in Spring,
The honey-bee roams freely on the wing ;
While Modestly the bloom is nurturing
With river-dews, for those to cull, who need
No teaching, but by nature guard each deed
With chaste sobriety in everything.



CHATEAU OF LAKE FROM THE VALLEY.



INTRODUCTION.

OF beautiful Normandy, one of the most lovely districts is that known as Le Bocage ; and of that Norman Bocage, the principal, as well as the most picturesque town, is VIRE. The chief town of Lower Normandy, and charmingly situated on the slopes of several hills, and in the valleys which they enclose, it is surrounded by a wide expanse of richly-wooded heights, fruitful orchards, undulating upland pastures, romantic copses, and high and rocky crags ; while the streams of the river Vire and its tributaries wind below, adding fresh verdure to the landscape, and supplying water-power to many mills situated on their banks.

A little above the junction of the Vire with the Virene, the former river sweeps boldly round a lofty and very precipitous granite rock, on which stands the partially-ruined donjon-tower of the ancient Castle of Vire, finely dominating the position of the town and its environs. The scene, one of very peculiar and varied beauty, has long been famous as LES VAUX-DE-VIRE. "The place," says one of the inhabitants of the ancient town, "known from all time under the name of the Vaux de Vire, is one of the most agreeable situations in the Bocage, and also one of the most celebrated, from the number of manufactories which have immemorially existed there. It takes its name from two principal valleys that form it, . . . resting on the Place

“ of the Château of Vire, which lies to the west, and sufficiently near to the town to be considered as one of the faubourgs. It is in those valleys, extending, the one from north to south, and the other from east to west, that the two rivers Vire and Virene flow, till their junction at the Pont des Vaux. Their banks are sometimes hemmed in between two precipitous lines of cliff, which afford no other view than naked rock and heath. Sometimes they open out, disclosing partial woods, and portions of cultivated ground. Everywhere the views are very limited, the horizon being on all sides confined to a space of a quarter of a league, excepting the part which extends to the north below the Pont des Vaux ; in which direction an unbounded distance is opened up. The current of the Vire and of the Virene is there pretty rapid, or, rather, the inclination of the ground gives them a slope sufficient to have been found available for the establishment of numerous mills, some for paper-making, and the rest for fulling cloths ; for the manufacture of which, the town of Vire has been celebrated from the fifteenth century.” *

“ Vire,” says Dr. Dibdin, writing more than half a century ago, “ is a sort of Rouen in miniature,—if bustle and population only be considered. . . . The immediate vicinity of the town is remarkable as well for picturesque objects of scenery as for a high state of cultivation ; and a stroll upon the heights, in whatever part visited, will not fail to repay you for the certain disappointment to be experienced within the streets of the town. Portions of the scenery, from these heights, are not unlike those in Derbyshire, about Matlock. There is plenty of rock, of

* M. Atlelm, Discours Préliminaire, Vaudevires par Olivier Baffelin : Vire, 1811, p. xvii.

“ shrubs, and of fern ; while another Derwent, less turbid
“ and muddy, meanders below.”*

Dr. Dibdin’s visit was a brief and passing one ; but we may safely presume that a longer stay in Vire, and a better acquaintance with its interior, would have greatly modified his hasty remark as to a want of interest in the views of the town itself, and have led him to agree with the opinions generally expressed by more recent travellers of artistic taste. “ The Castle of Vire,” says Miss Costello, “ consists
“ of a very grand, though not extensive, ruin of the Donjon,
“ which stands on a platform at one extremity of the town,
“ commanding an entire view of the whole, and a prospect
“ over the wide extent of Vaux beneath, unequalled for
“ beauty, richness, and the peculiarity of its features. The
“ ruin itself is very picturesque, being one large high tower
“ cloven by time almost to its base, with a few loop-holes
“ and windows remaining : it is built into the solid rock, of
“ which it seems to form a part, and rises proudly from the
“ fine broad square, planted with three rows of luxuriant
“ trees, and accommodated with seats at intervals, where
“ the inhabitants have a charming promenade, and can
“ enjoy a series of the most splendid views possible.”†

“ Even a hasty glance at Vire,” says Mrs. Macquoid, in a very agreeable volume, which forms a useful companion to modern travellers in Normandy, “ as soon as we had climbed
“ up the hill leading from the railway station, was enough
“ to show us that we had reached the most picturesque
“ town we had yet seen. . . . The town is singularly quaint,
“ placed at the end of a ridge of hills. Across the principal

* A Bibliographical, Antiquarian, and Picturesque Tour in France and Germany, by the Rev. T. F. Dibdin : London, 1821, vol. i. pp. 423-426.

† A Summer amongst the Bocages and the Vines, by Louisa Stuart Costello : London, 1840, vol. i. p. 123.

“ street is a picturesque arched gateway supporting the
“ Tour de l’Horloge, a construction of the thirteenth
“ century ; the top of the tower is very original. . . . The
“ ruins of the old castle stand most picturesquely on a pro-
“ montory of rock, which, though in the midst of the town,
“ projects itself, a perpendicular height of bare rock, into
“ the valley of the Vire. The river divides here, and circles
“ round the hills, which rise one beyond another till the
“ last are lost in misty distance. It offered a most exquisite
“ succession of pictures . . . and left us to imagine far
“ greater beauty. The special peculiarity of this view is the
“ steep descent of the rock, about two hundred and thirty
“ feet, and the way in which the river forms a double
“ valley among the ever-varying hills. . . . We went down
“ a steep road on the right, beside a branch of the river,
“ with rich dark-coloured crags on one side, clothed here
“ and there with ivy and bushes, while opposite was a green
“ hill, wooded up to its very summit by tall feathery trees.
“ . . . Every now and then we came upon pleasant walks
“ cut up the hill-side, from which one overlooks the winding
“ river and its never-ending succession of rocky glens and
“ wooded valleys. . . . After rather a long walk of con-
“ stant ascent and descent between the rocks and the river,
“ we came to the poet’s house . . . charmingly placed on
“ the river itself. A dark rock, Des Cordeliers, projects
“ over the road beside it ; and, beyond it, the valley opens,
“ and shows the Vire winding round the shoulder of another
“ hill, which stretches boldly forward, and offers a double
“ series of exquisitely tinted hill and valley. . . . Still
“ farther on, the valley grows more and more beautiful ;
“ indeed we fancied weeks might be spent in exploring the
“ loveliness of these Vaux de Vire.” *

* Through Normandy, by Katharine S. Macquoid : London, 1874,
pp. 521-524.

“ Words can but feebly convey,” says Miss Costello, in describing this part of the environs of Vire, “ the impression made on the mind by scenery such as awaits the wanderer amongst the deep dells and hills studded with grey rocks and short brushwood which enclose them.” * And Mr. Muirgrave, writing of the same delicious scene, justly observes :—“ The ancient Greeks would have identified so fascinating a region with Arcadia ;—a land of shepherds and of pastoral song, and peopled with Fauns, Satyrs, and Nymphs, with Pan enthroned upon some moss-clad rock or fallen pine, as their presiding leader and deity.” † With even still greater appositeness, remembering the topics of most of the songs of the Vau-de-Vire, we might recall to the mind’s eye the picture drawn by Horace, in his Ode to Bacchus :—

“ Bacchum in remotis carmina rupibus
 “ Vidi docentem (credite, posteri)
 “ Nympharum discentes, et aures
 “ Capripedum Satyrorum acutas.

“ Fas pervicaces est mihi Thyiadas,
 “ Vinique fontem, lactis et uberes
 “ Cantare rivos, atque truncis
 “ Lapfa cavis iterare mella.” ‡

“ Bacchus I saw in mountain glades
 “ Retired (believe it, after years !)
 “ Teaching his strains to Dryad maids,
 “ While goat-hoof’d Satyrs prick’d their ears.

* P. 127.

† A Ramble through Normandy, or Scenes, Characters, and Incidents in a sketching excursion through Calvados, by George M. Muirgrave, M.A. : London, 1855, p. 360.

‡ Hor. Carm. II. xix.

"Yes, I may sing the Thyiad crew,
 "The stream of wine, the sparkling rills
 "That run with milk, and honey-dew
 "That from the hollow trunk distils." *

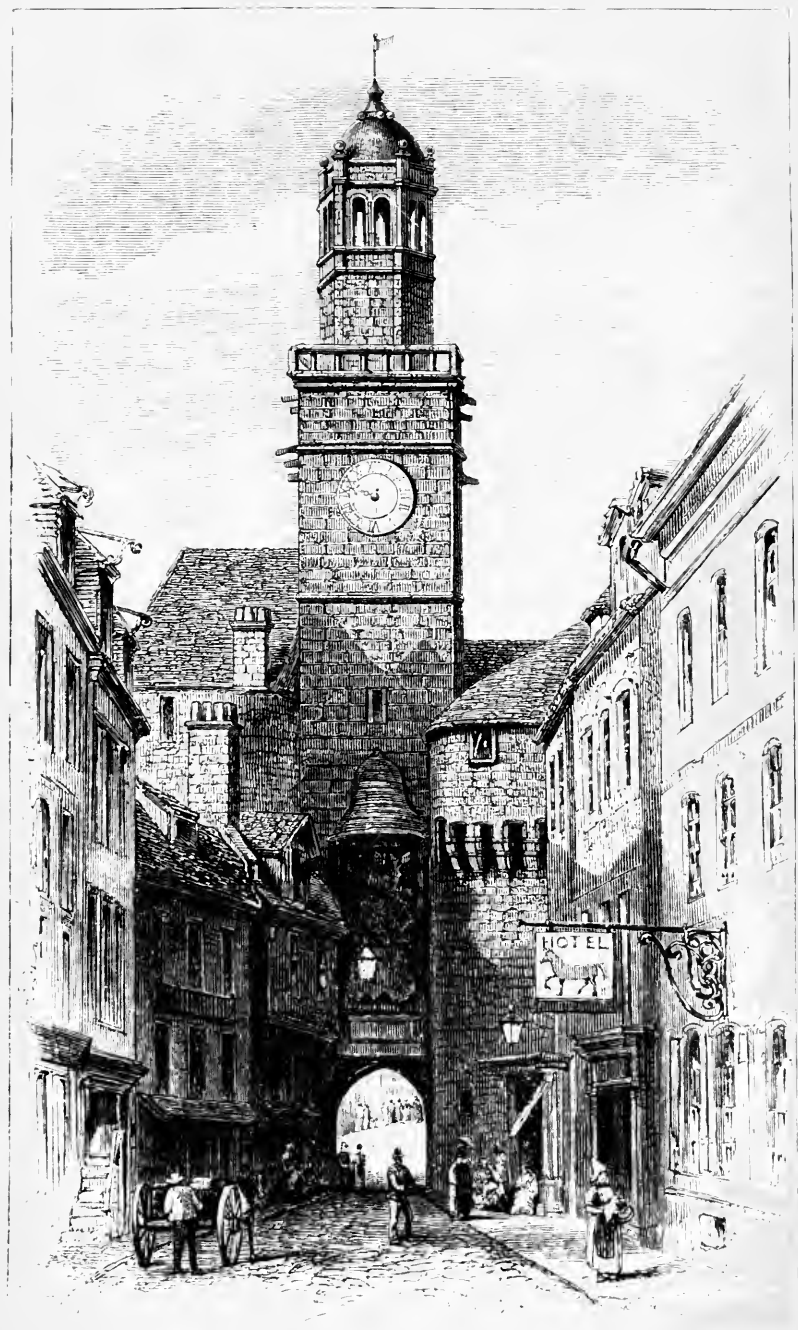
Of the Tour de la Groffe Horloge, mentioned by Mrs. Macquoid as forming a striking object on the way to the Castle, Mr. Musgrave remarks, that it is "a charming city gate, much in the style of, if not superior to, the clock gate of Rouen—hemmed in by 'a stern round tower of 'other days' on one hand, and by picturesque ancient houses on the other; . . . that old substantial arch, furnished now-a-days by a structure ninety feet high, was most probably doing good service here at the date of the third Crusade; and veterans who had fought at Agincourt, and conquered at Formigny, may have waited the rising of its portcullis." †

To these notices of the town and scenery of Vire, there perhaps deserves to be added, as a sign of the primitive simplicity that still blesses and adorns the place, the curious fact that of many of the inhabitants the faith is still strong in the efficacy of "the Divining-Rod," when used for the discovery of springs or sources of water under ground. This process, still resorted to in some parts of Cornwall, where it is known by the name of "deousing," may be fairly considered one of the last vestiges of the magic art which have survived till our own times.

"Now to rivulets from the mountains
 "Point the rods of fortune-tellers;
 "Youth perpetual dwells in fountains,—
 "Not in flasks, and casks, and cellars." ‡

* The Odes and Carmen Sæculare of Horace translated into English verse, by John Conington, M.A. : London, 1863. † P. 375.

‡ Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow : London, 1867, p. 90.



So seem to have thought, in former days, those

“Taverners who mix their wine,
 “And their drink half-watered sell;—*

 “While as yet the cider’s new,
 “There are folks who have a charm
 “To mix water in the brew,
 “And so work us monstrous harm.” †

The magical secret must have been valuable to those dishonest men; let us hope that such evil practices are now more rare among the Hesperian groves and golden fruitage of cider-yielding Normandy! But for the use, at Vire, of the divining-rod for the purpose of discovering water, we can vouch; having, in 1874, seen a well sunk there on the faith of such rhabdologic prediction; and,—“*Res miranda populo!*”—water actually found. The citizen, in whose garden this operation took place, was loud in his praises of the skill of the operator, and of the infallibility of the system.

The Château of Vire was destined to witness many scenes of sanguinary conflict, not only during the occupation of Normandy by the English, 1417-1450, (for the latter part of which period it became the principal strong-place and headquarters of our countrymen in the Bocage), but also in the dreadful civil war, carried on in the sacred name of religion, which arose in the following century. The castle is said,—though by a poet, yet by one who was also a native of Vire,—to have undergone thirty assaults; and in the short space of six years, in the lifetime of Jean le Houx, the town was four times taken and pillaged;—in May 1562, by Montgomery, by assault; in September of the same year, by the Duc d’Etampes, by assault at the Porte de la Grosse Horloge, after four days of incessant fighting; in March 1563, again

* Vau-de-Vire xxi. First Series.

† Vau-de-Vire ii. Polinière MS.

by assault of Montgomery; and, once more, by surprise, in September 1568. It is a lamentable fact, that on all of those occasions the most horrible cruelties were practised by both parties alike; nor were the murders and rapine confined to the infuriated soldiery. Many painful anecdotes have been recorded, by De Thou and Theodore Beza, of the excesses committed by the townsmen, and even by the women. The peace of 1570 restored a brief period of tranquillity, and prosperity began to revisit the afflicted town; but in 1584 a frightful pestilence broke out, and nearly all of the inhabitants abandoned their homes: so that it is recorded that there were not twenty persons present on Christmas Eve in that year in the great church.*

But the interest which attaches to the town, river, and environs of Vire, is not limited to the loveliness of landscape, the quaint antiquity of buildings, or the animation of historical incident. "Vire," we are informed by a most competent authority, "is one of those few small provincial towns " in which, from the fifteenth century, literary pursuits have " never flagged, and poetry, in particular, has ever been " held in high honour." † M. Cazin has, in an unpretending little work, given a list, with biographical details, of more than sixty natives of Vire, more or less distinguished as authors, down to the time of Castel, and of Chénedollé; whose poetry, more remarkable for tenderness and gentleness than for force and vigour, is commended by Sainte-Beuve as being full of rural inspiration, "and penetrated by a sweet " fragrance of the Norman meadows." ‡

The Vaux-de-Vire have for centuries been famed as a cradle of charming song, and have impressed their name not

* Armand Gasté, *Jean le Houx et le Vau de Vire à la fin du xvi^e Siècle*: Caen, 1874, pp. 140-146.

† *Ibid.* p. 173.

‡ Sainte-Beuve, *Notice de Chénedollé*, prefixed to his *Works*: Paris, 1864, p. xiv.

only on their own peculiar class of convivial verses, but also, with little variation of title, on the numerous lively and popular compositions so widely known as "Vaudevilles." Such, at least, is the conclusion at which the greater number of the most intelligent and learned French critics appear to have arrived; and the soundness of which we are far from desiring to question. We need hardly remark that the Vaudeville, which originally was a "popular song, set to a simple "air, with words usually relating to some story or event of "the day," and which afterwards came to mean a short drama, in which the dialogues are interspersed with stanzas or short songs, is a species of composition in which French authors have always excelled, and which is peculiarly adapted to display the lighter and more elegant graces of their language.

With the invention of the simple, poetical "Vau-de-Vire" of olden times, there has long been illustriously associated the name of Olivier Basselin, a fuller of Vire, of the fifteenth century:—

——"the poet's memory here
 "Of the landscape makes a part;
 "Like the river, swift and clear,
 "Flows his song through many a heart;
 "Haunting still
 " That ancient mill
 "In the valley of the Vire." *

What is known of the history of Olivier Basselin rests in great measure on tradition, and on a few slight notices and allusions gleaned from the early literature of his country. He appears to have been born about the beginning of the fifteenth century, and to have been "a jolly miller," whose fulling-mill and house stood "fast by the river Vire," where,

* Poems by Henry Wadsworth Longfellow: London, 1867, p. 411.

in footh, an ancient timber-built dwelling is still pointed out as having been his :—

“au Vaudevire

“Ou jadis on fouloit les belles chanfons dire

“D'Olivier Baffelin.” *

He was well known as a boon companion, who preferred good-fellowship to frugality, and suffered, accordingly, in the disorder of his own affairs ; often chanting songs, of his own composing, in praise of the good wine, and cider, and fellowship, which he loved ; strenuously resisting, in arms, with a band of comrades of his own, the English occupation of his country, and at last falling a victim to his patriotism, perishing in the memorable battle of Formigny in 1450, where three thousand seven hundred English are said to have been left on the field, the greater part of their baggage captured, and fourteen hundred prisoners made, among whom was the (English) Governor of Vire.

An old French poet, Jehan le Chapelain, mentions the prevalence in Normandy of a custom, that a guest, while partaking of his host's hospitality, should entertain him, in turn, with a song or tale :—

“Ufaige est en Normandie

“Que qui hebergiez est qu'il die

“Fable ou chanson die à son oste.” †

Many curious specimens of those ancient Norman songs, of various dates, have been preserved, on themes of love, war, and wine ; usually chivalrous, often very patriotic, sometimes scarcely reverent, such as is the following rather free-booting strain, probably “drawn from the life,” in many a tavern of the time :—

* Jean Vanquelin, Sieur de la Fresnaye, *Œuvres Diverses* : Caen, 1872, p. lxxvii.

† M. Affelin, *Discours Préliminaire*, 1811, pp. xv. xvi.

"Gentilz gallans, compaignons du raifin,
 "Beuon d'autant, au foir et au matin,
 "Jufqu'à cent folz,
 "Et ho !
 "A noftre hofteffe ne payeron poinct d'argent,
 "Fors ung *Credo* !

 "Si noftre hofteffe nous faifoit adiourner,
 "Nous luy diron qu'il faut laiffer paffer
 "Quafimodo,
 "Et ho !
 "A noftre hofteffe ne payeron poinct d'argent,
 "Fors ung *Credo* !" *

Gentle gallants, of the grape companions born !
 Drink we out our bumpers, ev'ry eve and morn,
 To a hundred fous,
 And ho !
 To our hoftefs we no reckoning will owe,
 But a *Credo* !

Should ſhe fummon us for payment of our feaft,
 Tell her ſhe muſt ſuffer to paſs by, at leaſt,
 Quafimodo,
 And ho !
 To our hoftefs we no reckoning will owe,
 But a *Credo* !

Here are two others, from a like ſource, of no leſs ſimplicity in ſtyle, but much more Arcadian in ſpirit :—

"Royne des fleurs, la fleur du Val de Vire,
 "Quant ie vous voye, mon cuer eſt en eſmoy ;
 "S'il vous plaifoit faire vn amy de moy,
 "Vous oſteriez mon cuer hors de martire.

 "Or, me baiſez encore vn coup, m'ameye,
 "En attendant que puiſſiez reuenir.
 "De loin de vous ie ne puis deſpartir,
 "Tant eſt de vous la mienne amour rauye.

* A. Gaſté, Chanſons Normandes du xv^e Siècle: Caen, 1866, p. xxii.

" Belle, de vous despend toute ma vye ;
 " Quant dollent fuyz, m'y donnez guarison,
 " Et, si captif, me iectez hors prison.
 " Benoist le iour qu'oncques vous ay choisie." *

O queen of flowers, flower of the Val de Vire,
 Beholding thee, what sighs my bosom move !
 Grant me the grace to be thy faithful love,
 And save my heart from martyrdom severe.

Now once more only, darling, once kifs me,
 Until again in happy hour we meet.
 I cannot far from thee restrain my feet,
 So wholly is my soul absorbed in thee.

Fair ! all my life depends on thee alone.
 Cure me when I on couch of sickness lie ;
 When prisoned, free me from captivity ;
 Blest be the day I chose thee for mine own !

" L'amour de moy si est enclose,
 " Dedans vng ioly iardinet,
 " Ou croist la rose et le muguet,
 " Et aussi faict la passeroie.

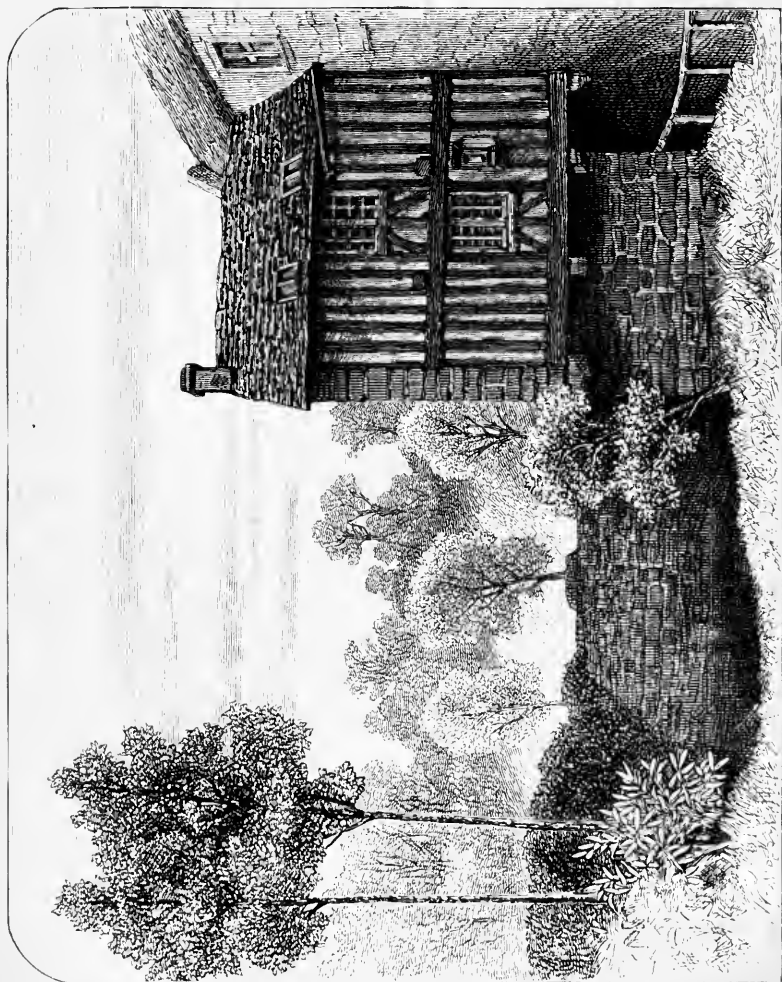
" Je la vois l'autre iour eucillant
 " En vng verd près la violette,
 " Et me sembla si aduenant
 " Et de beaulté si tres parfaicte.

" Je la regarday vne pose :
 " Elle estoit blanche comme vng laiët,
 " Et douce comme vng aignelet,
 " Vermeillette comme vne rose." †

A garden's bounds my love enclose,
 Within a little pleasure fair ;
 The lily of the valley, rose,
 And hollyhock, all blossom there.

* *Chansons Normandes* : Caen, 1866, p. 236.

† *Ibid.* p. 40.



CHALET DU GROND. OF BASEL. ON THE VIRE.

The other day I saw her cull
 The violet in meadow green ;
 To me she seemed of sweetness full,
 Of perfect loveliness the queen.

I gazed on her a little space,—
 Pure white as milk she was to view ;
 Lamb-like in gentleness and grace ;
 Her blush, a vermeil rose-bud's hue !

“The inhabitants of the Bocage,” says the precise and minute M. Seguin, “used to sing at table, the master or “mistress of the house beginning, and each of the guests “afterwards singing his Vau-de-Vire or song ; the singer, “resting one of his hands on the table, often took his “goblet in his right hand, and kept it raised when he celebrated the excellences of the wine.” *

There appears to be no ground for doubting that, in such simple primitive days, Basselin composed some of the earliest songs of the Vau-de-Vire ;—improvising them, says one of their poetical historians, because he had not learned to write :—

“He framed the ancient drinking-lays,
 “As Vaux-de-Vire so widely known ;
 “And taught a thousand charming ways
 “Of singing their melodious tone.”

“Some men,” said Coleridge, “are like musical glasses ; “to produce their finest tones you must keep them wet.” This may well have been the case with the earliest composers of those songs of Vire ; many of whose lays remind us of one, the acknowledged master-piece of Maître Adam Billaut, the famous poetical cabinet-maker of Nevers, who died in 1662 :—

* Seguin, *Histoire Archéologique des Bocains : Vire*, 1822, p. 89.

"Aussitôt que la lumière
 "Vient redorer nos côteaux,
 "Je commence ma carrière
 "Par visiter mes tonneaux.
 "Ravi de voir l'Aurore,
 "Le verre en main, je lui dis,
 "Vois-tu donc plus chez le Maure,
 "Que sur mon nez, de rubis ? "

Those verses, slightly altered, are given, by that "fellow of infinite fun," the Rev. Francis Mahony, in a note to his *Reliques of Father Prout*; if we venture thus to render them, forgive us, O venerable shade of Water-grafs Hill,* for effaying any such task left unaccomplished by thee !

Soon as, at dawn, our vine-clad hill
 In golden sunshine basks,
 My labours I commence, by still
 Revisiting my casks.
 I hail Aurora, glafs in hand,
 And ask her, "Seest thou shine
 "More rubies in the Moorish land
 "Than on this nose of mine ? "

It is also, with good reason, believed that some of those compositions of Baffelin and others, "boon companions of "the Vau de Vire" in the fifteenth century, still remain to us ; although their number is small, their style rude, and their

* "Sweet upland ! where, like hermit old, in peace sojourned

"This priest devout ;

"Mark where beneath thy verdant sod lie deep inurned

"The bones of Prout !

"Nor deck with monumental shrine or tapering column

"His place of rest,

"Whose soul, above earth's homage, meek yet solemn,

"Sits 'mid the blest."

"But still my Muse, for she the fact confesses,

"Haunts that sweet hill, renowned for water-crests."

Reliques of Father Prout, pp. 28 and 131, ed. 1860.

identification difficult, and even, to some extent, uncertain. But, through the vagueness of ancient tradition, the indistinctness of the mists of time, and also, we regret to have to add, the want of due learning and care on the part of successive editors, it has, curiously enough, happened that the honest and patriotic miller of Vire has really received for his poetical effusions far greater credit than was his due ; for to him has long been attributed the authorship of the large collection of Vaux-de-Vire, which we may now be said to know with certainty were not composed by him or any of his companions, but were the work of another hand, and of a later epoch.

The history of Maître Olivier Basselin, and of those later Vaux-de-Vire, is thus briefly given in a work of considerable research and great ability, of which the first edition was published in 1765. The seventh edition, from which we quote, was printed at Caen in 1789 :—

“ Basselin (Olivier), a fuller of Vire, in Normandy, composed many drinking-songs, models for those which have since been written, and to which, by a corruption, has been given the name of *Vaudevilles*. As that Norman bard sang his verses at the foot of a hill called Les Vaux, on the river Vire, they received the name of *Les Vaux-de-Vire*. These songs, composed in the fifteenth century, were not altogether free from the barbarism of style of that period, nor from the rusticity of their author. *Jean Le Houx* corrected them in the following century, and gave them the form in which we now see them.” *

This misleading statement, the source of long subsequent error, was adopted, with little alteration, from an article in the *Dictionnaire de Moreri*, said by M. Gasté to have been

* Nouveau Dictionnaire Historique, par une Société de Gens-de-Lettres : Caen et Lyon, 1789, v. Basselin.

written by the Abbé Beziers, Canon of Bayeux, who is supposed to have derived his information from his correspondent, Daniel Polinière of Vire. Polinière, again, may either have repeated some vague though general impression current among his fellow-townsmen, or may, perhaps, have adopted the erroneous statement, to a similar effect, of Lecocq, "Lieutenant-particulier au bailliage de Vire," in his "Mémoires pour servir à l'histoire de la ville de Vire," a MS. in the Library of the Arsenal at Paris, of which a copy is preserved in the Public Library at Vire.*

Had Jean Le Houx, whose name now begins to appear in the literary history of the Vaux-de-Vire, done nothing more than preserve, by publication, the works of the earlier poet, his humble but renowned townsman,—even at the cost of "freeing them from their barbarism of style and their 'rusticity,'"—he would have merited our gratitude. But his fame rests on a broader and firmer basis than this; and we have now to recount how it has been at last established, that, instead of being merely the foster-parent of compositions by Basselin, he was, beyond all doubt, himself the author of those famous songs.

Maître Jean Le Houx, Advocate, of Vire, as we learn from the acute and industrious researches of M. Armand Gasté, was the second son of François Le Houx, who in 1562 occupied, with his brother Jean, a house in the Rue aux Fèvres, at Vire; and who appears to have died between 11th March 1584 and 9th January 1586. The exact date of the birth of our "Maître Jean" is unknown; but may be concluded, from a comparison of some other dates, recorded in the public registers of his native town, with various allusions in his poems, to have been somewhere about 1545 or 1546. Previous to 1592, (the exact year is unknown).

* A. Gasté, Jean le Houx, p. 24, Note.

he married Mademoiselle Criquet, sister of M. Jean Criquet, Licentiate in law, Affessor at Vire, Sieur de la Guerillonière. In 1606, he married again ; the name of his second wife was Jeanne, daughter of Jean Levieil, then deceased. By his first marriage, he appears to have had two daughters ; by his second, one son who died in infancy, and three daughters. And in 1616,—about the middle of the year, but the exact day is unknown,—he died ; at the good age of those threescore and ten years, which cut the thread of so many a “thin-spun life.”

Jean Le Houx was interred, with all due reverence and solemnity,—“with candle, with book, and with bell,”—in the grand old church of Notre Dame at Vire. A long epitaph in verse was written by his friend Sonnet de Courval, panegyricing him in terms of the warmest admiration ; and, although better taste would doubtless have somewhat chastened the extravagance of its imagery and diction, it is worth preserving here, for the affectionate fulness of its praise.

TOMBEAU DE M. JEAN LE HOUX,

ADVOCAT A VIRE.

STANCES.

- “ Passager viateur, qui visite ce Temple,
- “ Arreste vn peu tes pas, et de grace contemple
- “ Ce Tombeau, dans lequel gist le docte le HOUX.
- “ HOUX toujours verdoyant en vertus immortelles,
- “ En cent perfections admirablement belles,
- “ Qui le faisoient paroître un Soleil entre nous.
- “ Il fut Peintre excellent, et tres-scauant Poëte,
- “ Tres difert Aduocat : mais son Esprit celeste
- “ Detestoit du Barreau la chicane et le bruit.
- “ Peu fortable a vne ame extrêmement pieuse,
- “ Comme la fienne estoit, se montrant peu foigneuse
- “ D'exercer son Estat qui les plus fins seduit.
- “ Si quelquefois contraint, il plaidoit au Barreau.
- “ C'estoit un Ciceron : vn Apelle au pinceau,

" En Latine Poësie un Maron tres-habile,
 " Et pour les Vers François Ronfard il égaloit ;
 " De sorte que luy seul tout l'honneur il auoit,
 " De Ronfard, Ciceron, d'Apelle, et de Virgile.
 " Passant, va t'en en paix, et n'esperes apprendre
 " D'autres siennes vertus, que l'on ne peut comprendre.
 " Sur ce plan raccourcy, remarque seulement
 " Que le docte le HOUX, Poëte, Orateur, et Peintre,
 " Est gifant en ce lieu, qui fait ensemble plaindre,
 " Les Arts, Themis, Parnasse, auprès son monument." *

EPITAPH ON M. JEAN LE HOUX,

ADVOCATE AT VIRE.

Stranger, who visitest this sacred fane,
 Thy passing footsteps for a while restrain :
 This tomb contemplate, wherein lies LE HOUX,
 A HOLLY, ever-green in virtues new.
 A hundred high perfections he possessed,
 Which made him shine, a Sun among the rest.

A skilful Painter, Poet most refined,
 Learned Advocate : but his celestial mind
 Hated the Bar's chicanery and rout,
 Unsuit'd to a spirit most devout,
 Such as was his : he practis'd with small zest
 His calling, oft seductive to the best.

He was, when forced to take forensic part,
 A Cicero : Apelles in his art ;
 In Latin verse, a new Virgilian bard ;
 And in French poetry, a true Ronfard.
 So that to him a four-fold honour came :—
 Ronfard's, Apelles', Tully's, Maro's fame.

Stranger, depart in peace ; nor seek, in turn,
 His other virtues infinite to learn.
 And from this brief, faint outline, only know
 That cradite LE HOUX lies here below.
 Arts, Muses, Themis, by this monument,
 An Artist, Poet, Orator, lament.

* *Satyres de Sonnet de Courval*, 1622, p. 342 ; and A. Gaffé, *Jean Le Houx*, pp. 208, 209.

How do those laudatory, but somewhat pompous and laboured lines of De Courval contrast with the simple and homely "Wifh" of the poet of the Vau-de-Vire himself :—

"On my tomb let this epitaph appear :—
" ' Here lies one who in wine did much delight ;
" ' One greatly mourned by taverners of Vire ! ' " *

About the year 1570, Jean Le Houx is believed to have prepared for the press the first edition of *Le Liure des Chants Nouveaux de Vau-de-Vire* ; of which *Editio Princeps*,—the only one published in its author's lifetime,—not a single copy is known to have survived to the present day. This has been explained by some, on the ground of the popularity and rapid dispersion of the little volume, and its "wear and tear" in the houses, hands, and pockets, (or rather girdles), of the former possessors of copies ; but other circumstances, peculiar to the time when Le Houx lived, perhaps contributed more directly to the annihilation of at all events a large part of the impression.

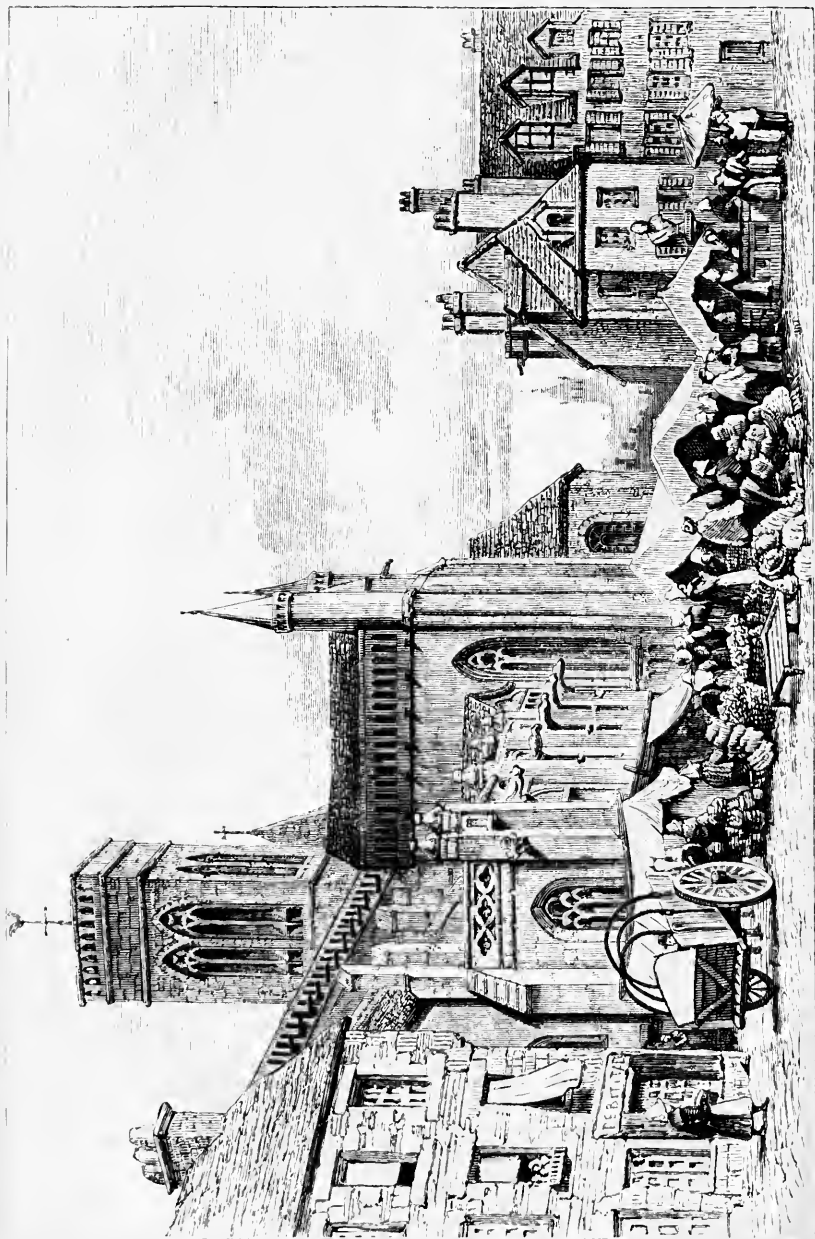
An age, when religious animosity ran furiously high, was peculiarly inauspicious for the first appearance of a collection of songs, which, however great the modesty of their strains, however undoubted the piety of their author, were avowedly of a very festal and cheerful sort ; and, as such, were viewed by narrow-minded bigots among the clergy, Romanist and Reformed alike, as fraught with possible peril to the souls of their respective flocks. The songs,—“the poor Vaux-de-Vire,”—were censured, their author was maligned, and refused absolution by the priests ; and that ecclesiastical stigma was not removed till after long contention, and a pilgrimage to Rome, performed by the poet, and from which he derived the surname of “Le Romain.” No Papal rescript, however, seems to have restored the un-

* Vau-de-Vire xl. First Series.

offending Chants du Vau-de-Vire themselves, with their "*musique celeste*," to ecclesiastical communion : and, for the remainder of his life, their author and his friends contented themselves with circulating those harmless songs only in manuscript, or with singing them,—“in innocent harmony,”—at their festive meetings. *Honi soit qui mal y pense.*

Le Houx, however, although thus to some extent complying with the requirements of his spiritual critics, did not cease, after his return from Rome, to cultivate his Anacreontic Muse ; he added considerably to the number of his Vaux-de-Vire, of which he formed, in manuscript, a second “Recueil ;” though never venturing, by a fresh publication, again to provoke a conflict with those “crabbed censors” and “sublime wiscacres.” His naturally mild and pious disposition, and the gravity of his advancing years, led him, indeed, after his Roman journey, rather to conciliate and disarm the wrath of the angry priests. Besides altering,—not always for the better,—some of the expressions in his earlier Vaux-de-Vire, to which objection had, however unfoundedly, been made, he gradually turned his pen, from the composition of drinking-songs, to the more devotional purpose of inditing “Noels,” or spiritual canticles on the Nativity of our Lord.

Above all,—and, doubtless, more than all welcome to Mother Church, as a substantial proof of increasing and ripening grace,—in 1613 he gave to the most ancient fraternity of the most Holy Trinity, and of the Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ, served in the parochial church of Notre Dame of Vire, certain annual-rents issuing from two houses in the Rue de Fontaine and the Rue de la Poissonerie, for eight low masses of *Requiem* to be said each year for the souls of eight poor inhabitants of Vire, dying within the year, whose relatives should be unable to pay for masses for them : and, in the same year, he increased a bene-



CHURCH OF NOTRE DAME, AÏRE.

faction to the fraternity of the Holy Name of Jesus, served in the same church, originally founded by his father and uncle : in return for which, the fraternity engaged to add to the rest of the service an "antienne," with responses to the Virgin, before her image and the high altar of the choir. Arrangements, in the contemplation of his approaching end, doubtless more edifying to "the fraternity," than those devised by old George Dunbar, the Scottish "makar" of the fifteenth and sixteenth century, for his brother poet, Maister Andro Kennedy :—

"Nunc condo testamentum meum,
 "I leiff my faull for evermair,
 "Per omnipotentem Deum,
 "In to my Lordis wyne cellair ;
 "Semper ibi ad remanendum
 "Quhill domisday, without diffever,
 "Bonum vinum ad bibendum
 "With sneitt Cuthbert that luffit me never.

 "I will na Priestis for me sing,
 "Dies illa, dies iræ ;
 "Na yit na bellis for me ring,
 "Sicut femper folet fieri ;
 "Bot a bag pipe to play a spryng,
 "Et unum ail wofp ante me ;
 "In stayd of baneris for to bring
 "Quatuor lagenas cervisie." *

But all this unction and faintly odour of the closing scenes of our Jean Le Houx's life, as contrasted with the spiritual warfare in which many of his earlier years had been passed, rather recall some lines of Matthew Prior's well-known and very witty ballad of "The Thief and the Cordelier ;" in which, speaking of a certain dread tribunal of the law, very unpopular with those summoned to undergo its doom, the poet says :—

* The poems of William Dunbar, now first collected, by David Laing : Edinburgh, 1834, vol. i. pp. 137-141.

“A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear ;
 “And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier ?

“If the money you promised be brought to the chest,
 “You have only to die ; let the Church do the rest !

“Derry down, down, hey derry down.”

The “extremely pious” soul of Jean Le Houx would hardly have been satisfied with the too Epicurean dirge,—otherwise so tender and touching,—of the Astronomer-Poet of Naishapur, of the eleventh and twelfth century :—

“Ah, with the grape my fading life provide,
 “And wash the body whence the life has died,
 “And lay me, shrouded in the living leaf,
 “By some not unfrequented garden-side.

“That e’en my buried ashes such a snare
 “Of vintage shall fling up into the air,
 “As not a true believer passing by
 “But shall be overtaken unaware.

“Indeed the idols I have loved so long
 “Have done my credit in men’s eye much wrong :
 “I have drowned my glory in a shallow cup,
 “And fold my reputation for a song.

“And, much as wine has played the infidel,
 “And robbed me of my robe of honour,—Well,
 “I wonder often what the vintners buy
 “One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

“Yon rising moon that looks for us again,—
 “How oft hereafter will she wax and wane ;
 “How oft, hereafter, rising, look for us
 “Through this same garden,—and for *one* in vain !

“And when like her, O Saki, you shall pass
 “Among the guests star-scattered on the grass,
 “And in your blissful errand reach the spot
 “Where I made One,—turn down an empty glass !” *

* Rubáiyát of Omar Khayyám, the Astronomer-Poet of Persia. Rendered into English verse. London, 1872, pp. 24, 25, 27.

In 1669, being a century after the supposed date of their first publication, the Vaux-de-Vire were reprinted, at Vire, by Jean de Cefne, of whose typography some other specimens are preserved in the Public Library of that town. The little volume itself—a very small and thin one in 16mo, printed on coarse paper further embrowned by time, is without date; its title is—“*Le liure des Chants nouveaux de Vau de Vire, corrigé et augmenté oultre la précédente impression.* A Vire, chez Jean de Cefne, imprimeur et “*libraire.*” Of this very interesting little edition only two copies are known to have survived to our own times; and at present, owing to the mysterious disappearance of one of those two, we can only venture to assert that one solitary copy at present remains. That, fortunately, is in excellent preservation, in safe keeping in the “Reserve” of the National Library at Paris, where it is with great courtesy made available for the inspection of all who may feel an interest in the subject. It is a volume interesting in more than one respect, having belonged to the celebrated Huet, Bishop of Avranches, whose book-plate it bears, with arms stamped in gilding on the sides. On the title-page is inscribed “*Domus “Profess. Paris. Societ. Jesu,*” in which establishment Huet passed many of the last years of his life, and to which he bequeathed his library. Beneath the imprint is pasted a printed notice :—

“*Ne extra hanc Bibliothecam efferatur,*

“*Ex obo :*”

but the “*Obedientia*” remains incomplete, and the rule of the Jesuits has been transgressed !

The history of the (now missing) duplicate copy of the edition of Jean De Cefne, so far as we have been able to ascertain, is, that in 1810 it was purchased, at the sale of the library of M. By, by M. Flaust, the mayor of Saint-

Sever, near Vire : that afterwards it came into the possession of the late M. Le Normand, a medical gentleman of Caen, eminent, we believe, as a botanist, who died a few years ago ; since which event, the melancholy reply of the learned librarian of the Public Library at Caen to an inquiry which we made as to the fate of the "littel boke," was,—“ On n'a pu le retrouver.” But as it was once erroneously supposed that the copy belonging to the Library at Paris had disappeared, and that the copy then preserved in Normandy was unique, let us hope that the Norman copy may likewise re-appear among the book-treasures of that country, where it would be so highly venerated, and where its absence is much deplored.

M. Dubois, again, attributes to the harshness of the clerical party the suppression of most of the copies of that second edition of the *Vaux-de-Vire* :—“ There is reason to believe,” says he, “ that De Cefne, who was employed as a printer by the missionaries of the village of Flers, in order to obtain their favour, sacrificed at their desire his whole edition of the *Vaux-de-Vire* ; a very small number of copies, now reduced to only one known to exist, having escaped.” * M. Dubois wrote in 1820, while under a misapprehension to which we have just referred, and which he afterwards corrected, as to the disappearance of the Parisian copy. But, even without resorting to such an extraordinary cause as clerical hatred to account for the fact, the disappearance of whole editions of popular works is far from being unexampled in bibliographical history. Of this a striking instance, mentioned in Beloe's “ *Anecdotes of Literature*,” and referred to by Hallam, occurred in the case of “ *The Paradise of Dainty Devices*,” a

* *Vaux-de-Vire* d'Olivier Basselin, par M. Louis Du Bois : Caen, 1821, p. 265.

collection of minor English poems, printed at a time nearly coeval with the first edition of the *Vaux-de-Vire*, the first edition having appeared in 1576. Of that volume it is said, that although no fewer than eight editions were published, not more than six copies remained to our own time.*

The rarity and importance of M. Flaust's acquisition were fully appreciated by the intelligent and loyal fellow-townsmen of Baffelin and Le Houx; and, with most laudable zeal and alacrity, and a fine spirit of the bibliomania, ten gentlemen of Vire contributed to bear the expense of privately printing,—not publishing for sale,—a new edition of the *Chants Nouveaux du Vau-de-Vire*. The names of those worthy inhabitants of Vire, who, while their country was engaged in a long and arduous war, thus solaced their leisure with the peaceful culture of native literature, are given on the reverse of the title-page of the edition which they thus so liberally supplied, and which, as Charles Nodier has remarked, has long since become a rare book.† All praise to the names, ever-green in Vire, of MM. Affelin, De Corday, De Cheux de Saint-Clair, Defrotours de Chaulieu, Dubourg d'Ifigny, Flaust, Huillard d'Aignaux, Lanon de la Renaudière, Le Normand, and Robillard :—

“ In Heaven

“ Be given,

“ Good souls, to your spirits repose ! ” ‡

The volume was printed at Avranches, on paper of various sizes and forts, manufactured at Vire; and the

* Beloe's *Anecdotes of Literature*, vol. v.; and Hallam, *Literature of the Middle Ages*, 1839, vol. ii. p. 302.

† *Description Raisonnée d'une jolie Collection de Livres (nouveaux mélanges tirés d'une petite Bibliothèque)*, par Charles Nodier : Paris, 1844, p. 211.

‡ *Vau-de-Vire* xvii. First Series.

editorship was confided to M. Affelin, sous-prefet of Vire, who lost no time in fulfilling his mission. In 1811, the new edition appeared; the impression being limited to 148 copies.*

Besides the copy of Jean De Cefne's edition, M. Affelin had the privilege of being enabled to use a MS. of the Vaux-de-Vire of great interest and importance, which, in the close of last century, came into the possession of M. Polinière, a physician of Vire, and which has since been known as the Polinière MS. This MS. appears to be of the time, though not written by the hand, of Jean Le Houx: it is on paper, in the original limp parchment cover, six inches in height, by four and a half in width, and consists of ninety-four leaves, closely written on both sides, besides two in the middle, which are blank; it contains two "Recueils" of the songs, one consisting of ninety-one, and the other of twenty-five, of which number, four are twice repeated. It is written by two different scribes, whose names occur sometimes in its pages,—viz. Jean Porée and Michel Le Pelletier. Both were intimate friends of Le Houx; the former is supposed to have been the author of the verses "A l'Auteur, sur son Livre," signed I. P. V., (Jean Porée, Virois), prefixed to the First Series of the Vaux-de-Vire. In October 1874, having learned through the

* " In 4° Papier Vêlin superfin	.	.	.	11
„ Grand carré	.	.	.	13
In 8° Papier rose	.	.	.	10
„ Vêlin	.	.	.	64
„ Raifin	.	.	.	48
„ Epreuve	.	.	.	2
				148 "

P. L. Jacob, Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baffelin et de Jean Le Houx: Paris, 1858, p. ii.

kind offices of M. Gasté, that this very curious and valuable MS. was for sale at Caen, we willingly became its possessor.

With such materials, and his own other excellent opportunities of local inquiry and research, it was to have been expected that the volume thus edited by M. Affelin would include both an accurate and reliable reproduction of the text, and also a careful examination of the question of the authorship of the Vaux-de-Vire. M. Affelin's abilities are said to have been considerable, and his industry praiseworthy; his zeal was unquestionable, and his good faith beyond a doubt. Yet it must be admitted that the standard of his conception of the duties and responsibilities of an editor was far from being a high one; that he betrayed great inability to sift and examine evidence, as well as to shake off inveterate prepossession and error; and thus it happened that his labours, however well intended, had the effect of prolonging for half a century an entire misconception as to the true authorship of the Vaux-de-Vire; M. Affelin boldly giving to the world his volume as "*Les Vaux-de-Vire, Poésies du 15^{me} Siècle, par Olivier Baffelin.*"

M. Richard Seguin, the author of three small but comprehensive volumes of the history of the Norman Bocage, takes to himself the credit of having been the first to make these poems known in modern times, after they had long remained forgotten. He printed, at Vire, eleven of them in his "Histoire de l'Industrie du Bocage," in 1810; one more, (compounded of two), in his "Histoire Militaire des Bocains," in 1816; and sixty-two more in his "Histoire Archeologique des Bocains," in 1822; the whole number of seventy-four, or rather seventy-five, forming, he says, the complete and original collection of the poems. Of that number, he attributes the first sixty-eight to Olivier Baffelin, and the remaining seven to Jean Le Houx, whom he calls the contemporary and editor of Baffelin.

As M. Affelin's edition was printed and circulated at Vire in 1811, it would have been well if M. Seguin had not made quite so extensive a claim, and had also given more full explanations as to the source from which he derived the poems, thus dispersed in his volumes in so fragmentary a manner ; their publication extending over a space of twelve years. A less convenient form of possessing or using "the complete and original collection of the works of" that illustrious poet," could hardly have been devised.

M. De La Renaudière, M. Charles Nodier, and M. Pluquet, all appear to have entertained the project of preparing an annotated edition of the Vaux-de-Vire. But they ultimately made over the task to M. Louis Du Bois ; who, in 1821, published his "Vaux-de-Vire d'Olivier Baffelin, Poète Normand de la fin du XV^e Siècle," together with a "Choix de Chançons Normandes, tirées d'un Manuscrit du milieu du XV^e Siècle;" and, lastly, a "Choix de Vaux-de-Vire de Le Houx." M. Du Bois assigned sixty-two of the Vaux-de-Vire printed by him, to Baffelin, and twelve to Le Houx ; and he bestowed a good deal of labour on some dissertations which, with many useful notes and various readings, he added to the text. But he too implicitly followed the guidance of M. Affelin, his predecessor ; his selection of Norman songs from the rich MS. of Bayeux was hurriedly and imperfectly made ; and numerous errors, together with the disadvantage of a heavy and too scholastic style, detracted from the merits of what would otherwise have been an elegant and attractive volume.

M. Du Bois' edition of 1821 having become exhausted, another was published, in 1833, at St. Lo, in Normandy, under the editorial care of M. Julien Travers ; who says, that he was surrounded by every sort of source from which he could draw materials for his work. Yet he uses, "pour Baffelin," as he terms it, the text of 1811 ; mentions that

chance procured for him the Vaux-de-Vire of Le Houx, in June 1832, while he was preparing his edition of Baffelin ; and, while he assigns to Baffelin sixty-two songs, he prints fifty-three others under the name of Jean Le Houx. It is singular enough that the learned M. Travers, verfed as he is in the history of French, and especially of Norman poetry, should not only have fallen into the same snare as MM. Affelin, Seguin, and Du Bois, but should also have inverted the order of chronology, by placing the Vaux-de-Vire of Le Houx first, and those which he assigned to Baffelin second, in his little volume.

M. Travers' admiration of the old Vaux-de-Vire went so far, as to lead him to favour the public with a composition of his own ; a "pastiche," "after the manner,"—though not up to the mark,—“of the ancients:” which he introduced, without making known its modern origin, as having escaped the investigations of all the editors, and as being unknown to all the antiquaries of Normandy. So much cannot now be said for that composition : we gladly abstain, however, from here repeating the criticisms which it provoked at the hands of divers learned countrymen of its author. But, as M. Travers says that he had suppressed one of the stanzas, on account of “la naïve grossièreté des expressions,” what must be thought of such a plea, when it is known that of the apocryphal song, so censured by M. Travers, he was himself the composer? *

In 1858, yet another edition of the Vaux-de-Vire “d'Olivier Baffelin et de Jean Le Houx,” was published at Paris, under the editorial care of “P. L. Jacob. bibliophile ;” another name, we learn, for M. Paul Lacroix. In this

* See M. Gaste's note on p. xix. of his Introduction to “Chansons Normandes du XV^e Siècle :” Caen, 1866 ; and “Olivier Baffelin et les Compagnons du Vau-de-Vire. Une Erreur Historique et Littéraire, “par M. Julien Travers :” Caen, 1867.

volume, the songs attributed to Baffelin are made to precede those attributed to Le Houx ; and, besides including most of the prefaces and notes of previous editors, it contains a number of "Chançons Normandes, Bacchanales, et Chançons." It even gives the "Vau-de-Vire inédit" of M. Travers ; but with the unhesitating declaration that it is "ridiculously apocryphal." M. Lacroix shows good judgment when he observes that the (true) Vaux-de-Vire are evidently of the middle or end of the sixteenth century ; and that they were first collected and restored by Jean Le Houx, if not, indeed, composed by him. He also speaks, in another place, of Le Houx as having been "the editor, or rather the author, of the Vaux-de-Vire of Baffelin ;" and remarks, in the close of his preface, that "it little matters if Baffelin and Le Houx be but one and the same poet ; singing of cider and wine with all the gaiety of Gaul, in the good vulgar tongue spoken in Normandy towards the end of the sixteenth century."

But we greatly fear that the usual critical acumen of M. Lacroix deserted him, when he advanced the theory that the English, generally accused of having "put an end" to poor Baffelin, in the battle of Formigny, were merely his creditors, who sequestrated his goods, and placed his person in ward ; an ingenious hypothesis, partially supported, as M. Lacroix contends, by an occasional use of the term "Englois" in that sense, in those times ; but, we suspect, too fanciful to be correct.

To all of the gentlemen who were at the pains to edit, at great expense of labour and time, the Vaux-de-Vire so dear to all Norman hearts, and so interesting to many other cultivated minds, thanks are undoubtedly due ; although, as, with all of them, we believe the labour to have been one of love, so doubtless it was also one of pleasure. But hitherto, in the course of our brief survey, we have had to

regret the confusion which prevailed as to the authorship of those songs, and the variance existing as to the date of their composition, their number, and their text. We have now the more agreeable duty to perform, of welcoming the clear explanations and the certainty of knowledge which have at last been supplied on all of those points.

In 1833, shortly after the appearance of M. Travers' edition, published in that year at Avranches, M. Hebert, then the Librarian of the Public Library at Caen, had the good fortune to obtain for that institution a MS. then unknown to all the editors of whom we have spoken, but the importance of which, relative to the Vaux-de-Vire, the genuineness of their text, and the question of their authorship, it is impossible to over-estimate; for it contains, undoubtedly, in the handwriting of Jean le Houx himself, carefully corrected and prepared by him as for the press:—

(1.) A Title, prose dedication to Bacchus, two sonnets, some Latin Elegiacs, and some French verses addressed to Le Houx by a friend, and initialed I. P. V. (believed to be "Jean Porée, Virois"). The Title is a most definite and clear one:—" *Le Recueil des Chançons nouvelles du Vaude-vire, par ordre alphabétique & autres poésies, par M. Jean Le Houx, advocat Virois.*" " *Le Recueil des Chançons nouvelles du Vau de Vire, par ordre alphabétique, plus y sont adionnés a la fin quelques cantiques spirituelz pour le jour ou nuit de Noël, par M. J. L. H. V.*"

(2.) A collection of eighty-nine Vaux-de-Vire.

(3.) A second collection of twenty-seven Vaux-de-Vire, with the title, " *Second recueil des Chançons du Vaudevire nouvelles, par M^e J. Le Houx advocat Virois, 1611.*"

(4.) A collection of thirty-two "Noëls," with the title, " *Nouveaux Cantiques de Noël, par M. Jean Le Houx, advocat Virois.*"

All of the above are in one handwriting; as to which

we shall have more to say presently. Then follow, in a later and entirely different style of handwriting, a number of *Chançons pour boire*, *Sonnets*, *Bouts-Rimés*, *Virelays*, *Epigrammes*, *Rondeaux*, etc., evidently composed and inserted in the volume at long subsequent periods, but which here need no further notice. There is also on the interior of the cover of the volume, written in the same hand as the *Latin Elegiacs* at its beginning, the verse—

“Et sapiens animum nugis aliquando relaxat :”

an apology offered by the author of the “*Chançons du Vaudeville nouvelles*” for their light and trivial character.*

It appears as if now at last, from the year 1833, the learned editors and antiquaries of Normandy having such a MS. in the Public Library of one of their principal and most literary cities,—“the centre,” says Madame De Sevigné, “of all our greatest wits,”—could have had little difficulty in settling the question as to the authorship of the *Vaux-de-Vire*, which had so long excited so much interest among them, and yet had so greatly perplexed them. But the history of the change in the belief which had so long been popular, brought about by means of this precious MS., is a curious one, showing how very gradual is the process by which such errors in the history of literature are corrected, even in our own times, when knowledge is supposed to be so rapidly diffused. M. Gasté has given a sort of “*Catena Patrum*,” illustrating the progress of extirpation of the old heresy, and the introduction of the new and true faith, which is so complete as to be capable of but little addition at our hands.

In 1824, M. Crapelet clearly discerned that the language of the *Vaux-de-Vire* was rather that of the end of the fixteenth century than that of the time of Basselin; but he

* A. Gasté, *Jean le Houx*, pp. 31, 32, note.

attributed this to a supposed process of restoration at the hand of Le Houx.

In 1833, M. Travers had, as we have mentioned above, insinuated a doubt whether Le Houx, a poet formed on the model of Baffelin, was not himself the true author of the songs printed under the name of the fuller of Vire ; treating his idea, however, only as a hypothesis which he would not cherish in the absence of proof, but adding the forcible remark that never had two poets so strong a family resemblance as Baffelin and Le Houx.

In 1848, M. Boifard observed that the poems of Le Houx and Baffelin were characterised by a conformity of ideas and of structure well fitted to cast doubts on the authenticity of the latter.

In 1849, M. Edelestand de Meril came to a similar conclusion, to which he was led by the very literary character of the Vaux-de-Vire, proving, as he thought, that tradition had been deceived by a *pseudonym*, adopted on account of the Bacchic nature of the verses, and a desire of the real author to remain hidden under the concealment of a popular name : Le Houx, the advocate, behind the mask of Baffelin, the miller !

In 1857, M. Paul Boiteau, who was struck by the resemblance between the works attributed to Jean Le Houx and those attributed to Baffelin, was further much impressed by the lively, healthful, clear, and vigorous diction of the Vaux-de-Vire, and by their rich, varied, and harmonious rhythm ; and remarked that on considering that perfection of form, and regularity of detail, he could not help feeling astonishment, and sometimes entertaining a doubt.

In a work published in 1852, and splendidly illustrated, the text of which was prepared by MM. Mancel, (then librarian of the public library of Caen), Charma, Travers,

Professors at Caen, and de Beaurepaire,* we find these gentlemen, while praising the talent and sparkling gaiety of those songs, declaring that they believed Olivier Basselin not to have been their author, and that they did not hesitate to recognise as the true father of those joyous songs, Jean le Houx, the King's advocate in the "Baillage de "Vire," in the clofe of the sixteenth century.

M. Eugene de Beaurepaire soon made this inquiry the subject of clofer examination ; and in a feparate publication, in 1858, adduced internal evidence on which he questioned the juſtice of attributing the Vaux-de-Vire to Basselin ; he pointed out diſtinctly that nothing in the publication of Jean de Cefne warranted the arbitrary aſſumption that to Jean le Houx was due the credit of having published them, but to Basselin that of having written them. But further, on examining the MS. of Caen, M. de Beaurepaire came to theſe very decided concluſions :—Firſt, That all of the three parts of which that MS. conſiſts (ſo far as its contents relate to this queſtion) are attributed therein to Jean le Houx, both collectively and individually. Second, That the number of erasures, corrections, and alterations, indicate the MS. to be autograph of Le Houx. Third, That the ſhort preliminary pieces (noticed above) are quite unmeaning, unleſs Le Houx be admitted to be the ſole and excluſive author of the Chants Nouveaux, previously ſo generally attributed to Baſſelin. M. De Beaurepaire adds, that in Jean De Cefne's edition there are certain Vaux-de-Vire which could not by poſſibility be juſtly attributed to Baſſelin, and others in which the author alludes to his profeſſion of advocate, to his baptiſmal name of Jean, and to his domeſtic circumſtances ; and he finally ſtates his conviction, that public opinion had been completely led aſtray on

* La Normandie Illuſtrée (Calvados) : Nantes, 1852. 3 tom. in folio.

that subject :—that now the error is no longer possible :—that it is time to restore to Le Houx the nearly exclusive paternity of the “Chants Nouveaux,” and to reinstate him in his rank in that original species of Vau-de-Vire, which presents one of the most captivating aspects of Norman literature.*

And in the same year it was, that M. Paul Lacroix, although unacquainted with the MS. of Caen, which would doubtless have still more decisively influenced his mind, not only perceived the style of these Vaux-de-Vire to betoken a date more than a century later than that of Baffelin, but inferred that they were all the work of one poet,—namely, of Le Houx.

But it was reserved for another author of our own time, of no less ability and learning than any of the previous editors or critics of the Vaux-de-Vire, and possessing greater logical acumen, and habits of closer accuracy in research than some of them appear to have done, to investigate this subject with final and conclusive care. Seldom has any literary controversy benefited by the labours of so competent an inquirer, and never, perhaps, has one been more completely and triumphantly settled.

M. Armand Gasté, a native of Normandy, and a son of Vire,—

“Bon Virois,
“Et compagnon Galois,”—

a devoted admirer of the Vaux-de-Vire, and zealous for the fame of both of his illustrious townsmen, Baffelin and Le Houx, had for several years devoted some of his studious leisure to a careful investigation of the whole subject, and especially to a close and thorough examination of the in-

* Étude sur Baffelin, Jean Le Houx, et le Vaudevire Normand : Caen, 1853. Extracted from vol. xxiii. of the “Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie.”

valuable MS. of Caen. The pains which he took in transcribing with his own hand that MS. in all its most minute details of "lettres Gothiques," in collating it with the other less precious but still important MS. of Polinière, as well as with the printed volume of De Cefne preserved at Paris, and the conclusions at which he arrived, have been fully described by M. Gasté in his excellent thesis for his doctorate, read before the Sorbonne in 1874, "Jean Le Houx " et le Vau de Vire à la fin du XVI^e Siècle ;" nor, perhaps, could any judge have been named, for whose decision a greater deference would be felt, than the learned Docteur-ès-Lettres, Professor of Rhetoric in the Lycée of Caen.

In 1862, M. Gasté published, for the first time, from the MS. of Caen, the "Noëls," or Christmas Carols, of Le Houx.* This was followed, in 1866, by his Essay on Olivier Basselin and the Companions of the Vau-de-Vire ;† and by a learned introduction and notes to the "Chansons " Normandes du XV^e Siècle," published for the first time from the MSS. of Bayeux and Vire ; as well as, in 1873, by an erudite and graceful Latin disquisition on the convivial songs of the ancient Greeks.‡ M. Gasté's work of 1874 on Jean Le Houx and the Vau-de-Vire of his time, besides reviewing all the literature of the subject, contains a most valuable addition in lithographic facsimiles, very carefully made, of the handwriting of the MS. of Caen, and of the handwriting of Jean Le Houx. Of the former, the first is of the two first stanzas of the famous Vau-de-Vire,— "Beau nez, dont les rubis ont coulé mainte pippe," and the second is from one of the "Noëls." That of the handwriting of Jean Le Houx is from a deed both written and signed by him, dated 3d May 1614, and recorded in a

* Caen, 1862.

† Caen, 1866.

‡ De Scoliis, five de Convivalibus Carminibus apud Græcos : Caen, 1873.

register preserved in the office of M^e de Saint Germain, notary at Vire ; in which the writer describes himself by name and degree as Licentiate in Laws, and also by profession as Advocate at Vire. M. Gasté has also compared the writing of the MS. of Caen with other documents preserved at Vire, both in the office of M^e de Saint Germain, and in the possession of the representatives of the late M. Le Pelletier, formerly an advocate of that town.

There can be no doubt, on a comparison of the fac-similes, and of the other documents referred to, that the handwriting in all of them is *identical* ; and even the additional peculiarity of the variation from a slanting to an upright hand, which is found in the Caen MS., is found also in one of the most remarkable deeds known to have been written and executed by Jean Le Houx ; that, namely, by which he founded eight low masses for the poor : in which both the slanting and the upright portions of the writing perfectly agree with the corresponding portions of the MS. of Caen.

Further, M. Gasté has also clearly shown, not only that the Vaux-de-Vire and the Noël's of the MS. of Caen are altogether in the handwriting of Jean Le Houx, but also that they are his own compositions, described, and treated, and referred to by him as such, and by him inscribed with his own name, and with his initials.

In the prose dedication of his book to Bacchus, in his Sonnet to his book, in his address to the critics, as well as in his Latin Elegiacs, he always writes in the first person, as being the author of the poems, responsible for them, and the only one who could truly describe the feelings under which they were composed.

In the verses, also, from a friendly pen, which are prefixed to the MS., signed I. P. V., and supposed to be by Jean Porée, Virois, a contemporary and personal friend of Le

Houx, and one of the writers of the Polinière MS., already more particularly noticed, the name of Le Houx is expressly mentioned as being the author.

The same MS., besides, contains numerous alterations, erasures, corrections, and various readings, such as we might expect to find made by the hand of the author, and by that of no one else. Some of these may appear to us now to be doubtful improvements on the original idea, or expression, for which they were substituted; but their general nature,—independent of the handwriting,—remarkably coincides with what we know of Le Houx's personal history, his increasing age, and the circumstances of the times in which he lived. Sometimes an original line is modified, even at the cost of spirit and vigour, to suit the notions of the priests and priestly party; perhaps also to gratify that increasing sentiment of devotion, which, never absent from the mind of the poet, manifested itself more and more, in various ways, as he advanced in years. In these respects, some of the changes which Le Houx made on his verses remind us of like alterations, made,—with similar results,—by our own poet Wordsworth.

It might not have been necessary for us to offer any remarks on the character of Le Houx, on which his poems throw so much light, had it not been for misapprehensions which, on very insufficient grounds, have sometimes been entertained. The late Dr. Dibdin, of whose hurried visit to Vire we have already spoken, although evidently much struck by the liveliness and vigour, as well as grace, of the songs of the Vau-de-Vire, appears to have formed a very erroneous impression as to the temperament and habits of their author, when he says:—"This Baffelin," (for Dibdin lived, and probably died, in the old belief which he had learned from the edition of 1811, of which, in 1818, he succeeded in obtaining a copy from M. De La Renaudière



THE BRIDGE AT FERNDALE

for the library of his patron, Earl Spencer), "appears to "have been the French Drunken Barnaby of his day;"* —although, in his own odd way, the author of the "Biblio-mania" perhaps comes a little nearer the truth, in some respects, when in a subsequent passage he adds:—"He had "a strange propensity to rusticating, and preferred the "immediate vicinity of Vire—its quiet little valleys, running "streams, and rocky recesses—to a more open and more "distant residence. In such places, therefore, he carried "with him his flasks of cider and his flagons of wine. "Thither he resorted with his boon and merry companions, "and there he poured forth his ardent and unpremeditated "strains. These strains all favoured of the jovial propensities of their author, it being very rarely that tenderness of "sentiment, whether connected with friendship or love, is "admitted into his compositions. He was the thoroughbred Anacreon of the close of the fifteenth century."†

But Jean Le Houx, the true "Anacreon" here spoken of, appears, from all the internal evidence of his own writings, to have been, on the contrary, of a pensive, sentimental, and even melancholy temperament; seeking the society of pleasant companions to cheer the depression of his own spirits, and, when alone, writing occasionally his gay songs, to be sung, in the fashion of his country and times, at their next festal meeting: but "sober-minded," and of sober ways, himself, hating and utterly discountenancing in others all dissipation and excess, as well as all moroseness and miserliness of disposition, whether displayed in the hoarding of money or in the denial of good cheer and liberal hospitality. To love, he candidly declares, he was not much addicted; having escaped from those eyes,—"fair "basilisks,"—which had well-nigh slain him, he vows that

* Dibdin, *Tour*, vol. i. p. 338.

† Ibid. p. 434, note.

in vain henceforth will their snares be set for him ;—he, rather ungallantly, declares that to him to drink is sweeter than a kiss ;—even that fair Magdalene whom he once beheld “in garden all trellised with shade,” flumbering on her couch of dewy turf shaded by foliage and enamelled with flowers, he resigned and quitted rather than forfake his love of “the tavern and bush for its sign,” and of that good wine on which he doated, as essential to the preservation of his health !

“Beauteous ivy ! How my heart
 “Leaps with joy, when branch of thine
 “I behold, from ev’ry part,
 “Gracefully its garlands twine !
 “In the ivy-bush I trace
 “Plant of most consummate grace,
 “Showing me where I may fill
 “Goblets in a fitting place.” *

He was learned in his profession as an Advocate, as we know from the verses of his friend Sonnet De Courval ; and, as we are told by himself, he “very highly esteemed “that estate.” Yet he dreaded and disliked the din and stir of “wrangling courts and stubborn law ;” he found it easier

“to affail and drain
 “A wine-pot than a legal case ;”—

he had, betimes, “resigned law’s drudgery ;”—he detested law-suits, the very name of which “filled him with fear ;”—and he thanked good liquor for having allured him from those legal studies of Institutes and Pandeets, of which, in the eyes of his friend if not of himself, the rubricated paragraphs shone like rosy wine. His playful, but warmly-expressed animosity to the routine of his calling, reminds us of the sentiment of the famous Spanish poet, Don Luis de

* Vau-de-Vire xx. Second Series.

Gongora y Argote, a contemporary of Jean Le Houx, and, like him, at one time a student of laws, although afterwards called to a still more serious vocation :—

“ Let me shun, if I am wife,
 “ Courts of Session or Assize :
 “ Worse to me than thorns or brambles
 “ Are the thorny Law’s preambles.” *

But there was one day,—if but one,—in all the year, which thoroughly awoke the sympathetic enthusiasm of Maître Le Houx in the welfare and hilarity of his profession and of his learned brethren of the bar. This was a high day, and grand anniversary, the “Gaudeamus” of Norman lawyers, the Feast of St. Yves, the 19th of May :—of the

——“ sweet and lovely month of May,
 “ The fairest that in all the year
 “ Comes round ;” ——
 “ The Feast, when counsellors resign
 “ Their law, and practice abrogate,
 “ To quaff authentic glasses of wine,
 “ And lave their throats, which pleadings fine
 “ Had rendered hoarse with shrill debate.” †

The memory of Saint Yves, the patron saint of mediæval lawyers, was in Normandy held in veneration for the possession of qualities which, though far from being incompatible, are vulgarly believed to be not always found in combination. According to the old monkish hymn,

“ Sanctus Yvo	Holy Ivo,
“ Erat Brito,	Breton Chief,
“ Advocatus	Was a lawyer
“ Sed non latro,	Yet no thief ;—
“ Res miranda	Marvel straining
“ Populo.” ‡	Men’s belief !

* Gongora, with Translations, by Edward Churton. London, 1862, vol. ii. p. 101.

† Vau-de-Vire lxvii. First Series.

‡ A. Gafté, Jean Le Houx, p. 125, Note.

The day appointed for the commemoration of so rare and praiseworthy a character was celebrated in the various cities and towns of the province, by their respective legal fraternities, with a grand banquet, preceded by a mass and other ecclesiastical ceremonies; the expense of the whole being borne by a dignitary annually elected by themselves from their own number, and named "Le Majeur."

"A festival that comes in May
 "Makes the heart gay :
 "And then, here is good wine for cheer :
 "Quench, then, your thirst,
 "Saluting first
 "Our Major here." *

In the larger cities, such as Caen, where the number of guests was great, and the expenses of the legal feast were consequently heavy, the Abbé De La Rue informs us that the rich Abbays of the neighbourhood were sometimes invited to supply a quota of the game, poultry, etc., required,—"le tout à son bon plaisir;"—the Abbots, however, being at the same time threatened, in case of refusal, "de l'indignation de la Cour;" a system of practice which seems scarcely consistent with the virtuous example and rule of St. Yves! In this statement the learned Abbé has been followed by M. Gaste; both of those eminent authorities citing, with perfect seriousness, an "Arrêt de la Cour Souveraine, à Caen," professing to be of the date of 15th May 1475, and demanding of the Abbey of Fontenay rather a long bill of fare,—264 head of game and poultry,—as the portion of "viande exquise" to be supplied by it, on the somewhat short notice of four days indicated by the date of that document.

It is but just, however, to the Bar and High Court of Caen, to say, that in our researches on this matter we have

* Vau-de-Vire liv. First Series.

found a note by M. G. Mancel, published in the *Memoires* of the Society of Antiquaries of Normandy, in which that gentleman altogether denies the authenticity of the pretended "Arrêt," and assigns to it the date of the end of the seventeenth century. He says that it is on ordinary paper, without the formalities required in writs issued by the Court; that it is signed "Manfutil," which he translates as "Mechamment subtil, ou plutôt mechamment caché;" and that M. De La Rue has taken as serious what really was no more than a pleafantry imitated from Rabelais.*

"*Non nostri tantas componere lites.*" But in Vire, where the *convives* were of moderate number,—in the days of Le Houx, it is said, usually about forty,—("fed non latrones"),—there seems no reason to imagine that "Le Majeur" ever failed truly and handsomely to acquit himself, in hospitality as well as in erudition and honesty, of the duty so laid upon him by his learned brethren, and thus to realife in all respects the grand ideal of the character of the Breton Saint!

Besides the numerous technical terms of law which occur throughout the *Vaux-de-Vire*, distinctly enough indicating their legal extraction, it may safely be inferred that no one unaffiliated with the legal profession would express all the rapture with which the return of the Festival of St. Yves is so often hailed in their lines; or would address as brethren the Judges, Advocates, or Bailiffs,—all "la cohue,"—who in any capacity took part in that peculiar and characteristic symposium.

Other indications of personal history all concur in pointing in the same direction; as where, in one *Vau-de-Vire*, the writer says,—

"If the drink be a meagre one,

"I'll only have the name of *John*;"—

* *Mémoires de la Société des Antiquaires de Normandie. Serie 2, vol. ii. p. 434.*

that being the name of Le Houx, but not of Baffelin : and the date given in another,—

“Sixteen hundred and twelve was the time

“When a good cider lad made this rhyme,”—

could as little apply to the epoch of Baffelin, as it clearly agrees with that of Le Houx.

Additional reasons, not less conclusive, would, were it needed, still further corroborate the proof of the authorship of these Vaux-de-Vire belonging not to the humble fuller, but to the far more highly educated and accomplished Advocate of Vire :—such as various classical allusions met with in their lines ; the composition of Latin verses and of the scholastic song,—“Louons l'Eternel, *Bibimus fatis* ;” imitations of Persius, of the Greek Anthology, of Euripides, Anacreon, Cratinus, Horace, Martial, Plautus, Pliny, and Ovid. There occur, too, numerous indications of acquaintance with portions of French literature of date subsequent to the age of Baffelin, but synchronising perfectly with that of Le Houx ; peculiar forms of versification and rhythm, adopted from French poets of the same time,—(no fewer than twenty-three from Ronfard alone) ;—and familiar knowledge shown of the works of Rabelais, Bonaventure des Periers, Malherbe, Guédron, and Remy Belleau. It adds to our other obligations to M. Gasté, that he has carefully pointed out all of the particular passages so referred to which he has been able to discover ; and to his works we have great pleasure in referring those of our readers who may desire to prosecute the subject further.

A wider range of similar instances might be supplied, were we to seek for them in literature originating beyond the Pyrenees, or on this side of the Channel : “the chestnuts
“and the pears,” “roasting on the hearth-stone,” while the neighbours sociably chat by the fire, over their wine, might find a prototype in Gongora's lines,—

“In chafing-dish good store I’ll throw
 “Of beech or chestnut-fruits, nor fail
 “To win some neighbour’s merry tale ;”—*

well imitated, in modern times, by our own Macaulay ;—

“When the oldest cask is opened,
 “And the largest lamp is lit,
 “When the chestnuts glow in the embers,
 “And the kid turns on the spit ;
 “When young and old in circle
 “Around the firebrands clofe ;” †

So the “garden all trellised with shade” may well recall that charming love-ballad of Sir Walter Raleigh,—

“As at noon Dulcinea rested
 “In a sweet and shady bower,”—

honoured to all time by the benediction of Izaak Walton : —“They were old-fashioned poetry, but choicely good : I think much better than the strong lines that are now in fashion in this critical age.” ‡

The allusions in *Vau-de-Vire* LXXXIII. had been supposed by many,—among others, by M. Vaultier and M. Sainte-Beuve,—to have referred to the Siege of Vire by the English in 1417 ; but would apply quite as well to that in 1563 ; while the “estrangers” spoken of in *Vau-de-Vire* XIX. (First Series), might well be the soldiers of Montgomery. So in *Vau-de-Vire* LXXXVII. the conclusion of a peace is celebrated, with the defeat of “those false leaguers ;” which in all probability applies to the surrender of Paris in 1594. And in *Vau-de-Vire* XLI. the battles of Dreux and of St. Denys are expressly named ; events of 1562 and 1567, more than a century later than the fatal day when poor

* Gongora, by Edward Churton, vol. ii. p. 168.

† Lays of Ancient Rome : London, 1835, p. 61.

‡ The Compleat Angler, or the Contemplative Man’s Recreation. By Izaak Walton. London, J. Major, 1823, p. 76.

Olivier Baffelin is supposed to have been "mis à fin" on the field of Formigny, falling, however, in the moment of victory.

Although the foregoing pages contain some indications of the high estimation in which these Vaux-de-Vire of Jean Le Houx have been held by his own countrymen, this, perhaps, is scarcely the place for any elaborate discussion of their literary merits. In a collection of considerably more than one hundred songs, of which, amid all their diversity of treatment and expression, the dominant theme is the praise of cider, of wine, and of good-fellowship, it may be expected that there will occasionally occur some monotony of sentiment, perhaps some feebleness of execution. But it will also be found that other topics than those of mere conviviality are not always excluded from the lyre of Le Houx; and we should be well pleased if we could venture to hope that in making these Vaux-de-Vire known to the English reader, we had succeeded in transfusing any portion of that quaint, lively, and varied grace, by which, in their native language, they seem to us to be pervaded;—

"Though by the way, Sir," says Don Quixote de la Mancha, "I think this kind of version from one language to another . . . is like viewing a piece of Flemish tapestry "on the wrong side, where, though the figures are distinguishable, yet there are so many ends and threads, that "the beauty and exactness of the work is obscured, and not "so advantageously discerned as on the right side of the "hangings." *

In France, the Vaux-de-Vire have excited the interest and received the praise of many able critics, from their own times down to those of Sainte Beuve,† one of the ablest of

* Don Quixote de la Mancha, Part ii. chap. lxii., Jarvis' Translation.

† Tableau Historique et Critique de la Poésie Française au XVI^e Siècle : Paris, 1869, p. 8, and Note.

all : in England and America, though as yet but imperfectly known, they have received high commendation from the few who have made their acquaintance. "As a collection of popular drinking-fongs," says the accomplished author of "Studies in Early French Poetry,"* "this of the worthy Master Le Houx seems to me unequalled. There are many good fongs in English and Scotch, but no one set, belonging to one century, so rich and spirited as these."

In the text and arrangement of these fongs of the Vaux-de-Vire, to the end of the Second Series, the MS. of Caen, as edited by M. Gasté, has been implicitly followed, with the single exception of the burdens of the fongs being repeated after each stanza, where in the original that is in some cases only indicated. The remaining six Vaux-de-Vire, from the Polinière MS., although wanting in the MS. of Caen, have every other sign of authenticity.

Previous editors of the Vaux-de-Vire had accumulated many commentaries, of more or less importance, "tant bien que mal," on the text which they severally thought fit to adopt ; of which many have been preserved by M. Gasté, with valuable additions of his own. In this way, indeed, the writings of Le Houx may be said to have received nearly as much annotation as those of some of the ancient classical authors of good repute. But many of those commentaries, whether explanatory, or controversial, originated in supposed obscurities and uncertainties of the text, now happily removed ; while of others the peculiar interest is limited to French readers.

The allusions which to an English eye may seem to require any explanation, are really few in number, and may be here noticed in a very brief and compendious manner ;

* London, 1868, p. 82.

while any one desirous of prosecuting the study of the language and history of the Vaux-de-Vire, will find in the quotations and references of M. Gasté a useful fund of information.

The play on words contained in such allusions as those to the Abbey of Bec, to Pont-Ecoulant, and to Angoulême, sufficiently explains itself. Of other places mentioned by name, Brouage was a town of the salt marshes near Rochelle, whence Vire received its chief supplies of salt; Guibray, a place near Falaise, celebrated for the humours of its great annual fair; and La Bouille, the port, on the Seine, at which it was then customary for passengers for Rouen to land. The Malvoisie, Malvaïse, or Mervoisie, so often spoken of, was the name of a sweet sort of wine, resembling that of Cyprus,—or Malmsey; Hypocras, a mixture of wine, sugar or honey, and cinnamon or other spice; and Muscadel, a peculiar species of cider, made from apples grown near Pont-Audemer, of an exquisite musky flavour; a cider “which,” says M. Du Bois, “puts to the blush the best sorts of wine.” The Doux-Dagorie, and the Dameret, were choice and beautiful kinds of apples, both noted for producing excellent cider: the one being of an amber colour, and delicate flavour, but its cider best fitted for speedy consumption; the other yielding cider of a fine reddish hue, and strong, but heady.

Of the *refrains* of some of the songs, it seems to be generally concluded by French writers that although some of them may be relics of ancient Pagan Bacchanalian cries, they are in great measure “insignifiants.” But one of them, “Tire-la-Rigault,” or “Tire-larigot,” the Dictionnaire de l’Académie explains by saying,—“Boire à tire-larigot,” “Boire excessivement;” and of its possible origin a curious legend has been preserved. The story runs, that Odo Rigault, the famous Archbishop of Rouen, presented the Cathedral of

Rouen, in the middle of the thirteenth century, with a very great and ponderous bell :—"and becaufe in former times " the ringers used to take a good drink before ringing it, it " paffed into a common proverb to fay of a hearty drinker, " that he drinks 'à tire-la-Rigault.'" M. Gafté, however, feems rather inclined to adopt the derivation from "larigot," a fort of fhepherd's ruftic pipe, mentioned in the poems of Saint Amand and Ronfard ; and which, as defcribed in the Dictionnaire de l'Académie, appears to have been the reed inftrument familiarly known as "Pan's pipes."

The water of "bright Clitoria's fream," as the claffical reader will recollect, was faid by Ovid and Pliny to be preferred, by thofe who drank of it, to wine.

Of a phrafe in Vau-de-Vire V. of the Firft Series,—

"Here 's wine that 's of the beft,
"That makes the ear prick up,"—

the following curious explanation is given :—"Vin d'une " oreille, fe dit d'un vin excellent, parce que celui qui en " boit, penche une oreille, en figne d'approbation ; et vin " de deux oreilles fe dit d'un mauvais vin, parce que le " buveur fecoue la tête en figne de mécontentement." (Diét. de l'Acad. Franc. v. *Vin*.)

Excepting as charaéteriftic of a local ufage referred to in the fame Vau-de-Vire, and which perhaps has been preferved from the time of Le Houx, it may feem fcarcely worth while to mention fo minute an incident as that at Vire, over a barber's fhop near the great church, we faw—not one barber's bafin only, but,—

"Some barber's bafins,—placed
"O'er the doorway."

The fingular praétice recorded in the lines,—

"Apple-trees are grown befide
"Churchyards where the dead abide,"

may be still observed in very many parts of Normandy ; it first attracted our notice in some churchyards which we passed on the road to Jumièges from Caudebec,

“ On the pleasant banks of Seine.” *

Of the friend of Le Houx, whose hapless fate is commemorated in Vau-de-Vire VI. of the Second Series,—

“ Alas, dear friend, I well believe thy death

“ Was sad, when thou wert in the water drowned,”—

the name is unknown. When the fortrefs of Tombelaine, an island near Mont St. Michel, capitulated on the 8th of November 1592, Seguin informs us that “ *Le Vicomte de Vire*, Louis de Grestain, et le Seigneur de Grippon se noyèrent le même jour en venant à terre ;” † but whether that event may have been here alluded to, is matter of pure conjecture.

Farin du Gas, (or Dugaft, as it has often been printed), was doubtless one of the most conspicuous of those

“ Bons Virois,

“ Et compagnons Galois,”

to whose

——“ lips of rosy dye,

“ With great jowls in purple dight,

“ Singing these new Vaux-de-Vire,”

Le Houx was wont to listen with such delectation. But of the rest of his history we know no more than can be gleaned from this Vau-de-Vire, (III. of the Series from the Polinière MS.)

The allusions in Vau-de-Vire XIII. of the Second Series, being to the game of tennis, may seem obscure to those not versed in the language and rules of that game. For the benefit of the uninitiated, it may be mentioned that “ fifteen “ and a bisque ” are a sort of double odds,—fifteen of odds

* Remains of Arthur Henry Hallam. Privately printed, 1853, p. 46.

† Histoire Militaire des Bocains : Vire, 1816, p. 393.



towards the score, and also an additional chance,—given to one of the players.

Notwithstanding Le Houx's frequent notice of the ivy, or of the ivy and yew-tree, as "the bush," the old and well-known sign of a tavern, which never failed to excite such enthusiasm in the mind of the bard, personal observation has taught us that throughout Normandy, at the present time, the favourite evergreen plant commonly used for that purpose is neither the ivy nor the yew, but the mistletoe. Whether by his "belle lierre," of which Maître Le Houx could write :—

" In the ivy bush I trace
" Plant of most consummate grace ;
 " Showing me where I may fill
" Goblets in a fitting place,"—

he intended to signify the elegant mistletoe rather than the more common though also very graceful ivy, or whether the botanical fashions of "the tavern and bush for its sign" may have changed in the centuries which have elapsed since his time, we cannot tell. But certainly by many a roadside, in many a rural village, and in the streets of many an ancient town, large and beautiful garlands of that delicate parasite of the apple-tree, sometimes with a cluster, or a cross, of coral and amber-coloured apples tastefully arranged in the centre, now most fitly indicate the refreshing presence of cider, the produce of the tree on which the mistletoe chiefly finds its airy habitation ;—

" And if my verdict you'll believe,
 " You won't receive
" Another drink in Normandy ! "

J. P. M.

RECUEILS
DES CHANSONS NOUVELLES
DU VAU DE VIRE

PAR M. JEAN LE HOUX.



A BACCHUS.

IE vous dedie cecy, bon Denis, chassé-foing, pere de lieffe ; aussi bien auez vous esté la source cheualine qui m'a faict produire ces joyensfetes, apres auoir esté abbreuüé de votre fousfue & viuifiante liqueur. La bonne a produit les meilleurs vers, & la mauuaise les pires. Toutesfois, s'ilz ne font assez bien limés & rythmés, je ne m'en soucie gueres, esperant que les bons compagnons, qui les pratiqueront sur le vin, ne daigneront perdre vn seul coup a boire, pour s'abuser a les corrèter. Je crains neantmoins la dent famelicque & la langue alterée de ces auares rechignez, qui, ayans les celiers pleins, se laisseroient plustost emporter au rhume & a la toux, que se rechauffer l'estomach d'en verre de leur bon vin, qu'ilz ne boyuent s'il n'est aigre & poussé. Leur chapeau gras, leur visage blefme, leur mine triste & leur œil enfoncé, qui semble tousiours aguigner l'heritage de leurs voisins, font iuger que chez eux on ne pourroit faire mourir la soif, sans preiudice du ventre & de la santé. Qu'ilz murmurent donc, le bec en l'eau, tout leur faoul, tandis que vos bons supposts, faute de plus serieux discours, s'estiourront honnestement ensemble, le dos au feu & le ventre a la table, taschans a ne laisser le vin au pot.



TO BACCHUS.

THIS work I dedicate to you, kind Dionyfos, kill-care, father of mirth ; to you, the true Hippocrene which inspired me with these gay songs, after my thirst had been quenched by your sweet and vivifying liquor. The good wine has produced the better verses, and the bad, the worse ones. At all events, if they be not finely finished in polish and rhythm, I care but little ; hoping that the jolly companions who will practise them over their wine, will not think of losing a single round of the bottle, to waste their time in correcting them. I dread, nevertheless, the ravening fang and parched tongue of those grudging misers, who, having their cellars full, would rather let cold and cough carry them off, than warm their stomach by a glass of their own good wine ; which they will never drink till it is sour and spoilt. Their greasy hat, their pallid face, their woful mien, and sunken eye, which seems ever to be hankering after their neighbours' heritage, tell us that in their houses one could never kill thirst, without doing a mischief to one's own stomach and health. Let them, then, go on grumbling, with their muzzles in water, all alone ; whilst your good lieges, for want of more serious discourse, enjoy themselves honestly in company, with their back to the fire and their breast at the table, striving to drain well the wine-pot.

L'AUTHEUR A SON LIVRE.

SONNET.

*Si croyez mon conseil, en public vous n'irés ;
De ces vieux usuriers qui ne beuans qu'eau pure,
Et, espargnans leurs biens, hastent leur sepulture,
Petis vers biberons, vous ferez censurés.*

*Allez donc, malgré moy, puisque le desirés,
Mais hantés ceux qui font de ioyeuse nature,
Et qui n'estans poussez d'avarice ou d'usure,
Cherchent le meilleur vin quand ilz font alterés.*

*Fuyez ces beueurs d'eau & ces visages fades,
Le regime, la diette & ces tables maufades,
Ou l'auare ne boit, sinon en rechignant.*

*Fuyez les biberons, si mauuaise est leur vie ;
Et, quoy qu'on ne peut bien vous chanter qu'en beuant,
Faiètes pourtant tousiours garder la modestie.*

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOK.

SONNET.

I think, O little book of drinking fong,
You would do well in private to remain.
Those hoary misers, who pure water drain,
And starve themselves, will censure you as wrong.

Yet, if you won't be counselled, go along.
But seek companions of a joyous vein ;
Such as, uninfluenced by niggard gain,
When they are thirsty, seek wine best and strong.

Avoid the water-drinkers, the pale face,
Sick-diet, and inhospitable place
Where misers drink not, fave begrudgingly :

Avoid wine-drinkers, if their life be naught.
And though, that with full charm your strains be fraught,
Some drink you take, take it with modesty.

SONNET.

*Vous, tetricques confcurs, sublimes grauités,
Que rien que le seul gain ne pourroit faire rire,
Pour vous ie n'ay pas faiet ces gentilz Vau de Vire,
Je vous banny, mocqueurs, de ces ioyeufetés.*

*Vous blasmez ces chansons & vous les reiettés,
Et cuidez, abbufez, pour du bon vin ecrire,
Que ie fois grand beuueur ! Contre vostre mefdire,
Je produis mes amis, par moy les plus hantés.*

*Foible en complexion, je hay l'iuongnerie ;
Mais, pensant refister a ma melancholie,
Je cerche ceux qui font de jovial' humeur.*

*Pour n'estre seul muet en telles gaillardifes
Qu'ilz chantent sans excez, j'ay, sans estre beuueur,
Faiet pour moy ces chansons, lecteur, que tu mesprifes.*

SONNET.

Ye crabbed cenfors, wiscacres fublime,
Who never fmile but when of gain ye hear,
Not for you made I thefe fweet Vaux-de-Vire :
Scoffers, I banifh you from fuch gay time.

Ye blame thefe fongs, and fpurn their harmlefs rhyme,
And flander me as drunkard, becaufe dear
I hold good wine. Avaunt your fpiteful sneer !
Friends who beft know me, clear me of fuch crime.

Feeble in health, I hate debauchery ;
But, craving to refift melancholy,
I feek companions prone to jocund ways.

Not to be mute 'mid joyous minftrelfies
Soberly fung, I, fober, made thefe lays,
Which thou, O Reader, doft fo lightly prize.

Bacchica bella mihi nunc sunt bellanda bibendo :
Arma mihi veniant optima quæque mera.
Debellabo fitim magnis cum viribus hostem :
Oris ficca aditus occupat illa mei.
Pro lituo, cantu iuuat hoc accendere Martem,
Verfibus his bibulis tam bona vina cano !
Ne, quæso, inuideas, ceris cumulator & auri,
Qui toleras fitiens guttura ficca diu :
Si puram potare libet de fontibus vndam,
Parce, vel in misero pectore conde nives.
Nos patere incolumes potu scruemus honesto.
Pocula si bona sunt, nonne modesta minus ?
Nunc tua depromas, fodes, languentia vina.
Sunt qui, si bona sunt, pluris & empta bibent.

Non, quot sunt cantus, author tot pocula sumpsi ;
Ore etiam feci hos vel fitiente modos.
Cogeris ad quosuis nec fumere pocula cantus,
Ne dic : ista sonant ebria verba gulam.

Be Bacchic battles my wine-bibbing boast :
My arms, all wines that are esteemed the most.
With mighty force I will demolish thirst,
Who now my mouth attacks, with drought accurst.
For trumpet-call, I rouse this war with song ;
And good wines' praise in drinking-strains prolong !
Nor envy thou, hoarder of brass and gold,
Whose throat a chronic thirst doth ever hold :
By thy loved draught, from purest fount that flows,
Spare me ; or in thy cold heart heap up snows.
Pray let us drink in peace and honesty :
Good wine 's not worst when taken soberly.
Now draw, my friend, your oldest-bottled wine ;
It will be drunk, though dear, if it be fine.

Not as the songs, so did I goblets take ;
Nay, e'en athirst would I these numbers wake.
Nor for each song need you a goblet drain,
Nor say : " These lines smack of too vinous vein."

A L'AUTHEUR SUR SON LIVRE.

*C'est en table, on jamais ailleurs,
 On mesme vn sage deburoit rirc.
 Boire & manger en font meilleurs ;
 Le corps bon aliment en tire.
 Qui plus naïfvement escrire
 Eust peu, pour vn sujet beuuant ?
 LE HOVX d'un style plus scauant
 Traicteroit chose plus altiere,
 Cecy ne doit donner matiere
 D'excez a l'iuongne infensé ;
 Car on peut bien chanter sans boire
 Et sans que Dieu soit offensé.*

I. P. V.

TO THE AUTHOR, ON HIS BOOK.

If ever wife men are to laugh,
 At table, be fure, is the place.
Mirth helps them to eat and to quaff,
 And quickens nutrition apace.
 None could with a sprightlier grace
Discourfe on the topic of wine ;
Although, upon matters divine,
 Le Houx finer language could ufe.
 Yet let not his verfes excufe
The fot, in his bibulous ways ;
 For men, without drinking, may choofe
To fing, to God's name giving praife.

CHANSONS
DU
VAU DE VIRE

SONGS
OF
THE VAU DE VIRE



CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

PREMIER RECVEIL

I.

*A l'amour ne fuis addonné,
Et j'ayme encore moins les armes,
Mais le vin, des que ie fus né,
C'est pourquoy j'en fais tous mes carmes.
Le subiect en est il pas beau ?
Je ne veux estre rimeur d'eau.*

*Qui n'a aultre science
Que Cupidon & son flambeau
Cela sent bien son macquereau ;
Il en est trop en France.*

*Puis, en table, avec ses amis,
Il ne faut parler que de boire.
Le grand Alexandre iadis
Et plusieurs rois en firent gloire.
L'excez ie n'aprouue pourtant :
Mais qui s'altere en trop chantant
Peut bien trois fois ou quatre
Sans vergongne boire d'autant.
Si quelqu'un n'y est consentant,
Je m'en vay le combattre.*

*Il ne m'est plus resté de quoy
Me deffendre en ceste bataille.
Versez de rechef ; armes moy,
De peur que quelqu'un ne m'affaille.*



SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

FIRST SERIES

I.

LOVE is no favourite of mine ;
Still less I care for feats of war :
But much I doat, from birth, on wine ;
Hence all my songs upon it are.
Is not the subject very fair ?
I don't for water-rhyming care.

Who treats no other stuff
Than Cupid's torch and flame,
Plays an ill-favoured game ;
In France are such, enough.

Drink, too, is the sole theme we ply,
Sitting at table, friends beside.
Great Alexander anciently,
And other Kings, it glorified.
Excess, however, I don't praise :
Who thirsts when chanting many lays,
Has, honestly, a right
Three cups or four to drain :
With him who would refrain
That number, I will fight.

But for such combat all defence
For safeguard I at present lack.
Pour wine afresh ; my arms of fence,
To ward my person from attack.

*Si le Roy sa faueur donnoit
A celuy qui le mieux boiroit,
Et qu'il me peust congnoistre,
Comte ou Marquis il me feroit.
Pour veoir comment il n'adiendroit,
Je le voudrois bien estre.*

II.

*Ayant le dos au feu & le ventre a la table,
Estant parmy les potz pleins de vin delectable,
Ainsi comme 'en poulet
Je ne me laisseray mourir de la pepie,
Quand j'en deburois auoir la face cramoisie
Et le nez violet.*

*Quand mon nez deuiendra de couleur rouge ou perse,
Porteray les couleurs que cherist ma maistrresse.
Le vin rend le tainct beau !
Vault il pas mieux auoir la couleur rouge & riuue,
Riche de beaux rubis, que si palle & chetive
Ainsi qu'en beueur d'eau ?*

*On m'a deffendu l'eau, au moins en beuerie,
De peur que ie ne tombe en vne hydropisie ;
Je me perdz si j'en boy.
En l'eau n'y a faueur. Prendray ie pour breuage
Ce qui n'a point de goust ? Mon voisin qui est sage
Ne le fait, que ie croy.*

*Qui ayme bien le vin est de bonne nature.
Les mortz ne boyent plus dedans la sepulture.
He ! qui fait s'il viura
Peult estre encor demain ? Chassons melancholie.
Je vay boire d'autant a ceste compaignie :
Suyue qui m'aymera ! . . .*

Were but the King's most favoured one
He who for drinking best was known,
And the King but knew me,
Count, Marquis, me he'd name ;
To taste such novel fame,
I fain that one would be !

II.

Behind me the fire, and the table before,
Surrounded by pots with good wine brimming o'er,
I do not propose
To die, like a chicken, of pip, when my face
A rubicund colour ought rather to grace,
And purple my nose.

When it shall in rose and carnation appear,
The colours I'll wear to my mistresses are dear ;
Wine paints them so fair !
'Tis better to bloom with a fine lively red,
Enriched with bright rubies, than pallid, half-dead,
Cold water to share !

I dare not use water for drink, I confess,
Lest I fall into dropfical wat'riness ;
I'm doomed in that case.
In water's no favour. Am I then to use
So tasteless a liquid ? Wife neighbours refuse
Such peril to face.

Good lovers of wine have a nature that's found.
In the grave, for the dead, no drinking is found.
Who knows if life ends,
Perchance, ere to-morrow ? Drive sorrow away !
I'll drink, and for all this good company pray :
Come, follow me, friends !

III.

*Adam, c'est chose tres notoire,
Ne nous eust mis en tel danger,
Si, au lieu du fatal manger,
Il se fust pluſtoſt mis a boire.*

*C'est la cause pourquoy j'euisse
D'estre sur le manger gourmand :
Il est vray que ie suis friand
De vin, quand c'est vin qui merite.*

*Et pourtant, lorsque je m'aproche
Du lieu ou repaistre ie veux,
Je vay regardant curieux
Pluſtoſt au buffet qu'a la broche.*

*L'œil regarde ou le cueur aspire :
J'ay cecy par trop œilladé.
Verre plein, s'il n'est toſt vuide,
Ce n'est pas un verre de Vire.*

IV.

*Au voisin, de ſiebre mourant,
On faisoit boire eau de la bie.
“ Helas ! vous me tuez, disoit il en plorant,
Me deſſendre le vin, c'est m'arracher la vie.*

*“ Helas ! je deſirois toujours
Mourir avec toy, bon breuuage !
Quand j'ay plus que jamais beſoin de ton ſecours,
Un medecin lourdaud me deſſend ton uſage.*

*“ Cher amy, ne me quieſte pas
Sur le dernier poinct de ma vie !
Sans toy, j'eſtimerois rigoureux mon trepas ;
Je ne puis auoir bien hors de ta compaignie.*

III.

Adam, it is shrewdly known,
Had not caused our fallen state,
If, in lieu of what he ate,
He had taken drink alone.

Therefore 'tis that gluttony
I most heedfully avoid :
But confess I have enjoyed
Wine, when of high quality.

And, as often as I fit
By the hostel where I dine,
My regards do more incline
To the beaufet than the spit.

In eye-glance heart-hopes appear :
Too long this my eyes has strained.
Full wine-glafs, not swiftly drained,
Would be no wine-glafs of Vire.

IV.

To my good friend, half in his grave
With fever, they well-water gave.
“Alas !” he said, and wept,—“you’ll be my death :
“Forbid me wine, and you will stop my breath.

“With thee, good wine, as thou dost know,
“I fain would meet the mortal blow.
“When more than ever I have need of thee,
“A loutish doctor cuts thee off from me.

“Dear friend, forfake me not, when I
“Am at the very point to die !
“Without thee, death indeed were terrible ;
“Without thy prefence, I can ne’er be well.

*“ Si je meurs, a mes bons amis
 Ma grande bouteille je laisse :
 Mais que pleine elle soit comme elle estoit iadis :
 Jugeront comme moy que c'est grande richesse.”*

*Ainsi mon voisin soupiroit ;
 Moy, j'eus pitié de sa misere.
 Je lui donnay du vin que l'on luy deffendoit :
 La fiebure le quicta si tost qu'il eult a boire.*

*Sur cela fondant ma raison,
 Pour garir vne soif maline,
 Et l'ennuy que me faict ma femme a la maison,
 J'ay recours au bon vin comme a ma medecine.*

*Faute de mieux, de bon pommé
 Bien souuent je prens vne dose.
 Tant bon est cestuy cy qu'il m'a presque charmé.
 Encor un pot venant, & puis qu'on se repose !*

V.

*Au barbier qui la barbe oste,
 Qui ma barbe osta,
 Et a la mode qui trotte
 Qui me la couppa,
 D'argent il ne m'en cousta,
 Mais je luy payay chopine,
 Quand il sceut mon origine,
 Que j'estois Virois
 Et compaignon Gallois.*

*Si je scauois qu'en la forte
 On me deust payer,
 Je pendrois deuant ma porte
 Baffins a barbier,
 Et comme un bon ouurier
 Je dirois a tout le monde :
 “ Je vous pry' que ie vous tende ;*

“ My largest bottle to dear friends
“ I leave, when my existence ends :
“ But full of wine, as erst it was : they’ll see,
“ As I do, ’tis a wealthy legacy.”

My neighbour thus bewailed his state ;
I sympathised with his sad fate :
I gave him wine,—that same forbidden draught :—
The fever left him soon as he had quaffed !

From which I gained this science first,
That to assuage malignant thirst,
And all the worry of my wife at home,
I to good wine, as to my med’cine, come.

When better phyfic can’t be had,
Good cider-treatment is not bad :
This is so good, it makes me feel half-blest :—
One other pot, and then we’ll go to rest !

V.

The barber, beards who shaves away,
My beard did shave ;
In smartest fashion of the day
He trimmed it brave :
To him no money-fee I gave,
But paid a chopin of good wine,
Soon as he learned my origin,
And that a son of Vire
I was, and jovial compeer.

Were I assured that in like taste
They would me pay,
Some barber’s basins should be placed
O’er my door-way ;
And to each passer-by I’d say,
Like a good barber-workman grave,
“ Kind sir, let me thy fair beard shave ;

*Je suis bon Galois
Et compagnon Virois."*

*Quant j'aurois fait la besongne,
Je serois contant
De leur dire sans vergongne :
" Ne veux point d'argent ;
Mais pour la soif qui me prent
De bon vin payez choppine ;
C'est bon loyer pour la peine
De tout bon Galois
Et compagnon Virois."*

*Tout pietre plein d'avarice
Que ie congnoistrois,
A fillons, sans artifice,
Tondre le voudrois ;
Et le plus que ie pourrois
D'argent prendrois pour ma peine,
Pour mener boire choppine
Quelque bon Virois
Et compagnon Gallois.*

VI.

*Beau nez, dont les rubis ont cousté mainte pippe
De vin blanc & clairot,
Et duquel la couleur richement particippe
Du rouge & violet ;*

*Gros nez, qui te regarde a trauers un grand verre
Te iuge encor plus beau.
Tu ne ressembles point au nez de quelque herre
Qui ne boit que de l'eau.*

*Vn coq d'Inde fa gorge a toy semblable porte.
Combien de riches gens
N'ont pas si riche nez ? Pour te peindre en la sorte
Il faut beaucoup de temps.*

“ For jovial compeer
“ I am, and true-born fon of Vire.”

And when my client's chin was done,
How pleased I'd be
To say to him :—“ I take alone
“ No money-fee :
“ Rather my thirst would ask of thee,
“ To drink, a chopin of good wine ;
“ An ample guerdon, I opine,
“ For jovial compeer,
“ Who is a true-born fon of Vire.”

If wretch replete with avarice
I should behold,
His beard should ridge-and-furrow-wife
Be rudely polled :
And from him I would take in gold
As much as I could make him pay,
To ask to drink a chopin gay
Some true-born fon of Vire,
Who is a jovial compeer.

VI.

Fair nose ! whose rubies many pipes have cost
Of white and rosy wine,
Whose colours are so gorgeously embossed
In red and purple fine ;

Great nose ! who views thee, gazing through great glafs,
Thee still more lovely thinks.
Thou dost the nose of creature far surpass
Who only water drinks.

No Turkey-cock's proud throat thy tints outvies.
How many wealthy folk
Have not so rich a nose ! To paint such dyes,
Much time must be bespoke.

*Le verre est le pinceau duquel on l'enlumine ;
 Le vin est la couleur
 Dont on t'a peint ainsi, plus rouge qu'une guigne,
 En beuvant du meilleur.*

*On diét qu'il nuist aux yeux. Mais feront ilz lez maistres ?
 Le vin est garison
 De mes maux. J'ayme mieux perdre les deux fenestres
 Que toute la maison.*

VII.

*Boire autant de fois du bon
 Qu'a de lettres nostre nom,
 Cela garit nostre vie
 De foing & melancholie.*

*J'en veux auoir le cuer net.
 Versez donc dans ce goddet.
 Sur ce boire d'excelence
 J'en veux faire experience.*

*Mon nom est trop court vrayment,
 Veux ce breuuage excellent ;
 J'y voudrois bien encor mettre
 A tout le moins vne lettre.*

*Si le breuuage n'est bon,
 Jan simplement j'auray nom ;
 Mais s'il est plaisant & digne,
 Mon nom fera Marc Anthoine.*

VIII.

*Bon vieil drolle Anaercon,
 On faict encore memoire
 De toy, qui, bon compaignon,
 Faisois des chansons a boire.
 Pour l'amour de luy, compere,
 De ce bon piot tastons !
 Mais ce nous est vitupere
 De boire, si ne chantons.*

The wine-glafs is the brush, thy form to shew ;
The colour is the wine,
Which paints thee with a more than cherry glow,
Drinking from choicest vine.

They say it hurts the eyes.—Are they to choofe ?
But wine doth always cure
My woes. I'd rather both the windows lose,
Than the whole house, I'm sure.

VII.

To drink as oft of liquor found
As letters in our name are found,
Is sure to banish from our life
All melancholy care, and strife.

I fain would purge such things away.
So fill this flagon full, I pray.
On beverage so excellent
I'll try the said experiment.

My name's too short, I find, in truth,
For this is right good drink in fouth ;
So that I think at least 'twere fit
To add one letter unto it.

If the drink be a meagre one,
I'll only have the name of *John* ;
But if it fine and fitting be,
My name shall be *Mark Antony*.

VIII.

Quaint old Anacreon,
To thee the fame belongs
Of boon companion,
Who wrote his drinking-songs.
For love of him, my friend,
Let us this good wine drain,
And, further grace to lend,
Tune up a drinking-strain !

*Doncq' en mæmoire de luy,
Chacun dise vn Vau de Vire.
Ainsi se passe l'ennuy.
Le mien premier ie vay dire :
Mon cuer ne peut pas bien rire,
Si ce n'est lors que ie boy.
O ! que c'est vn dur martire,
Bon vin, que viure sans toy !*

*Quand il est force raisins
Et que bonne est la vandange,
On visite ses voisins,
On ne fait point de l'estrange ;
Le dueil en lieffe on change ;
Tous sont ioyeux & contans,
Et de la soif on se vange,
Chantans : Viue le bon temps !*

*Ne faites point plus le fin
Que toute la compagnie.
Je vay boire a vous, voisin,
Et a vostre bonne amie.
Prenez garde, ie vous prie,
Maintenant comme ie boy ;
Car vostre chanson finie,
Faudra faire comme moy.*

IX.

*Bon vin, fay moy raison d'une soif violente
Dont je suis au gosier ardemment epris,
D'auoir recours a toy, lors qu'elle me tourmente,
J'en tiens de mes yeux lesquelz me l'ont appris.*

*Je te cheris tousiours comme ma propre vie ;
Sans toy, bonne liqueur, que feroit ce de moy ?
Aussi sachant que l'eau est ta grande ennemie,
Je ne la puis aymer, tout pour l'amour de toy.*

Then, to his memory,
Each fmg a Vau-de-Vire.
So tædium will fly :
Mine firft I'll carol here :—
My heart can never fmile
When for my drink I pine ;
O 'tis a torture vile
To live without good wine !

When vine with clufters bends,
And vintage-yield is good,
One vifits then one's friends,
Efcaping folitude ;
Sad fpirits then rejoice ;
All glad and gay we fee ;
We punifh thirft, our voice
Singing : " O time of glee ! "

My friends, than all the reft
Don't lefs frank-hearted prove.
Your health ! and hers, whom beft
Within your heart you love.
And notice, my good friend,
How I now drink to you :
When your fong's at an end,
Your bumper will enfue.

IX.

Good wine, avenge me on a raging thirft
By which my throat is violently caught.
To have recourfe to thee, when tortured firft,
Was by my fires the leffon to me taught.

I ever cherifh thee as my own life ;
Without thee, liquor dear, what fate would me
Befall ? I, confcious of thy deadly frife
With water, hate it, all for love of thee.

*L'eau monstre, a son effect, qu'a boire elle n'est bonne ;
Elle rend l'homme etique & palle & morfondu ;
Mais toy, tu rendz gaillarde & saine la personne,
L'argent qu'on met pour toy n'est poinct argent perdu.*

*Puisque je t'ayme tant, il faut que je te baise ;
Il faut, vin amoureux, que me baisses aussi.
Je ne m'en iray poinct, tant je suis a mon aise,
Tandis que ie scauray que tu feras icy.*

X.

*Ces gens la me font rire
Qui font les grans docteurs ;
Neantmoins, a vray dire,
Ne font que piaffeurs,
Qui de costé souuent iettent l'œillade,
Brauvans sur vn paué, pour veoir s'on les regarde.*

*Quand on faiçt bonne chere
Parmy les gobeletz,
Qu'on diçt chançons a boire,
Ilz demeurent muetz.
A mon aduis, ce n'est grande sagesse
Estre sans dire mot parmy tant de jeunesse.*

*Puisqu'en table ilz se trouuent
Sans propos & discours,
Je pense qu'ilz ne peuuent
Bien discourir d'amours.
Ilz ne scauroient chanter un Vau de Vire.
Faut qu'ilz viennent a nous, afin de les instruire.*

*Aual ceste venelle
Ce bon boire versons.
Toute la kyrielle
De drolles & garçons,
Je boy a vous, car beaucoup ie vous prise :
Et puis ie vous diray nouuelles de Denise.*

Water, if drunk, entails refults not good ;
For it makes mortals hec̃tic, pallid, pained ;
Thou giv'ſt my body health and hardihood,
The money ſpent on thee is money gained.

Since I ſo love thee, I muſt have a kiſs ;
O loving wine, thou too muſt now kiſs me.
I will not go, ſince I find ample bliſs,
In only knowing that here thou wilt be.

X.

Thoſe coxcombs make me ſmile
Who feign deep learning's tone,
And yet are all the while
Mere ſtrutting fops alone,
Who often caſt a furtive glance aſide,
And curvet in the ſtreets, to ſee if they are eyed.

Where men make goodly cheer,
And brimming goblets drain,
Singing a Vau-de-Vire,
Thoſe others dumb remain.
I hold it is not very wiſe, in ſooth,
Never to ſpeak one word among ſo many youth.

Doubtleſs, ſince thus they fail,
At table, aught to ſay,
They could not tell a tale
Of love, in loving way :
Nor cheerful Vau-de-Vire ſing in their turn :
They'll have to come to us, and ſee if they can learn.

Through this ſmall lane let's try
To pour this good drink down.
To all you, company
Of drolls, and lads in town,
I drink, becauſe you all I ſo regard ;
And then, I'll tell you news of Deniſe that I've heard.

*Denise ayant bien loing faict maint voyage
 Et les guerres hanté,
 Diët neantmoins auoir son pucelage
 Encore rapporté.
 Bon cuer, garçons ! elle n'est pas perdue,
 Elle est reuenue Denise,
 Elle est reuenue !*

XI.

*Ce vin vaut bien le chariage :
 Il va en l'abaye du Bec.
 On en trempera l'hysofage
 Que l'on ne peut endurer sec.
 En carefme ceste boisson
 Sernira de faulce au poisson.*

*Prendre impost sur si bon breuuage,
 C'est prendre impost sur la santé.
 Meschant fut si cruel usage
 Quiconque a jadis inuenté !
 Sans luy avecques peu d'argent
 Nous boirions plus librement.*

*Mais, bon vin, je prens patience :
 Je veux, en dépit de l'impost,
 Te faire entrer dans ma despence ;
 Car sans toy je mourrois bien tost,
 Tu es remède souverain
 A plusieurs maux du corps humain.*

*J'ay souuent, faute de potage,
 Veu la chair qui au pot brulloit :
 Si elle n'est souuent a nage,
 La fressure aux costes tiendroît.
 Vn auare est fort mal basly ;
 Il meurt le poulmon tout roly.*

Denife, far countries having fought,
And followed the campaign,
Says, she her maidenhood has brought
Uninjured, back again.
Rejoice then, youths ! Not lost, again
She is come back Denife,
Come back again !

XI.

This wine well will carriage pay :
In it goes to Bec's Abbaye.
That œsophagus 'twill cure
Which can never drought endure.
Such good drink will serve in Lent
As fish-sauce and condiment.

Impost put on wine so good
Were to tax health's hardihood :
Villanous were such abuse,
And whoever taught its use !
But for him, though we were poor,
We might drink of ampler store.

But, good wine, I patient wait :
I will, (though the tax I hate),
Still to pay thy charges try ;
For without thee I should die.
Thou art sovran remedy
For much human misery.

Often, when I soup had not,
I've watched meat burn in the pot :
If not kept a-boiling quick,
To the fides the tripe would stick.
Misers are so ill purveyed,
That they die with lungs decayed.

*Les aduocatz n'en meurent guere,
 Qui boyuent avec les diens,
 Ayans vne bonne matiere,
 Ilz s'en lauent fort bien les dens.
 O ! que cest estat n'aggreroit,
 Car, si on n'y gaigne, on y boit.*

XII.

*Chantre de table & beueur
 M'est iniure ordinaire ;
 Mais chacun a son humeur ;
 Je n'y scaurois que faire.
 Liqueur, chere amie,
 Pour la calomnie
 Ne crains poinct ! Je fois tondue, si jamais je t'oublie !*

*Serois ie bien s'idiote,
 Soubz l'ombre d'une iniure,
 En laissant le vin au pot,
 D'estre traistre a nature ?
 O gentil breuage !
 Ce feroit dommage
 Qu'en fin on te fist seruir de vinaigre au potage.*

*Toufiours dans le vin vermeil
 Et aultre liqueur bonne,
 On void un petit soleil
 Qui fretille & rayonne.
 Cela est un signe
 Que le vin est digne.
 C'est pour en boire qu'on prend tant de peine a la vigne.*

*Quand j'ay la soif au gosier,
 Pour cor je prens ma tasse ;
 Le vin me sert de limier
 Pour luy faire la chaffe.
 El' s'en est fuyee !
 Passons nostre vie
 En ce doux contentement, mon voisin, je vous prie !*

Drinking with his clients, fate
 So kills not the Advocate.
 With a goodly cause to plead,
 He can wash his teeth indeed.
 How that calling would me please !
 If they lose, they drink at ease !

XII.

A table-minstrel and a sot,—
 Men often call me so ;
 But each to his own taste, I wot :
 I don't care much, I know.
 Dear beverage,
 Though slander rage,
 I never will forget our friendship, I'll engage !

Could I a dotard be so dull,
 From dread of such disgrace,
 As leave the flagon standing full,
 Traitor to nature's race ?
 O gentle name,
 It were a shame
 For cruet-vinegar such noble wine to claim.

Ever within the rosy wine,
 Or other liquor rare,
 There seems a tiny fun to shine,
 Which gleams and glitters there.
 That is a sign
 Of goodly wine,
 To drink of which leads men to cherish so the vine.

When in my throat a thirst is found,
 My bugle-horn's my cup ;
 The wine goes with me, as a hound,
 The hunt to follow up.
 "Gone, gone away !" —
 Neighbour, I pray,
 May we so pass our life in glad content and play !

XIII.

*C'est icy que ie veux chercher
La pierre philosophale ;
C'est icy que ie veux souffler :
Mon fourneau, ce fera ma fale.*

*Mon foleil, c'est le vin fans eau,
Le bon fidre, c'est mon mercure.
Je les mettray dans mon fourneau
Tous purs comme ilz font de nature.*

*Y deusse ie employer mon bien,
Je ne veux point d'autre alchymie ;
Encore n'y perdray ie rien,
Car boire contente ma vie.*

*O quinte essence de pommier !
Si tousiours j'en beuvois de telle,
Seroit ce subiect pour juger
Qu'il me faut mettre en curatelle ? . . .*

XIV.

*Certes hoc vinum est bonus !
Du mauvais latin ne nous chaille ;
Si bien congru n'estoit ce jus,
Le tout ne vaudroit rien qui vaille.
Ecolier, j'appris que bon vin
Aide bien au mauvais latin.*

*Ceste sentence praticquant,
De latin je n'en appris guere.
Y pensant estre assez scauant,
Puisque bon vin j'aymois a boire.
Lorsque mauvais vin on a beu.
Latin n'est bon, fust il congru.*

*Ey du latin ! parlons françois .
Je m'y reconnois daduantage.*

XIII.

'Tis here that I the quest desire
Of philosophic stone ;
My throat shall be my furnace-fire ;
Here be my bellows blown.

My fun shall be unwatered wine ;
Good cider, mercury ;
I'll put them in this fire of mine
In native purity.

Should I on them expend my wealth,
No alchemy but this
Would I desire for gold or health :
For drinking is my blifs.

Quinteffence of the apple-tree !
Were I to drink thee dry,
Would that fufficient reason be
To doubt my fanity ?

XIV.

Certes, hoc vinum est bonus.

Never mind a little fin
In my Latin : but to us
Bad wine is not worth a pin.
In my fchool-boy days I found
Good wine makes bad Latin found.

Praëtifing that maxim well,
Latin learned I fcarce a jot :
So that I could only tell
That I loved the good wine-pot.
If men drink bad wine, be fure
They no Latin can endure.

Fie on Latin ! French let's mind ;
That I fludied with more craft.

*Je veux boire vne bonne fois,
Car voicy vn maïstre breuuage.
Certes, si j'en beuuois fouuent,
Je deuïendrois fort eloquent.*

*Pendant que ce vin j'aualois,
Qui me chatouilloit sur la langue,
Il me sembloit que je faïsois
En court quelque belle harangue.
J'auois bien du contentement. . .
Mais il s'est passé vïstement !*

XV.

LE VIEILLARD.

*Conseillez moy pour ma fanté,
Car vous scauez la medecine ;
Et vous ferez bien contenté.*

LE MEDECIN.

*Pour vous j'emploiray ma doctrine,
Vous conseillant fidellement,
Et ne veux poinct de vostre argent.*

LE VIEILLARD.

*Que faut il pour ma toux garir
Et le rheume qui me tourmente
Et cuide me faire mourir ?*

LE MEDECIN.

*Recipe du jus de la plante
Qui se fouslient par echalas
Deux ou trois fois a ton repas.*

LE VIEILLARD.

*J'ay l'estomach debilité,
Si bien qu'a grand'peine il diggere
M'engendrant vne crudité.*

Let me drink long ; for I find
 This wine good as can be quaffed.
Were I oft to taste its flow,
I most eloquent should grow.

While I drank the wine,—(that fort
 My tongue tickled, I confes),—
I dreamt that I made, in court,
 Some grandiloquent addrefs.
O how pleafed I felt, and gay !—
Ah, it fwiftly paffed away !

XV.

OLD MAN.

I ask your counfel for my health ;
 In your great wifdom I confide ;
'Twill add, too, fomewhat to your wealth.

PHYSICIAN.

For you my beft skill fhall be tried,
For you prefcribing faithfully ;
And I decline your proffer'd fee.

OLD MAN.

What muft I take to cure my cough,
 And this continual catarrh
Which threatens foon to cut me off ?

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe :—Juice of plants that are
Well trained around vine-pole to climb ;
Take twice or thrice at each meal-time.

OLD MAN.

I fuffer great debility
 Of ftomach : hardly can digeft,
Engendering a crudity.

LE MEDECIN.

*Recipe pour ton ordinaire
Et te donne a trauers les dens
Du rouge cyrop d'Orleans.*

LE VIEILLARD.

*La goutte aux ioinctures des os
Me tient alors que le temps change,
Si bien que j'en perdz le repos.*

LE MEDECIN.

*De decoction de vandange
Recipe trois voltes & plus :
Ne songe tant en tes efcus.*

LE VIEILLARD.

*Tous vos Recipes sont de vin.
Le vin, est ce chose si bonne ?
Sans luy ne seriez medecin !*

LE MEDECIN.

*A tous ceux la le vin j'ordonne,
Qui en humeur me font egaux,
Car le vin garit tous mes maux.*

XVI.

*Compaignon marinier,
Grande & pleine est la mer ;
Le flot bat au riuage.
Il faut prendre ce bort,
Car le vent est trop fort.
Ne perdons poinct courage !*

*Las ! je crains bien que l'eau
N'ait dedans ce bateau
Entré durant l'orage.
Sus ! compaignon, tirons
La pompe & la tuidons !
Ne perdons poinct courage !*

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe :—Daily, as is best,
Adminifter, in dental way,
Red fyryp of the Orleanais.

OLD MAN.

In change of weather gout doth keep
The joints of all my bones in pain,
So that at night I cannot sleep.

PHYSICIAN.

Recipe :—Three times o'er, again,
And more, decoction of the vine ;
Don't heed fo much thofe crowns of thine.

OLD MAN.

Your *Recipes* are always wine.
Is wine fo very good a thing ?
Without it, fails your medicine !

PHYSICIAN.

I'm always fafe in ordering
Thofe of my humour fuch a dofe :
For wine alone cures all my woes.

XVI.

My fhip-mate, now d'ye fee
How high and full the fea :
The wave rolls on the fhor.
On t'other tack let's fail,
Too ftrongly blows the gale :
Don't let us give hope o'er !

Alas ! the water may
Through leaks have forced its way
Amid the tempeft's roar :
Let's man, my fhip-mates flout.
The pumps, and pump it out !
Don't let us give hope o'er !

*N'ayans plus rien, sinon
Le trincquet, qui soit bon,
Sa voile & son cordage,
Il nous le faut hauffer
Pour mauuais temps passer,
Ne perdons poinct courage !*

*Le vaisseau trop chargé
Est beaucoup foulagé.
La charge & l'équipage
Est presque dans le port :
C'est un grand reconfort.
Ne perdons poinct courage !*

*Compagnon marinier,
N'allons plus sur la mer,
Car je crains le naufrage.
Mais si le bateau plein
Fait trafic de ce vin,
Ne perdons poinct courage !*

*Ce qui nous est resté
Est or en feureté.
Si refaisons voyage,
Faut le vaisseau tourner
Pour le recalsautrer.
Ne perdons poinct courage !*

XVII.

*C'est assés, troupe honorable,
De ces gentils chantz Virois ;
Il faut se leuer de table.
Le reste a une aultre fois ;
Car peut estre
Que le maistre,
Qui nous assemble ceans,
N'ose dire
Le martyre*

Since now we've no device
But the main-brace to splice,
 With fail and ropes it bore,
Let's clear and hoist away,
To steady the ship's way :
 Don't let us give hope o'er !

The vessel, laden full,
Begins to right her hull ;
 The harbour's to the fore :
The cargo and the crew
We now with comfort view.
 Don't let us give hope o'er !

My ship-mate, now d'ye see,
No more let's go to sea,
 For shipwreck I abhor.
But if our vessel fine
Make profit of this wine,
 Don't let us give hope o'er !

All that our traffic gains
In safety now remains :
 Let's go to sea once more.
Heel the ship on her beam,
Let caulkers close each seam,
 Don't let us give hope o'er !

XVII.

'Tis now time, most worshipful friends,
 That these gentle Vaux-de-Vire ceased :
At present our banqueting ends.
 The rest will await future feast ;
 For you see
 Perhaps he
Who kindly invited us here,
 Our good host
 May be cross,

*Et mal que luy font les dens.
Souuent incommodité
Prouient d'auoir trop chanté.*

*Mais il est trop volontaire
Pour auoir le cucur marry
D'auoir veu la bonne chere
Que nous auons faict chez luy.*

*Monfieur l'hoste,
Voyez, v'oste,
Mon bonnet honnestement.*

*On me prie
Que ie die
Qu'on vous rend grace humblement,
Mais, si le vin reste au pot,
Qu'il est encor de l'escot.*

*Faiçtes en lauer la bouche
A quelques vns d'entre nous,
Auant qu'un varlet y touche,
Puisque tout depend de vous.*

*Je ne cure,
Je vous jure,
Jamais ma bouche aultrement.*

*Nostre hostesse,
Je vous laisse
Mille mercis en payment.
Cecy seroit esuenté :
J'en boy a vostre fanté !*

*J'ay ouy dire a ma grand'mere,
(Tousiours des vieux on apprend)
Que de la goutte dernière
La bonne chere depend.*

*Bonne femme,
Que ton ame
Puisse estre au ciel en repos !
J'ay eue,
Si j'ay vie,*

And martyred by toothache fevere ;
Extreme vocal efforts oft caufe
Some stiffness and pain of the jaws.

But he is too gallant, no fear,
To be in his spirit distressed
Because of the excellent cheer
Each of us has made as his guest.
Master host
I now toast,
With bonnet politely up-raised,
And all pray
Me to say
How very sincerely you're praised ;
But if wine remain in the pot,
We still have to reckon the shot.

Let some of the party be quick,
And wash their mouth well with the cup,
Ere ever a varlet can lick
The precious residuum up.
I can swear
That I care
No other tooth-tincture to swill.
Hostess mine,
I consign
In thanks the amount of the bill.
This wine would be spoiled in the air :
I drink to your health what is there !

My grandmother preached to her friends,—
(One picks wrinkles up from the old),—
That good cheer entirely depends
On the last drop the bottle doth hold.
In Heaven
Be given
Good soul, to your spirit repose !
If I live,
I will strive

*D'ensuyure bien tes propos.
Quand sur le bon vin ie fuis,
J'en laiffe moins que ie puis.*

XVIII.

*De nous se rid le Francois ;
Mais, vrayment, quoy qu'il en die.
Le fildre de Normandie
Vault bien son vin quelques fois.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faiët grand bien a la gorge !*

*Tu bonté, o fidre beau,
De te boire me conuie ;
Mais pour le moins, ie te prie,
Ne me trouble le ceruceau.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faiët grand bien a la gorge !*

*Je ne perdz poinët la raison
Pourtant a force de boire,
Et ne vay point en cholere
Tempester a la maison.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faiët grand bien a la gorge !*

*Voisin, ne fonge en procès ;
Pren le bien qui se presente.
Mais que l'homme se contente,
Il en a tousiours assez.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faiët grand bien a la gorge !*

*Est pas cestuy la logé ?
En est il demeuré goutte ?
De la foif que ie redouble
Je me fuis tres bien vangé.
Coulle, aualle, loge, loge !
Il faiët grand bien a la gorge !*

To follow the courfe you propofe.
For when I fall in with good wine,
To leave it I fhrewdly decline !

XVIII.

At us the Frenchman often laughs ;
But yet fometimes, for all his cry,
The cider of our Normandy
Is more than worth the wine he quaffs.
Down it goes ; try, try !
The throat it comforts mightily !

Your excellence, O cider brave !
Leads me a draught of you to choofe ;
I only beg you won't confufe
The wits my fober brain may have.
Down it goes ; try, try !
The throat it comforts mightily !

Neither do I lofe all my wit,
When I indulge in drink I love,
Nor yet tempeftuoufly move
About the houfe, difturbng it.
Down it goes ; try, try !
The throat it comforts mightily !

Don't dream of any lawfuit, friend :
Juft take the good that comes to thee ;
Let man with that contented be ;
Then Heav'n enough doth always fend.
Down it goes ; try, try !
The throat it comforts mightily !

Well down has all that cider paff ?
Does there remain one fingle drop ?
My thirft I have contrived to flop ;
I'm well avenged on it at laft.
Down it goes ; try, try !
The throat it comforts mightily !

XIX.

Difons a Dieu aux gentilz Vau de Vire :
Le temps n'est plus qu'on les doibue chanter,
Puifqu'on nous faiēt tant de maux supporter.
Noz deuanciers n'auoient tant de martyre.

La paix estoit & nous auons la guerre ;
Et se chaffoit la soif a bon marché ;
Mais du depuis que s'est creu le peché ;
On void fouuent infertile la terre.

Chacun faisoit a Vire marchandise,
Et les marchandz estoient en grand honneur ;
Ores chacun s'estime grand seigneur,
Aymant l'orgueil, pareffe & friandise.

Des bons bourgeois les anciennes races
Sont en mépris & presqu'a pouteté :
Les estrangers leurs biens leur ont osté,
Et leurs maisons par procez & falaces.

Nous ne tenons plus rien de noz grandz peres,
Sinon la soif & boire tout d'autant.
Mais nous n'osons quand il nous couste tant. . .
Beuons cecy qui ne nous couste gueres.

XX.

De ce Virois conseruons la mémoire,
A tout le moins a la table, en beuant ;
Lequel ne beut jamais en rechignant,
Et qui nous faiēt si ioyeusement boire.
Vne bonne boisson
Prise avec marrigon
Par un Saturnien
Ne luy faiēt point de bien ;
Mais le vin, honoré d'un gentil Vau de Vire,
N'apporte que santé, en ne beuant du pire.

XIX.

Bid we adieu to the sweet Vaux-de-Vire,
The time no longer can their music bear ;
We have, alas ! so many woes to share :
Our fires had no such martyrdom severe.

Now there is war, where formerly was peace :
At a small cost men well could quench their thirst ;
But now, since wickedness is at its worst,
The earth's fertility oft seems to cease.

At Vire the people all in commerce thrive,
Its merchants were accounted of great fame ;
But all now covet lordly rank and name,
And proud, luxurious indolence they love.

The ancient burghers families so brave,
Are now despised, almost in beggary :
Strangers have robbed them of their property
And houses, got by tricks of legal knave.

We nothing from our grandfathers possess,
Except our thirst, and wassail-bouts all round :
But ah ! we dare not,—'tis too costly found ;—
Let us drink this, which costs us far, far less.

XX.

Let us preserve remembrance of that son of Vire,
At least while here we drink, this board around,
Who drinking grudgingly was never found,
And who taught us to drink with such rejoicing cheer
A goblet full,
By dotard dull
Drunk with a curse,
Makes him still worse ;
But wine, if but a pretty Vau-de-Vire come first,
Brings health to all, who drink not of the worst.

*Plus est honneste un Vau de Vire, en table,
 Qui va louant hautement le bon vin,
 Qu'en mal parlant dire de son voisin
 Quelque propos qui n'est poinct veritable,
 Ou faire des discours
 D'impudiques amours,
 Ou quelque aultre deuis
 Que tiennent les amis,
 Quand ilz sont assemblez pour follestrer & rire.
 Il vaut bien mieus chanter, en ne beuvant du pire.*

*On peut bien boire & n'estre poinct yurongne :
 On peut aussi chanter sans estre fol.
 On prise tant le chant du rossignol !
 Mais ces chansons, qui font rougir la troigne
 Par le vin sauoureux,
 Valent mille fois mieus.
 Beuions, chacun sa fois,
 Pour l'amour du Virois
 Qui a faict ces chansons. On n'en deust pas mesdire :
 Ce fut vn bon garçon, qui ne beuvoit du pire.*

XXI.

*Dire tousiours vne chanson
 De Vau de Vire & beuverie
 M'apporteroit quelque subçon
 Qu'on fescheroit la compaignie.
 Difons en d'aultres, ie vous prie ;
 Car j'entendz qu'en tas de badaux
 S'en vont disant : " Ce n'est qu'yurongnerie
 Que les Vau de Vire nouveaux."*

*Donc, pour tel scandale couter,
 Quel subiect prendrons nous pour rire ?
 Escoutes, ie vous veux conter
 Quelque chose que j'ay ouy dire :
 " Que chacun ores ne respire
 Que fraude & que meschanceté ;*

At table nobler is a Vau-de-Vire, in footh,
 Which loudly fings the praifes of good wine,
 Than of one's neighbour, with unkind defign,
 To tell fome scandal which offends againft the truth ;
 Or themes to move
 Of wanton love,
 Or fuch as that
 Unmeaning chat,
 Which friends ufe, met in merry mood to quench their thirft.
 'Tis better far to fing, and drink not of the worft.

A man may furely drink, and yet be clear in head ;
 A man may fing, and yet continue wife ;
 The vocal nightingale how much we prize !
 But thofe fweet fongs that tinge the throat with blufhing red
 By precious wine,
 Are more divine.
 Let each toaft here,
 That fon of Vire
 Who made thefe fongs. He truly ought not to be curft ;
 He was a comrade good, who drank not of the worft.

XXI.

Always to compofe a fong
 Of the Vau-de-Vire and drink,
 Might convict me of too long
 Wearying the guefts, I think.
 Other themes, then, let us try ;
 For fome witlefs ones, I hear,
 Keep faying that,—“ 'Tis mere debauchery
 “ To indite new Vaux-de-Vire.”

Now, fuch scandal to abate,
 What gay fubject fhall be ftirred?—
 Liften, and I will relate
 A new ftory that I heard :
 'Twas :—“ That mortals now produce
 “ Nought but fraud and villany ;

Que pour le gaing on veult s'entre seduire."
Peult estre dict on verité.

On parle aussi des aduocatz :
" Que ce n'est plus que tricherie."
Mais cela ne me touche pas ;
Je n'ayme plus la plaiderie.
Tauerniers, qui meslent la lie
Et qui font boire moitié d'eau,
Sont par fus tous d'une meschante vie ;
Ils fussent bien dans le tombeau.

Mais, fans y penser, nous venons
Toujours tomber sur le breuuage ;
Aussi tenir nous ne pouuons,
En table, plus propre langage.
Vault mieux fuyant le vieil usage
Vn Vau de Vire caïoler,
Que mal parler. Qui fera trop du sage
Pour ne l'ouïr, il s'en peut aller.

XXII.

En un jardin d'ombrages tout couuert,
Au chault du jour, j'ay trouué Magdaleine,
Qui prez le pied d'un sycomore vert,
Dormoit au bord d'une claire fontaine.
Son liët estoit de thym & mariolaine.
Son tetin frais n'estoit pas bien caché.

D'amour touché,
Et tout gaillard, pour auoir beu chopine,
Incontinent je m'en suis approché :
Sus, sus ! qu'on se refueille !
Voicy vin excelent
Qui faict leuer l'oreille ;
Il faict mal qui nen prent.

Je n'eus pouuoir, si belle la voyant,
De m'abstenir de baisoter sa bouche ;
Si bien qu'en fin la belle s'esueillant

“And that for gain they wilfully deduce.”

Well, perchance 'tis verity.

So of Advocates they talk :—

“They think but of trickery.”

That affecteth not my walk ;

I've resigned law's drudgery.

Taverners who mix their wine,

And their drink half-watered fell,

Do, one and all of them, live lives malign ;

Were they buried, it were well !

But, quite thoughtlessly, we come

Round again on drink to rest :

Thus, at table, in our home,

Using converse that is best.

I prefer, in good old wife,

Vau-de-Vire to carol gay,

Than friends to slander. He who would despise

Such light mirth, may go away !

XXII.

In garden all trellised with shade,

At hot noon, I found Magdalene

Beneath a green fycamore laid,

Asleep, her young bosom half seen :

A bright fountain freshened the scene,

Where thyme with sweet-marjoram strove.

Touched with love,

And gay, having drunk a chopine,

Enraptured I stole through the grove.

Awake ! Fill high the cup !

Here's wine that's of the best !

That makes the ear prick up,

And shames the sober guest !

Such beauty I could not refrain,

Entranced by her loveliness rare,

From kissing again and again.

*Me regarda avec un œil farrouche,
En me disant : " Biberon, ne me touche ;
" Tu n'es pas digne avec moy d'esprouver*

" Le jeu d'aimer.

*" Belle fillette a son aïse ne couche
" Avec celuy qui ne faiët qu'yurongner."*

Sus, fus ! qu'on se refueille !

Voicy vin excellent

Qui faiët leuer l'oreille ;

Il faiët mal qui n'en prent.

Je luy respondz : " Ce n'est pas defhonneur

" D'aymer le vin, vne chose j'e bonne.

" Vostre bel œil entretient en chaleur

" Et le bon vin en santé ma personne.

" Pour vous aymer faut il que j'habandonne

" Le foing qu'on doibt auoir de sa santé ?

" Fy de beauté

" Qui son amant de déplaisir guerdonne,

" Au lieu du bien qu'il auoit merité."

Sus, fus ! qu'on se refueille !

Voicy vin excellent

Qui faiët leuer l'oreille ;

Il faiët mal qui n'en prent.

" J'ayme bien mieux l'ombre d'un cabaret,

" Et du bouchon de taurne vineuse

" Que cil qui est en ce beau jardinet."

La belle alors me respond depiteuse :

" Tu ne m'es bon : cherche vne aultre amoureuse !"

Puisque par toy i'ay perdu mes amours

Toufiours, toufiours,

Contre l'amour & la foif rigoureuse,

Je fois, bon vin, armé de ton secours !

Sus, fus ! qu'on se refueille !

Voicy vin excellent,

Qui faiët leuer l'oreille ;

Il faiët mal qui n'en prent.

Awaking, she cried, with fierce air :

“ Fie ! Touch me not, drunkard ! Forbear !

“ Unfit thou art with me to prove

“ Joys of love :

“ Mere sottish wine-bibber can ne’er

“ The heart of a fair maiden move.”

Awake ! Fill high the cup !

Here’s wine that’s of the best !

That makes the ear prick up,

And shames the fober guest !

I answer : “ It is no disgrace

“ To like wine, a liquor so fine :

“ I’m warmed by your exquisite face,

“ My health is sustained by good wine.

“ To love you, am I to decline

“ Due measures my health to improve ?

“ And must love,

“ For pleasure which should have been mine,

“ In discontent cause me to rove ? ”

Awake ! Fill high the cup !

Here’s wine that’s of the best !

That makes the ear prick up,

And shames the fober guest !

“ I’d rather by far have the shade

“ Of tavern, and bush for its sign,

“ Than that in this trim garden made.”

Then, frowning, that sweetheart of mine

Said : “ Go :—I will never be thine.”

Then, since thou a traitor didst prove

To my love,

Abide with me, O thou good wine,

Both love and dire thirst to remove.

Awake ! Fill high the cup !

Here’s wine that’s of the best !

That makes the ear prick up,

And shames the fober guest !

XXIII.

*Est ce pas commettre un grand vice
Qu'abreuver les gens d'avarice ?
C'est quand au pot ou au tonneau
Dans le boire on mefle de l'eau.*

*L'eau est de mauuaise nature ;
L'eau met les pieux a pourriture.
Qui faiçt un catharre ? C'est l'eau.
J'en fuis tant malade au cerueau !*

*Gaster bon vin d'eau de fontaine
Faiçt perdre au vigneron sa peine.
Afez ferons arroufes d'eau,
Quand ferons portés au tombeau.*

*En festins, en nopces & festes,
Qui, voulant traicter gens honnestes,
Leur feroit boire du fidre eau
Seroit trop auare ou trop veau.*

*Voicy qui a tres bonne mine :
J'en vay boire a vous, ma voisine !
Certes il n'y aura poinçt d'eau,
S'il est aussi bon qu'il est beau.*

*Tel boire il ne croist sur ma terre ! . .
Voila le cul ! . . . Je dis du verre.
Du vostre il vous faut acquiter,
Et un Vaudeuire chanter.*

XXIV.

*Faulte d'humeur noz chous font mors,
En noz jardins par sechereffe ;
Faute d'abreuver bien mon cors,
Si j'allois mourir, que feroit ce ?*

*Sangoy ! je ne m'y firay pas.
Mourir sec, a faute de boire,*

XXIII.

Do they not practise monstrous vice
Who quench folks' thirst with avarice?
They do so, who in tun or pot
Mix water with the drink we've got.

Water is of an evil stamp;
Foot-rot originates in damp.
What gives a cold? Water, again.
It enervates my very brain!

With water, good, sound wine to spoil,
Wastes the vine-dresser's time and toil.
Enough of water we shall have
When we are carried to the grave.

He who, at festivals, to treat
His friends, or weddings, where they meet,
Made them drink cider half-and-half,
Were a great miser, or great calf.

Here's some that hath a favour true:
I'll drink it, my fair friend, to you!
Certes, there is no water there,
If it be good as it is fair.

None such there groweth on my land!
I turn the glass up in my hand!
You too must take your bumper here,
And carol forth a Vau-de-Vire.

XXIV.

For lack of rain, our garden-stuff
Has died, because 'tis over-dry;
And, should I fail to take enough
Of drink within me, so might I!

I could not warrant the event.
Of thirst, for want of drink, to die,

*C'est un tres malheureux trespas,
Et de tres funeste mæmoire.*

*A boire, a boire vistement !
Je veux tenir ma gorge humide,
De peur de mourir pourement,
Comme noz chous, sec & aride.*

*Toutes fois moy & mon jardin
Nous differons en vne chose :
Je me veux abbreuuer de vin,
Et d'eau nostre courttil s'arrose.*

XXV.

*Grand foulas m'est d'ouïr aux tables
Chanter ces rouges muscaux,
Auecques leurs grosses falles,
Ces Vaudeuïre nouueaux.
Leurs gosfers sont les tuyaux
Qui ne sont pas animez
De vent comme les regales ;
Mais de ces vins bien aymés.*

*Celuy qui faiçt du critique
Et du Raminagrobis,
Mespriant ceste musique,
En table, avec ses amis,
Pour ses ferieux deuis,
Je ne le tiens poinçt plus fin
Que celuy la qui pratique
Ces chansons sur le bon vin.*

*Je ferois fort bien du sage
Comme luy, si ie voulois ;
Mais on diroit qu'au mesnage
Ou en mal je songerois.
Rechigner ie ne pourrois
Avec ceux qui sont ioyeux,
Je ne manque de courage :
Voyons qui boira le mieux !*

Is dreadful difembodiment,
And of most tragic memory.
For mercy's sake, bring me a draught !
Let me my throat keep wet enough ;
That I may not, with cup unquaffed,
Die poorly, like dry garden-stuff.
Yet in one thing we don't consent,
I and my garden, to agree :—
Water's my garden's element,
And wine I want to moisten me !

XXV.

At the table I delight
Lips of rosy dye to hear,
With great jowls in purple dight,
Singing these new Vaux-de-Vire.
Still their throats like organs flow,
Which no wind-blasts ventilate
Such as diapasons blow,
But these wines most delicate.
He who criticism tries,
And such Pharisaic ends,
But contemns our minstrelries,
When at table, with his friends,—
Him, though on deep things he pore,
I account not more renowned
Than that other, who his lore
In good wine and songs has found.
I, like him, could act the sage,
Were I to such temper brought ;
But they'd murmur, I engage,
That I nursed some selfish thought.
Never could I hesitate
With boon comrades to be free :
My good spirits ne'er abate :
Who will drink the best, let's see !

*Je ne m'enquers de l'affaire
Du Turc ny de ses voisins,
Des poles ny de la sphere,
Mais seulement des raifins.
Les forciers font si malins !
On diët qu'ilz les font perir :
Ces meschans, qui le bon boire
Perdent, on deust bien punir !*

XXVI.

*Hardy comme vn Cesar, je suis en ceste guerre,
Ou l'on combat, armé d'un pot & d'un grand verre.
Plustost vn coup de vin me perce & m'entre au cors,
Qu'un boulet, qui cruel rend les gens si tost mors.*

*Les cliquetis que j'ayme est celuy des bouteilles.
Les pippes, les baraux, pleins de liqueurs vermeilles,
Ce sont mes gros canons, qui batent, sans faillir,
La soif, qui est le fort que ie veux assaillir.*

*Je trouue, quant a moy, que les gens font bien bestes
Qui ne se font plustost au vin rompre les testes,
Qu'aux coups de coutelas, en cherchant du renom :
Que leur chault, estans mortz, si on en parle ou non ?*

*De trop boire frappée, vne teste en rechappe ;
Sent bien vn peu de mal, lorsque le vent la happe ;
Mais, quand on a dormy, le mal s'en va soudain.
A ces grandz coups de Mars, tout remede y est vain.*

*Il vaut bien mieux cacher son nez dans vn grand verre,
Il est mieux assure qu'en vn casque de guerre.
Pour cornette ou guidon, suyure plustost on doit
Les branches d'hyerre, & d'yf, qui monstrent ou l'on boit.*

*Il vaut mieux, prez beau feu, boire la muscadelle,
Qu'aller sur vn rampart faire la sentinelle.
J'ayme mieux n'estre poinct en tauerne en deffaut,
Que suyure vn capitaine a sa breche, a l'assaut.*

I care nought the news to hear
Of the Turk or his designs :
Of the Poles, or of the Sphere,
Only of the clustered vines.
Sorcerers such tricks will try !
They are said to blast the grape :
Villains who make vines run dry,
Never should their doom escape !

XXVI.

I am brave as a Cæsar, in wars where they fight
With a glass in the left hand, and jug in the right.
Let me rather be riddled by drinking my fill,
Than by those cruel balls that so suddenly kill.

'Tis the clashing of bottles to which I incline ;
And the pipes and the rundlets, all full of red wine,
Are my cannon of siege, which are aimed without fault
At the thirst, the true fortrefs I mean to assault.

For my own part, those people are fools, I opine,
Who don't rather prefer a good headache from wine,
Than compete for renown by a cutlass and blow ;
If they're killed, what care they if men praise them or no?

Should the head after revelry ache in cold wind,
A prescription is always most easy to find ;
For your headache will flee after sound sleep at night :
But Mars' fatal disasters nought ever sets right.

'Tis far better in tumbler to shelter one's nose,
Where 'tis safer than in a war-helmet from blows.
Better leader than trumpet or banner is sign
Of the ivy, and yew-bush, that show where there's wine.

It is better by fireside to drink muscadell,
Than to go on a rampart to mount sentinel.
I would rather the tavern attend without fail,
Than I'd follow my captain the breach to assail.

*Neanmoins, tout excez je n'ayme & ne procure,
Beuveur quant au renom, mais non pas de nature.
Bon vin, qui nous fais rire & hanter noz amis,
Je te tiendray tousiours ce que ie t'ay promis.*

XXVII.

*He ! qu'auons nous affaire
Du Turc, ny du Sophy ?
Don, don.
Pourueu que j'aye a boire.
Des grandeurs je dy : Fy !
Don, don.
Trincque, seigneur ; le vin est bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.*

*Qui songe en vin ou vigne,
Est un presage heureux,
Don, don.
Le vin, a qui rechigne
Rend le cueur tout joyeux,
Don, don.
Trincque, seigneur ; le vin est bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.*

*Meschant est qui te brouille :
(Je parle aux tauerniers)
Don, don.
Le breuuage a grenouille
Ne doit estre aux celiers,
Don, don.
Trincque, seigneur ; le vin est bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.*

*Que ce vin on ne coupe ;
Ançois qu'on boiue net,
Don, don.
Je pry toute la trouppé
De vuidier le goddet.
Don, don.*

All exceffes, however, I hate and difclaim,
Not a toper by nature, but only in name :
Jolly wine, bringing laughter and friendly caroufe,
I have promifed, and ever will pay you my vows.

XXVII.

Ho ! wherefore need we vex our brain
About the Turk or Sophy ?

Dong, dong.

If ample wine to me remain,
I covet no grand trophy.

Dong, dong.

Hob-nob, fir, good wine has come !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

To dream of wine, or of the vine,
Is a moft happy preface :

Dong, dong.

To moping foul, a vintage fine
Conveys a cheerful meffage.

Dong, dong.

Hob-nob, fir, good wine has come !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

Accurfed be he who mixeth thee ;
(I fpeak to hofts of tavern) :

Dong, dong.

Frogs' beverage to all is free,
But fuits not cellar-cavern.

Dong, dong.

Hob-nob, fir, good wine has come !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

This wine fhould all unwatered be,
And pure go down the throttle :

Dong, dong.

I beg that all the company
Will finifh out the bottle.

Dong, dong.

Trincque, seigneur, le vin est bon !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

XXVIII.

Je suis beaucoup irrité
Contre toy vin desloyal ;
Tu m'as faict beaucoup de mal ;
Tu m'as mis a poureté,
Et nous as faict disputer bien souuent, ma femme & moy . . .
C'est a vous a qui ie boy !

Vin tu me sembles si bon,
Que tu m'as faict vendre mon clos,
Pour payer tous mes escots
Et engager ma maison.
Tout le monde ne sçait pas encor ce que ie doy.
C'est a vous, a qui ie boy !

Nous verrons lequel fera
De toy ou moy le plus fort.
Je feray tout mon effort ;
Si ie puis, tout coulera.
Entre dans mon gosier : ie me veux ranger de toy.
C'est a vous, a qui ie boy !

XXIX.

J'ay grand' peur d'une maladie :
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Deia ma face en est blefmie.

Les harencs tost perdent la vie
Quand ilz font hors l'eau de la mer ;
De mesme ie ne puis durer,
Lorsque la boisson m'est faillie.
J'ay grand' peur d'une maladie :
Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
Deia ma face en est blefmie.

Hob-nob, fir, good wine has come !
Hoc acuit ingenium.

XXVIII.

I bear an angry thought
Against thee, traitor wine ;
In poverty I pine,
By thee upon me brought :
Thou very oft haft made my wife fall out with me.
I drink, O wine ! to thee.

Wine, who appeared so juft,
And made me fell my field
Payment of fcores to yield,
And put my houfe in truft ;
Not ev'ry one, as yet, knows all the claims on me.
I drink, O wine ! to thee.

Soon we fhall better tell
Which of us is more ftrong.
I'll wreftle well and long ;
I hope all will go well.
Enter within my throat, I'll be revenged on thee.
I drink, O wine ! to thee.

XXIX.

I greatly dread one malady :—
Since I had drink, an hour has paff !
Alas ! fo long how could I laft ?
My looks are changing rapidly.

The herring's breath is quickly fpent
When he is taken from the fea ;
Such too is the refult to me
If ftarved of vinous nutriment.
I greatly dread one malady :—
Since I had drink, an hour has paff !
Alas ! fo long how could I laft ?
My looks are changing rapidly.

*Mais comme vn haranc n'ay enuie
 D'auoir tousiours le bec en l'eau ;
 Mais me faut tenir le museau
 En quelque bonne maluoisie.
 J'ay grand' peur d'une maladie :
 Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
 Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
 Deia ma face en est blefmie.*

*Perdrons nous, pour femme & mesgnie,
 De boire a tirelarigot ?
 Faut il laisser tout plein le pot ?
 Voicy si bonne compaignie.
 J'ay grand' peur d'une maladie,
 Vne heure y a que ie n'ay beu !
 Las ! tant tarder comme ay ie peu ?
 Voicy si bonne compaignie.*

XXX.

*Il faut boire, comme on diét, qui fa mere ne tette.
 Puisque sommes tous seürés, beuons donc de ce bon piot.
 En rainceant noz gosiers, aualons noz miettes.
 Est ruide le pot,
 Tirelarigot !*

*Il n'est pas encore temps de sonner la retraicte.
 Quand on s'en va sur sa soif, ce n'est jamais vn bon escot,
 En rainceant noz gosiers, aualons nos miettes.
 Est ruide le pot,
 Tirelarigot !*

*J'ay tousiours cinq solz ou soif ; mais l'argent que j'appette
 Ne me vient pas si souuent que la soif que ie hay si fort.
 En rainceant noz gosiers, aualons nos miettes.
 Est ruide le pot,
 Tirelarigot !*

Yet as with herring, not with me ;
His mouth in water always thrives ;
Whereas my muzzle ever strives
To plunge in some good Malvoisie.
I greatly dread one malady :—
Since I had drink, an hour has past !
Alas ! so long how could I last ?
My looks are changing rapidly.

Must we, for wife and family,
Cease to carouse and ring Rigault ?
Are we from full wine-pot to go ?
Here is such pleasant company !
I greatly dread one malady :—
Since I had drink, an hour has past !
Alas ! so long how could I last ?
Here is such pleasant company.

XXX.

He must drink, it is said, whom his mother won't suckle.
So let us, who are weaned, to this good liquor buckle.
As our crumbs pass, drain we the glass ;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault !

For it is not the time yet to beat our retreating,
And it were an ill reck'ning to thirst after meeting.
As our crumbs pass, drain we the glass ;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault !

I have always five fous, or else thirst ; but that treasure
Comes to me far more seldom than thirst without measure.
As our crumbs pass, drain we the glass ;
Let the wine go,
Ring the Rigault !

*J'engagerois bien plus tost mon foye & ma jacquette
 Que j'endure plus ce mal ; je le veux noyer dans ce flot.
 En rainceant noz gosiers, aualons nos miettes.
 Est vuide le pot,
 Tirelarigot !*

XXXI.

*Jadis Agamemnon,
 Pour, deuant Ilion,
 A fes heros complaire,
 Leur faisoit boire vin,
 Vray nectar, que Juppin
 Donne aux dieux dans Homere.*

*C'est grande charité
 Que remettre en fanté
 Vne gorge alterée.
 Luy donnant, au matin,
 Du jus incarnatin,
 Pour charmer la brouée.*

*Les vers il faïët mourir :
 J'en prens, pour m'en garir,
 Et nettoyer mon ventre.
 Au soir, estant couché,
 Suis malade & tranche,
 Si quelque vin n'y entre.*

*Aux loix estudiant,
 Mon compaignon voyant
 Ses rougeastres rubriques,
 Cerchoit soudain liqueur
 Qui fust de leur couleur,
 Aux taucernes publiques.*

*T'imitant, compaignon,
 Ne me faut de jambon*

I would fooner pledge jacket and all, than I ever
Could endure this vile thirst, which I'll drown in this river.

As our crumbs pass, drain we the glaſs ;

Let the wine go,

Ring the Rigault !

XXXI.

Agamemnon, to give joy

To his comrades before Troy,

Made them freely drink of wine :

Ganymede, with service due,

Poured to gods that nectar true,

As is told in Homer's line.

Charity bestows its wealth

In restoring to good health

Throat in thirstiness that pined ;

Giving it, at morning-shine,

Viny juice incarnadine :

So mist flies before the wind.

Vermifuge, it makes worms die :

Cures me of that malady,

Renovating my inside.

And at nightfall, on my bed,

I feel sick with aching head,

If no draught of wine betide.

When I student was of laws,

My companion thought, because

Rubrics were of rosy dye,

That some liquor should be found

Of like hue ; and fought around

Ev'ry public tavern nigh.

So, like thee, companion mine !

I want no ham superfine ;

Pour m'inciter a boire :
J'ay bientoſt auallé.
Sans d'un fergeant fallé,
Attendre un compulſoire.

Es tu pas, gentil vin,
De triſteſſe & chagrin
L'heureuſe ſepulture ?
Les fais tu pas mourir,
Aſſin de maintenir
En ſanté la nature ?

XXXII.

J'auois chargé mon nauire
De vins qui eſtoient tres bons,
Telz comme il les faut a Vire,
Pour boire aux bons compagnons.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce pource homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Nous eſtions bonne troupe,
Aymans ce que menions,
Qui ayans le vent en pouſſe
L'un a l'autre en beuuions.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce pource homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Deia, proches du riuage,
Ayans beu cinq ou ſix coups,
Nous fiſmes triſte naufrage
Et ne ſauuaſmes que nous.
Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce pource homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu ſur la mer.

Il fuſt micux en noſtre gorge
Ce vin, que d'eſtre en la mer :
Quand chacun chez ſoy le loge,
Il eſt hors de tout danger.

Forthwith I to quaff proceed ;
Nor the spicy warrant, wrung
From a faucy bailiff's tongue,
To incite my thirst I need.

Gentle wine, then, art thou not
Of a lone and dismal lot
Beatific sepulture ?
Sorrow dost thou not destroy,
That, for nature, health and joy
Thou may'st pleasantly ensue ?

XXXII.

My ship was laden on the flood
With wines of excellency rare,
Such as at Vire by comrades good
Are wanted to make merry there.
Give this poor mariner to drink some alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the storm has lost his all at sea.

A jolly crew, we sailed our craft,
With that delicious cargo fraught,
And, while fresh breezes blew right aft,
Drank to our healths the wine we brought.
Give this poor mariner to drink some alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the storm has lost his all at sea.

The land we neared : upon the deck
Ourselves were half-seas-o'er, or so ;
When the ship struck, became a wreck,
And, all save us, sank down below.
Give this poor mariner to drink some alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the storm has lost his all at sea.

'Twas better, therefore, that yon wine
Went down our throats, than down the sea :
Lodgers at home are, I opine,
From all mishap and danger free.

*Donnez, par charité, a boire a ce pource homme marinier,
Qui par tourmente & fortune a tout perdu sur la mer.*

XXXIII.

*J'ayme parfaictement
Vn breuuage excelent,
Qui aux gens endormis refucille le courage.
Qui d'eau faiçt breuuage
N'a poinçt d'entendement.*

*Boiray ie simplement
Ce que boit ma jument ?
Je pense que ce n'est le faiçt d'un homme sage.
Qui d'eau faiçt breuuage
N'a poinçt d'entendement.*

*On n'en peut proprement
Faire vn appoinçtement :
On ne faiçt, beuvant l'eau, jamais bon mariage.
Qui d'eau faiçt breuuage
N'a poinçt d'entendement.*

*Turc ne feray vrayment,
Car l'Alcoran deffent
Le vin, qui n'est creé que pour l'humain usage.
Qui d'eau faiçt breuuage
N'a poinçt d'entendement.*

*Le bon vin & l'argent,
C'est bon assortiment.
Sans eux, ie suis honteux comme un regnard en cage.
Qui d'eau faiçt breuuage
N'a poinçt d'entendement.*

*Helas ! il me fouuient
D'un qui fut mon parent :
A boire ainsi j'appris de ce bon personnage.
Qui d'eau faiçt breuuage
N'a poinçt d'entendement.*

Give this poor mariner to drink some alms for love of charitie,
Who through misfortune and the storm has lost his all at sea.

XXXIII.

I set a price immense
On drink of excellence,
Because it makes dull mortals' courage rise.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-sense.

To drink horse-drink, it thence
Follows by consequence,
Is not the duty of a man that's wife.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-sense.

He can't with providence
Make settlements : and hence
The water-drinkers find poor marriage-ties.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-sense.

From Turk, be my defence !
The Koran takes offence
At wine, which as a gift of God we prize :
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-sense.

Good wine, and ample pence,
Suit my intelligence ;
I'm shamed without them, as a caged fox lies.
Who water-drinking tries
Has got no common-sense.

I think with love intense
On parent, long gone hence,
From whom I learned to drink in fitting guise.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-sense.

*Vous laissez longuement
Ce vin cucillir le vent.
Beuves, voisin, d'autant ; car vous en estes d'aage.
Qui d'eau faict breuuage
N'a poinct d'entendement.*

XXXIV.

*Je ne trouue en ma medecine
Simple qui soit plus excellent
Que la bonne plante de vigne,
D'ou le bon vin claiert prouient.*

*Il n'y a chez l'appothicaire
Cirop que ie cherisse mieux
Que ce bon vin qui me faict faire
Le sang bon & l'esprit ioyeux.*

*Qu'on ne m'apporte poinct de casse,
Et qu'on ne courre au medecin :
De vin qu'on remplisse ma tasse,
Qui me voudra rendre bien sain !*

*En mon recipe qu'on ordonne
Que ie boiray vin d'Orleans :
La recepte me fera bonne ;
Les medecins, honnestes gens.*

*Mais s'iüz m'ordonnent de l'eau douce
Ou la ptisane simplement,
Sont gens qui veulent tout de course
Me faire mourir pourement.*

*Je ne veux ny laiect ny fruietage :
De cela je ne suis friand ;
Mais je tendrois mon heritage,
Pour auoir de ce vin riant.*

Cold winds o'er wine dispense
A vapid influence.
Drink freely, neighbour ; you are old likewise.
Who water-drinking tries,
Has got no common-sense.

XXXIV.

In pharmacopœia of mine,
No fimple I find of more worth
Than that noble plant of the vine,
Whence good rosy wine issues forth.

No chemist possesses a drug
Whose virtues more highly I prize,
Than good wine from bottle or jug,
Which makes health and spirits to rise.

Away with your cassia ! Don't go
To summon physician for me :
Let wine in my goblet but flow,
And sound as you please I shall be !

For *Recipe*, let them indite
That Orleans wine I must drink :
I'm sure such prescription is right,
Such doctors are honest, I think.

But should they the cold-water-cure
Or fimple tiffane on me try,
Such gentry, I vow, will be sure
To cause me directly to die.

No milk nor fruit-diet be mine :
'Twould ne'er set my malady right :
To have some of that laughing wine,
I gladly would sell my birthright.

*O ! que c'est dure departie
De ma bouche & de ce bon vin !
A tous ceux la ie porte enuie,
Qui en ont encor verre plein !*

XXXV.

*J'ayme la compaignie
Ou font mes bons amis ;
Mais le festin m'ennuye,
Ou n'y a point de ris.
Ces vieux auares refformés
Vous feront perdre,
De dueil de les veoir rechigner,
Vn bon disner.*

*Nous debuons noz grandz peres
Suyure (ce n'est aduis),
Qui laissoient les affaires,
En table o leurs amis ;
Au soir en s'entre visitans,
Sur le fourmage,
Les chastaignes ou le jambon,
Beuuoyent du bon.*

*Auecques leurs comperes
Et voisins, en hyuer,
En brazillant les poires,
S'artoyent a deuifer ;
Chacun faisant du temps passé
Quelque beau compte ;
Se recreans, sans mal talent,
Honnêtement.*

*Femmes traictoyent les hommes
Sans les ofer tancer,
Mais, au temps ou nous sommes,
Ne font plus que rosser.*

O parting I tolerate ill,
When lips from good liquor I pull !
I envy all those who have still
Before them a glaſs that is full !

XXXV.

I like thoſe meetings beſt
Where my good friends repair,
But banquets I deteſt,
If joy be abſent there.
Thoſe old reforming miſers
Are very little worth :
At ſight of ſuch a doleful crew,
You food eſchew.

As our fires did, ſo we,
I think, would find it good
From our feſtivity
All buſineſs to exclude.
When they their ev'ning viſits
Exchanged, then with their cheeſe,
And with the ham, and cheſtnuts fine,
They drank good wine.

In winter, as they ſtewed,
With neighbour and with friend,
The pears, came interlude
Of ſtories without end.
Each told ſome brave tradition
Of times long ſince gone by ;
Amuſed in eaſy, cheerful way,
With harmleſs play.

Then women loved the men,
And never dared to ſcold :
But times are changed ſince then,—
They beat us,—grown ſo bold !

*Elles mesmes alloient perfer
Du meilleur fildre,
Joyeuses de veoir leurs maris
Bien restouis.*

*Femmes ne sont plus telles
Qu'elles estoient jadis.
Ceux qui se passent d'elles
Font bien, a mon aduis.
Toutes fois, veu le bon racueil
De nostre hostesse,
Elle tient encor des anciens
Tant bonnes gens.*

*Nostre hostesse, ie treuve
Vostre fildre loyal ;
Et, quoy que l'on en boyue,
Ne vous fait point de mal.
Si voulez a voz seruiteurs
En laisser boire,
Je feray, ie vous le prometz,
De voz valetz.*

XXXVI.

*J'ay encor a cheminer
Et faire vne longue traicte.
Bon fildre, entre en mon gosier,
Mais, avant que ie t'y mette,
Arreste, arreste !
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
Si ie boy,
Dy le moy,
M'y troubleras tu point la tiste ?*

*Quiconque veut trauailler,
Faut tenir sa gorge neite,*

They went themselves to open
The choicest cider-butt,
Pleased to see mirthfulness and ease
Their husbands please.

Women are no more such
As they were wont to be :
He who avoids them, much
Accords in mood with me.
Yet from the pleasant welcome
That our kind hostess gives,
Her breeding still recalls our good
Old neighbourhood.

Hostess, the tap you keep
Of cider, is most pure ;
And, though we drink it deep,
Does you no harm, I'm sure.
If you'll but let your servants
Drink some of that fine tap,
Your varlet, tapster of that cask,
To be, I'll ask.

XXXVI.

My journey still is long
Far over hill and plain.
Hail, cider good and strong !
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein !
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuse my brain ?

He who has toil in view,
To cleanse his throat is fain,

*Et bien fouuent la mouiller ;
 Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,
 Arrreste, arrreste !
 Si ie boy,
 Dy le moy,
 Si ie boy,
 Dy le moy,
 M'y troubleras tu poinct la teste ?*

*Bon fildre, oste le foucy
 D'un procez qui me tempeste,
 Quand tu passeras par cy ;
 Mais, auant que ie t'y mette,
 Arrreste, arrreste !
 Si ie boy,
 Dy le moy,
 Si ie boy,
 Dy le moy,
 M'y troubleras tu poinct la teste ?*

*Il faut, pour l'amour des gens,
 Ne fust ce qu'une gouttette
 Boire, puisque ie te tiens ;
 Mais non pas que tout i'y mette.
 Arrreste, arrreste !
 Car ie croy,
 Si ie boy,
 Car ie croy,
 Si ie boy,
 Que tu m'y troubleras la teste.*

XXXVII.

*Je suis né Bas Normand, mais ma bouche auinée
 Diët estre d'Orleans,
 Et que le vin claiRET, qui est de sa contrée,
 Je doibs loger ceans.*

Oft moist'ning it anew ;
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein !
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuse my brain ?

Remove, O cider clear !
My lawfuit's vexing pain,
While you refresh me here ;
But, ere the cup I drain,—
Draw, draw the rein !
If I drink,
Do you think,
If I drink,
Do you think,
Your fumes will not confuse my brain ?

For the host's sake, I'll taste
One drop : then on again,
Good cider, I must haste ;
The whole cup I won't drain.—
Draw, draw the rein !
For I think,
If I drink,
For I think,
If I drink,
Your fumes will much confuse my brain !

XXXVII.

Low-Norman born, this vinous mouth of mine
Of Orleans boasts to be ;
And I must lodge therein the rosy wine
That comes from that countrie.

*Mon gosier diët aussi qu'il a pris sa naissance
Du terroir des bons vins,
Et qu'il ne peut durer, s'il n'a de l'accointance
Avec eux, ses voisins.*

*Mon estomach aussi me diët que sa nature
Ne se peut pas changer ;
Le chargeant de pommé, qui n'est sa nourriture,
Que c'est l'endommager.*

*Donques, quiétant le vin, j'ay fur moy (dont je tremble),
Trois mortelz ennemis.
Que feray ie a cela ? Faiçtes nous boyre ensemble,
Et nous rendez amis.*

*Bouche, estomach, gosier ; je voudrois, ie vous iure,
Rendre vn chacun content ;
Mais du fidre il faut boyre & changer de nature,
N'ayant guere d'argent.*

*Car le vin est trop cher ; l'impost, les quatriesmes,
Peste des biberons,
Faute d'un peu de vin feront mourir de rheumes
Les poures compaignons.*

XXXVIII.

*Je ne me puis desgoster
De hanter
Ces bons cerueaux de tauerne,
Qui, pour goster les bons vins,
Sont bien fins,
Sachans comme on les discerné.

Vin d'une oreille aux gens tieux
Et gouteux
Sert de laiç & nourriture ;
Mais qui le vermeil boira
Bien fera :
Il gaignera la teincture.*

My throat, too, fays that it was born and bred
 In land of wine that's good ;
And that it can't survive unless 'tis fed
 From its own neighbourhood.

My stomach, too, fays it can never move
 From its own way a whit ;
If filled with liquor from an apple-grove,
 That would do harm to it.

If I quit wine, I thus have, (dreadful thought !),
 Three mortal enemies :
What must I do? Let's all, together brought,
 Drink, then good friends arise.

Mouth, stomach, throat, I gladly would arrange
 To make you all content :
But cider you must drink, your nature change,
 For lack of plenishment ;

For wine's too dear : " the impost," and " the fourth,"
 The drinker's misery,
Will cause poor toppers, perished for the worth
 Of a drop wine, to die.

XXXVIII.

I cannot bring myself to hate
 To congregate
With those good fellows of the pot,
Whose aptness for discerning wine
 Becomes so fine,
By frequent testing of the lot.

To gouty old folks, wine, if good,
 Is milk and food,
Preserving them from atrophy ;
He who the rosy fort will take,
 Makes no mistake :
He soon will catch its vermeil dye.

*Le blanc endort & fust bon,
 Ce diët on,
 A ces femmes si cruelles ;
 Quand il les endormiroit,
 On n'auroit
 Au logis tant de querelles.*

*Le bon fildre en diët on rien ?
 Il vaut bien
 Que quelque chose on en dic ;
 Et certes, qui m'en croiroit,
 On n'auroit
 Aultre boire en Normandie.*

*Le breuuage composé
 N'est prisé.
 Aussi ie laisse la biere
 Aux Anglois & Allemans
 Et Flamans,
 Qui ont l'ame roturiere.*

*Jamais pour bon n'aduonray
 Le poiray :
 C'est un nuisible breuuage.
 Toutes fois ie le permetz
 Aux valets,
 Lesquelz n'ont soing du mefnage.*

*De la soif on nomme l'eau
 Le bourreau,
 Qui la fait mourir martyrre.
 Breuuage de pénitent,
 Qui le prend
 N'a pas bien cause de rire.*

*Au beueur d'eau, qui croiroit :
 " Le roy boit "
 Seroit un roy de greneuilles.*

The white is drowfy, and were best
 To caufe to reft,
’Tis faid, harfh women from their toils ;
When they were once all put to fleep,
 That wine would keep
The houfehold free from many broils.

For cider is there nought to fay ?
 I think we may
Some panegyric of it try ;
And, if my verdict you’ll believe,
 You won’t receive
Another drink in Normandy.

Mixtures of divers qualities
 Men do not prize.
With my confent is beer refigned
To Englifh, Germans, and to fuch
 As, with the Dutch,
Bear only a commercial mind.

To perry ne’er will I affign
 The rank of fine :
It is a drink injurious,
And only fitting to be quaffed
 As lackeys’ draught
Who have no charge about the houfe.

Water they chriften as the worft
 Headfman of thirft,
As martyr caufing it to die.
O beverage of mifery !
 Who doth thee try,
Hath no good caufe for jollity.

To water-drinker, to exclaim
 “ The King drinks ! ” name
Of King of Frogs would give alone.

*Festin qu'on destrampe d'eau
N'est point beau :
Faut que de vin tu le mouilles.*

*S'il y a fildre excellent,
Bien fouuent
On l'aime sur tout breuuage.
Tu es, bon fildre orangé,
(Tout fongé)
Un bon meuble en un mesnage.*

XXXIX.

*L'amour ie laisseray faire
Et les dames courtizer.
Il ne me faut plus qu'a boire
D'autant, & me reposer.*

*Deia le poil me grifonne ;
Deia la goutte ie fens.
Je veux traicter ma personne
Auec les Galle Bontems.*

*Si j'auois tousiours en caue
Un muy de vin sauoureux,
Fust a'Orleans ou de Graue,
Je me tiendrois bien heureux.*

*Sans me foucier d'esure,
Qui n'a jamais bon succez,
J'irois le veoir, ie vous iure,
Plus fouuent que mes procez.*

*Car j'ay un mal de nature :
Mon poulmon tout sec deuient ;
Et mourrois par aduenture,
Si ne beuuois bien fouuent.*

*Ceste couppe est toute pleine ;
J'en ray lauer mes poulmons.*

A feast with water-bottles drest,
Is all unblest :
It must your wine's kind preference own.

Cider, if it be superfine,
Above all wine
Men oft prefer in their caroufe.
Fine orange-tinted cider, thou,
(We must allow),
Art a good chattel in the house !

XXXIX.

To love I do not much incline,
Nor bend to dames' behest.
I only want to drink my wine,
And then to take my rest.

My hair's already growing gray,
Already comes the gout.
I fain would pass my time away
With joyous comrades stout.

If in my cellar I could have
Always a fragrant cask
Of wine of Orleans, or Grave,
No better I should ask.

For usuries I should not care,
Which never well succeed ;
I'd oftener try that cask, I swear,
Than in the law-courts plead.

For an in-born defect have I :
Throat-thirtness is mine ;
And peradventure I might die,
Unless oft drinking wine.

Before me stands a brimming dish ;
My chest shall have its fill :

*C'est le chauld & la faline,
Ce n'est pas nous qui beuons.*

XL.

*Las ! ie voy bien que m'a quité m'amie !
Elle m'a diét que ie boy trop fouent
Et que cela m'abregeroit la vie.*

*Je m'en vay donc en vn desert sauuage.
Ne beuant vin ny fildre aucunement,
J'y passeray le reste de mon aage.*

*Si je n'y boy que de l'eau toute pure,
Bien tost ainsi ie finiray mes jours
Car tel boire est contraire a ma nature.*

*Ce me fera tres dure pœnitence.
Ainsi mourray regrettant mes amours,
Comme vn hermite, en faisant abstinence.*

*Puisqu'aux defertz on ne boit rien qui vaille,
Laisser ne veux ce bon vin dans le pot.
J'en boy a vous, premier que ie m'en aille.*

*Après ma mort, faut sur ma tombe escrire :
" Cy gist qui a bien aymé le piot :
" C'est grand dommage aux tauerniers de Vire."*

XII.

*La bouteille c'est ma cuirace,
Mon casque c'est le gobbelet,
Et le jambon mon pislolet.
Qu'on me remplisse ceste tasse ;
J'en veux (le cueur poinct ne me fault)
Combatre la soif qui m'affault.*

It is the heat and the falt-fith,
It is not we who fwill.

XL.

Too well I fee that me my Love has left !
She told me I too oft my thirst affuage,
And that I foon fhall be of life bereft.

I go, then, in a defert lone to pine,
And there to pafs the remnant of my age,
Tafting no more of cider nor of wine.

If there I but of water pure partake,
My days will thus end very fpeedily.
Such drink would ne'er my thirfty nature flake,

And would to me be grievous penitence.
Thus, fadly mourning o'er my love, I'd die,
Like eremite, performing abftinence.

Since in the defert no fine wine is got,
I'll drink your health before I take my flight.
I won't leave this good liquor in the pot.

On my tomb let this epitaph appear :—
“ Here lies one who in wine did much delight :
“ One greatly mourned by taverners of Vire.”

XLI.

The wine-bottle is my cuirafs,
A goblet for helmet I choofe.
A ham is the pistol I ufe.
Come, fpeedily fill up this glafs ;
I fain, (and my courage ne'er fails),
Would combat the thirst that affails.

*Bien mieux qu'a Sainct Denis, en France,
On qu'a la bataille de Dreux,
Parmy les potz combatray mieux
Et auecques plus d'assurance :
Rien ie ne turay de ce coup
Que la soif, que ie hay beaucoup.*

*Je hazarderois bien ma vie
Prez de la bouche des canons,
Si au lieu de poudre & de ploms
Ilz font chargés de Maluoisie :
Aultrement ne me parlez poinct
De perdre le moulle au pourpoinct.*

*Il n'est que mesnager sa vie,
Et chanter, viuans bien contans,
Les Vaudeuire du vieux temps,
Et faire tousiours chere lie.
Quand le bon compagnon mourra,
Paye ses debtes qui voudra !*

*La soif me tenoit a la gorge :
Je luy ay bien liuré l'assault ;
Je luy ay faict faire vn beau fault !
Toustes fois, s'elle ne desloge,
Ce verre remply, ie pourrois
L'oster peut estre a l'aulture fois.*

XLII.

*Laiïsons viure malheureuses
Ces amcs ambitieuses,
Et ioyeusement viuons
De si peu que nous auons.*

*L'esfurier, par grand' misere,
Craignant trop cherement boire,
Meurt de soif vilainement
Pour amasser de l'argent.*

More brave than at French St. Denys,
More brave than on Dreux's battle-field,
I'd fight among wine-pots, nor yield
To any contending with me.
I'd kill only thirst by such wound ;
Thirst, hated with hatred profound.

My life would be ventured by me
Close up to the guns, if, instead
Of powder and bullets of lead,
They were charged with Malvoisie :
Don't otherwise ask me to choose
My furcoat's lay-figure to lose !

We've only to manage our life,
And sing, in the midst of content,
The olden-time Vaux-de-Vire, sent
To keep us unfaddened by strife.
On a boon companion's decease,
Those fettle his debits who please !

I've had a sharp struggle with thirst :
I've well cannonaded his strength,
And captured his fortrefs at length !
But even if I get the worst,
With full glafs at some other time,
I hope to his castle to climb.

XLII.

Let souls that ambitious be
Pass their lives devoid of glee ;
But let us find joyaunce brave
In the little that we have.

Misers, through their wretched cheer,
Fearing that drink costs too dear,
Die of thirst,—a dreadful end !—
Hoarding what they would not spend.

*Qui trop au mefnage penfe
Et qui conte fa deſpence,
N'ayant en l'eſprit repos,
Ne peut viure bien diſpos.*

*La goutte en drolle n'affronte,
Qui boit fans ſonger au conte ;
Auares en font faifis,
Qui ont les eſcus moiſis.*

*Les miens ne moiſiſſent guere,
Pourueu que ie trouue a boire.
Je ſçay qu'aprez le treſpas
Plus ne ſeruent les ducatz.*

*Si j'eſtois en jour en France
Quelque officier de finance,
Verres, bouteilles, tonneaux,
Seroyent mes meubles plus beaux.*

*Flacons pleins de Maluoifie
Seroyent ma tapifférie ;
Un logis n'eſt bien paré,
Ou l'on demeure alteré.*

*Rempliffez moy ceſte couppe :
Que ie boiue a ceſte trouppé !
Verre ruiue ne vaut rien
Parmy tant de gens de bien.*

XLIH.

*Le temps iadis, on ſe fouloit eſbattre,
Eſlant, l'huyſ clos, la neige & les glaçons ;
Pres en beau feu, trois a trois, quatre a quatre,
Enſemble au ſoir eſloient les bons garçons.
En repetant les viroifes chanſons,*

He who thinks too much of pence,
Ever counting his expenfe,
Having no repofe of mind,
Never can contentment find.

Gout attacks not merry fot,
Coft of drink who counteth not ;
Mifers are of gout difeafed,
Who have crowns by mildew feized.

Mildew feldom feizes mine,
If I get enough of wine.
Well I know, when life is o'er,
Ducats profit us no more.

Were I, fome day, made in France
An official of finance,
Glaffes, bottles, casks, fhould be
Grandeft furniture for me.

All my gorgeous tapeftry
Should be flasks of Malvoisie ;
Manfions are adorned the worft,
Where the tenants live in thirft.

Brimming fill for me this cup :
To your healths I'll drink it up !
Empty glafs we ne'er fhould view
In fo worfhipful a crew.

XLIII.

Of yore, the folks amufed themfelves in-doors,
When winter came, and icicles, and fnow ;
Boon friends, in threes and threes, or fours and fours.
Near blazing fire, fate in their rufic row.
In order then the fongs of Vire would flow.

*Sans detenir aucun mauuais langage,
Ou sur la poire ou bien sur le fromage,
Passoient ioyeux le temps honnêtement.
S'il y auoit chez eux de bon breuuage,
L'habandonnoient fort volontairement.*

*Mais maintenant (ce qui beaucoup n'estonne)
Chez son voisin on ne hante, non plus
Que si c'estoit quelque estrange personne :
Les Vau de Vire on estime estre abus.
Leur seul foulas, c'est d'auoir des escus.
Pour vn amy on ne veut rien despendre :
Qui a bon fildre, il le garde pour vendre,
S'il encherist en l'arriere saison.
Vn chacun veut, s'outonnier, pres sa cendre,
Se mal traittant, enrichir sa maison.*

*Le bon vieil temps enfuyuons, ie vous prie :
Escus ne font que crainte & pensement ;
Mais que puissions bien passer ceste vie,
Qu'est il besoin nous damner pour l'argent ?
Auec repos, auec contentement,
Vfons des biens que le Ciel nous enuoye.
Il ne faut pas, faute d'un peu de ioye,
Le bec en l'eau, nos jours precipiter.
Les anciens nous ont monstré la voye :
Faiët il pas bien qui les peut imiter ?*

XLIV.

*Lorsqu'on perse chez mon voisin
Vn tonneau de bon fidre plein,
Ou de bon vin,
Me semble qu'on me fiance :
J'ay bonne esperance
D'en boire vne soupirance
Soir ou matin.*

Without a word that could offend the ear,
And o'er the pears, or cheefe, their homely cheer,
 They passed the time in harmles joyoufness.
If in the house some goodly drink stood near,
 They quitted it with perfect readines.

But now,—(to me, I own, a wondrous change),—
 Men pay no visits to their neighbours, more
Than if their lives had been entirely strange :
 The Vaux-de-Vire as follies they deplore,
 Their only joy is hoarding more and more.
For a friend's sake, they won't incur expence :
But hold good cider, for the gain of pence,
 Till the price rise in the late season's days.
Each crouches o'er his hearth, with craft intense
 Starving himself, his house's wealth to raise.

Let us restore the good old time, I pray :
 Money does nought but fear and trouble wake ;
To make this life pass happily away,
 Must we destroy ourselves for money's sake ?
 In rest and sweet contentment let us take
The blessings Heav'n deigns lovingly to send :
And not, for lack of what some joy can lend,
 By water-drinking, death anticipate.
Our fires have shown us the right way to wend :
 Is not he wise, who them can imitate ?

XI.IV.

When, at his own house, neighbour mine
Taps a full cask of cider fine,
 Or of good wine,
I seem betrothed to be :
Foreshadowing with glee
At eve, or morn, for me
 Some taste divine.

*Il se plaist d'ouir vn cas nouveau
 Quelque romant ou compte beau
 De mon cerueau.
 J'en forge & luy en vay faire
 Pour auoir matiere
 De faire tirer a boire
 De son tonneau.*

*Mon voisin ie tiendrois vn an
 Sur le vin, lorsque du grand Cham
 Ou du Soldan
 Je luy compte quelque fable
 Qu'il croit veritable,
 Ou que ie parle a sa table
 Du Prestre Jan.*

*Luy & moy, si c'est en hyuer,
 Nous nous mettons prez du fouyer
 A deuifer
 Du temps de son feu grand pere,
 Sans cesser de boire,
 Comme j'en vais la maniere
 Vous demonstrer.*

*C'est ainsy comme nous faisons,
 Luy & moy, quand nous deuifons
 Prez des tifons,
 Detestans melancholie
 Et chiquancerie
 Qui puisse estre forbannye
 De noz maisons.*

XLV.

*Louons l'Eternel,
 Bibimus fatis,
 Et l'hoste, lequel
 Nos paut gratis,*

He loves to hear the story new,
The old romance, the ballad true
 My fancy drew.
Of them I fabricate
Such store for him, that straight
His spiggot turns : till late,
 The draughts ensue.

My neighbour would a whole year hang
Over the wine, when the Great Cham,
 Or the Soldan
Adorns my fable well,
On which, as true, he'll dwell ;
Or at his board I tell
 Of Prester John.

In winter, he and I oft sit
Beside the hearth, to chat a bit,
 Trying to hit
The time of his grandfire ;
Still drinking by the fire,
Just as I now desire
 To show you it.

'Tis thus his hours and mine go by,
When we in fond garrulity
 The embers see ;
We gloomy themes abjure ;
And in our homes, be sure,
We never could endure
 Chicanery.

XLV.

Give God the praise,
 Bibimus fatis ;
Hoft in kind ways
 Nos pavit gratis :

*Et fans rechigner
Onerans menfas
De metz delicas.*

*Il nous ayme bien,
Hoc patet nobis ;
Car son meilleur vin
Deprompsit cadis,
Et nous en a faiçt
Vfque ad oras
Remplir nos hanaps.*

*Les fraiz ne foient grands
Coram amicis.
Faut s'entre hanter
Sumptibus paucis ;
Mais tousiours le vin
Lauet gingiuas
Après le repas.*

*Qu'on en donne donc
Cunçtis conuiuis ;
A l'hoſte boirons
Pateris plenis,
Le remerçians :
A vingt ans d'icy,
Puiſſions faire ainſi !*

XLVI.

*Medecin de ma triſteſſe,
Remply mon verre, cchançon
Mourray ie de ſechereſſe,
Tant prez d'un ſi bon garçon ?
Nenny, nenny, hélas ! nenny.*

*Choifis les potz, car du pire
Si tu me venois verſer*

He with superb fare
Onerans mensas
 In his good-will.

He loves us well,
Hoc patet nobis ;
 As his best wines tell
Deprompsit cadis ;
 Bidding us with them
Usque ad oras
 Our beakers fill.

Be the cost small
Coram amicis.
 Merry in hall
Sumptibus paucis ;
 Yet, after meat, wine
Lavet gingivas
 Long as we fwill.

Be it, then, poured
Cunctis convivis ;
 Toast our landlord
Pateris plenius,
 'Thanking him warmly.
 Twenty years hence,
 Let's recommence !

XLVI.

Phyfcian of my mournfulness,
 Fill up my glafs, O fenefchal !
 And I to die of thirftinefs
 With fuch good con.rade at my call ?
 No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

Choofe well the wine-pots ; for if juice
 Inferior you were to pour,

*Et pourement me seduire,
Ce feroit pour me chasser.
Nenny, nenny, hélas ! nenny.*

*Je fçay bien que ie te garde,
Si me vas fauorifant.
A la perfonne veillard
Mauuais boire est il duifant ?
Nenny, nenny, hélas ! nenny.*

*Boire bon, pluſtoſt moins boire,
Nous faiẽt fuir a mille maux.
Mon cors n'eſt pas lauatoire,
Ou l'on iette toutes eaux.
Nenny, nenny, hélas ! nenny.*

*Eſt ce du vin de ton maiſtre
Que tu m'as icy verſé ?
Dormirois ie poinẽt peut eſtre
Si j'en eſtois bien bercé ?
Nenny, nenny, hélas ! nenny.*

XLVII.

*Meſſieurs, voulez vous rien mander ?
Ce bateau va paſſer la mer,
Chargé de bon breuuage.
Le matelot le puiſſe bien mener
Sans peril & ſans naufrage !*

*Il va couler icy aual :
Pourueu qu'en pilleur deſloyal
Ne le prenne au paſſage,
Et que le vent ne le meine point mal,
Il va deſcendre en Brouage.*

*Hélas ! ce vent n'eſt guere bon.
Nous ſommes perdus, compagnon !*

And me so shamefully seduce,
You thus would drive me from your door.
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

I well know that I won't leave you,
If you my happiness regard,
Of him whose future years are few,
Is nauseous drink the due reward ?
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

Though we drink little, goodly drink
Makes us escape a thousand woes.
My body's not a common sink
Wherein all refuse water goes.
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

Pray, is this draught you pour, as fine
As for your master's self you keep ?
If fondly cradled in this wine
Might I procure no wink of sleep ?
No, no ; no, no ; alas ! no, no.

XLVII.

Sirs, have ye no commands to-day ?
This vessel soon will fail away,
Well laden with good wine.
The sailor skilfully her course can lay,
In safety o'er the brine.

On she will fail at ease :
If no rude pirate seize
On her as she doth go,
And if she meet not with an adverse breeze,
To Brouage there below.

Alas, we're tempest-tost.
My shipmates, we are lost !

*Vuider faut ce nauire,
Et mettre tous la main a l'auiron. . .
Regardez comme je tire !*

*Si vous tires autant que moy,
Bien tost ainssi, comme ie croy,
Gaignerons le riuage.
Il est bien prez ; car dcia ie le voy. . .
Compagnon, prenons courage !*

XLVIII.

*Me voulez vous garir de la berlue ?
En un verre bien net
Faut seulement mettre deuant ma veue
De ce bon vin claiwet,
Qui chaleur donne a l'ame morfondue.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !*

*Me voulez vous, quand je suis en cholere,
Regaillardir le cucur ?
Tant seulement il me faut faire boire
Cete bonne liqueur,
Qui le chagrin eschange en bonne chere.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !*

*Me voulez vous faire conter & dire
Mille propos ioyeux ?
De ce bon vin distes moy que je tire
Quelque bon coup ou deux ;
L'homme songeart il saiet causer & rire.
Encore chopine pleine,
Encore chopine !*

Bale out our vefsel full :
All hands to man the pumps muft take their poft ;—
Look you how I can pull !

If you will pull like me,
In fhort time we fhall be
The harbour drawing near.
It is not far already, I can fee ;—
Shipmate, away with fear !

XLVIII.

Would you free my eyes from daze ?
In glafs bright and clean
Only be before my gaze
That fair red wine feen,
Which infpires dull fouls with praife.
Bring one full chopin more ;
One chopin more !

Would you my fwift choler flake,
Raife my fpirits up ?
Juft prevail on me to take
That good wholefome cup
Which can fad hearts cheerful make.
Bring one full chopin more ;
One chopin more !

Would you have me joyous thought
Gaily intertwine ?
Then to me let there be brought
Draughts of this good wine,
With loud mirth for dreamer fraught.
Bring one full chopin more ;
One chopin more !

XLIX.

*Mon mary ha, que ie croy,
 Par ma foy,
 Le gosier de chair falée :
 Car il ne peut respirer
 Ny durer
 Si sa gorge n'est mouillée.*

*Lorsqu'il est en grand courroux,
 Voulez vous
 Luy addoucir le courage ?
 Faiçles luy tant seulement
 Promptement
 Boire quelque bon breuuage.*

*Pourueu qu'il ne vende rien
 De son bien,
 S'il boit, j'en suis resjouie ;
 Car j'ay tout au long du jour
 Son amour,
 Et sommes sans fascherie.*

*J'ay vn peu gousté en fin
 Ce bon vin :
 Or, vint ce bon breuuage,
 Qui mon homme en fanté met
 Et nous faiçt
 Viure en paix en mariage !*

L.

*Monfieur de ceans,
 Ces honnestes gens
 Ne vous pourroient ruiner
 A chopiner ;
 Car le fidre ne vaut plus
 Qu'un carolus.*

XLIX.

My husband has, as I conceive,
And do believe,
His gullet cured with brine :
For he can neither thrive
Nor live
With throat unfoaked in wine.

When he is in a tow'ring rage,
Would you affuage
And make his wrath decline ?
You've only got to make him taste,
In haste,
A pitcher of good wine.

If he would only not abate
His good estate,
When he drinks, I am glad :
For all day long I duly prove
His love,
And we are never fad.

I have just tasted, once or twice,
That wine so nice :
And I say :—" Long live wine ;
" Which does my husband's health improve,
" And love
" With wedded life entwine !"

L.

Kind Sir, you need not fear
That these good people here
Could ruin you by a design
On too much wine ;
For cider only costeth us
A Carolus.

*Quant est pour la chair,
Il couste trop cher
A traicler les gens de paons
Et de phaisans.
Aussi, pour garder ce poinct,
N'en auons poinct.*

*Nous auons pourtant
Tout nostre contant
De metz, pour nostre repas,
Bien delicatz ;
Mais nous n'auons pas la faim
De longue main.*

*Doneq, permettez nous,
(Je parle pour tous)
De n'espargner ce pommé
Si bien aymé,
Sauf a boire, sur la fin,
Vn peu de vin.*

*Il vaut bien vrayment
Son pesant d'argent.
Or, ie ne fay plus de cas
De tous ces platz ;
Approchez plustost le pot
Prez de l'escot.*

*Je n'eusse chanté,
Si ce n'eust esté
Ce bon boire, qui bien vaut
Qu'on chante hault
En depit de noz voisins,
Gens trop chagrins.*

*Mais qu'a ton perdu ?
Ce qui leur est deu
Les met en grand pensément
Incessamment.*

As butcher-meat would come
To a much larger fum,
So peacocks, pheafants, for the pot
Cannot be got :
Neither, to fettle that affair,
Do we much care.

Yet not without a difh
Are we, that fuits our wifh,
For our repaft, elaborate
And delicate ;
Only we do not underftand
The hungry hand.

Then pray, permit us here,
(For all, I crave your ear,)
To fpare not this good apple-wine,
So very fine ;
Sure that, at laft, we fhان't efcape
Some wine of grape.

Its worth I eftimate
At filver of like weight.
I feel that now no more I care
For all that fare ;
Rather, fay I, bring us the pot,
Then pay the fhот.

My voice I'd ne'er have raifed
But for that cider praifed,
To which doth rightfully belong
A lufly fong
In defpite of our neighbours' frown,—
Folks too caft-down.

What is it they have loft ?
They always dwell the moft
On what they ought by rights to have ;
For ever grave.

*Que m'en chaut, si ie n'ay pas
Tant de ducas ?*

*Cinq solz font autant,
Quand on est contant,
Et qu'on iette les ennuis
Derriere l'huis,
Que d'escus les facz tous pleins
A ces vilains.*

*L'hoste, s'il vous plaist,
Voila vostre arrest :
De vostre fidre on boira
Tant qu'on voudra ;
Nous nous tiendrons bien contans
Pour les despens.*

LI.

*Ma femme se diēt mal pourueue,
Que ie perdz les biens & la veue,
A force de boire du bon ;
Mais ne faut qu'elle s'en tourmente ;
Car c'est vne chose excellent
Qu'un venerable biberon.*

*On diēt que ses ans il abbrege ;
Ainçois il a grand priuilege :
Car, cependant qu'il boit d'autant,
Il ne crainēt poinēt que la pepie,
Qui aux pouletz oste la vie,
Le fasse mourir a l'instant.*

*Il n'est meurtrier ny sanguinaire :
Car tout le feu de sa cholere,
Beuant bien, il trampe & deslaineēt ;
Mais que celuy la on redoubte,
Qui ne beuant que goutte a goutte
Frappe quand on n'y pense poinēt.*

If scantier my ducats be,
What is 't to me?

Five fous are as great flore,—
If men behind the door
Would only cast their cares away,—
As great, I say,
As are the bags all full of crowns
Of those dull clowns.

For you, host ! if you please,
The laws we make are these :—
We'll drink your cider, *quantum suff.*
And long enough,
And feel that we with spirits gay
The cost can pay.

LI.

My wife complains of want of pelf,
And says I waste fight, goods, myself,
By drinking wine that's mellow ;
She need not vex herself a jot :
Because a venerable fot
Is really a grand fellow.

They say that he'll abridge his days ;
But then he gains in other ways :
For, long as he keeps drinking,
He fears not left dyspepsia,
Which carries chickens off, they say,
Will kill him too, unthinking.

He's not bloodthirstily inclined :
For all the choler of his mind
His long draughts quench and soften ;
Him rather they have cause to fear,
Who drinks a little there and here,
And, unforeseen, strikes often.

*Helas ! que faiçt vn pauvre yurongne ?
 Il se couche & n'occit personne ;
 Ou bien il diçt propos ioyeux ;
 Il ne songe poinçt en vfure.
 Et ne faiçt a personne iniure.
 Beuveur d'eau peut il faire mieux ?*

LII.

*Mes bons feigneurs, ie pense, a mon aduis,
 Que s'entre veoir & visiter souuent,
 C'est ce qui faiçt tousiours les bons amis.
 Vions les vns des autres librement,
 Et que chacun, sur ce boire excelent,
 Laue son cueur de toute hypocrisie. . .
 Aux Alemans bien boire est courtoisie.*

*En table, on est pour boire & pour manger,
 Et son repas prendre ioyeusement.
 Or fus ! afin de vous encourager,
 Je vay le mien vuidier premierement.
 C'est vn fourrier qui va tant seulement
 Pour les autres le logis reconnoistre. . .
 Tousiours ma soif ne cesse de renaistre.*

*Je voudrois bien en assaillir quelqu'un
 De ceux qui vont, ce semble, rechignant.
 Il faut laisser le chagrin importun,
 A tout le moins a la table en beuuant.
 Cecy s'en va droiçt au Pont Ecoulant :
 C'est a Guibray d'icy la droiçte voie. . .
 Que ce bon vin rafraischit bien le foye !*

LIII.

*Mon cher foucy, o bouteille m'amie,
 Secourez moy !
 Vienne mouiller vostre douce liqueur
 Mon gosier sec & garir ma pepie !
 Enneuoüy !*

Poor toppers do but what they can ;
 They go to bed, but slay no man ;
 Or with gay converse end it.
 They never dream of ufury.
 They do no one an injury.
 Can water-drinkers mend it?

LII.

Kind Sirs, I venture to advise
 That frequent visits greatly tend
 To cause good friends to fraternise.
 Let's visit, then, as friend with friend ;
 And, in this fine wine, each attend
 To wash off all hypocrisy :—
 Drinking is German courtesy.

At table we should drink and eat,
 And our repast take joyously.
 To aid you by example meet,
 My glass I'll empty instantly.
 'Tis but a scout, who pryingly
 Is by the rest sent on before.—
 My thirst at once revives for more.

O were that thirst to him but sent
 Who seems to grumble at his cheer !
 Away with haunting discontent,
 At least while we're carousing here.
 To Pont-Ecoulant this will steer :
 To Guibray hence the shortest way.—
 How this good wine doth thirst allay !

LIII.

My bottle, my most trusty friend,
 Be my ally !
 Come, let thy dulcet liquor bless
 My throat, and my dyspepsy end !
 Enneovoy !

Longtemps y a qu'a haute voix je crie :

"Secourez moy !"

*D'un peu de vin reconfortez mon cuer,
Ou aultrement ie vay perdre la vie. . .*

Ennecouoy !

Je suis armé contre mon ennemie :

Secourez moy !

*Faiêtes ainsi : fervez moy de second !
Serez vous poinêt, voisin, de la partie ?*

Ennecouoy !

Vn bon amy n'attend pas qu'on luy die :

"Secourez moy !"

*Vn verre plein, & fust il tres profond,
Je vuide bien, auant que l'on m'en prie.*

Ennecouoy !

Tirez vn coup, ayez l'ame hardie ;

Secourez moy !

*Deia d'un coup que j'ay mis prez du cuer
Ma soif en a presque perdu la vie.*

Ennecouoy !

Mon cher desir, o bouteille m'amie,

Secourez-moy !

*Vienne mouiller vostre douce liqueur
Mon gosier sec & garir ma pepie !*

Ennecouoy !

LIV.

Messieurs, maintenant delaissez

Tous vos procez.

Affez vous aurez d'aultre temps

Pour d'avarice

Faire exercice

Sur les cliens.

Long unto thee my cries ascend :
 " Be my ally !"
Cheer with some wine my heart's distress,
Else end my life and happiness.
 Enneovoy !

From foe I now myself defend :
 Be my ally !
Be my stout second in the fight !
My neighbour, won't thou, too, attend ?
 Enneovoy !

True friend waits not till call we send,
 " Be my ally !"
Full glafs, and deep, 'tis my delight,
Unasked, at one good draught to end.
 Enneovoy !

With a fresh draught, fresh boldness blend :
 Be my ally !
The draught will bring heart-happiness,
And to my thirst destruction send.
 Enneovoy !

My bottle, well-beloved friend,
 Be my ally !
Come, let thy dulcet liquor bless
My throat, and my dyspepsy end !
 Enneovoy !

LIV.

Cease, gentlemen, a little while,
 Your lawfuits' guile.
Sufficient time will yet remain
 For avarice
 To exercise,
 On clients, gain.

*Les aduocatx qui n'ont repos
Sont mal dispos ;
On les void bientoſt grifonner.
Le perſonnage
Qui eſt bien ſage
Ne veut plaider.*

*Je n'ayme point dillation
Sur la boiſſon.
On ne prend poinct ſur moy deffaut
Ny contumace,
A pleine taſſe
Quand boire il faut.*

*Mais il faut, quand j'ay beu mon pot,
Payer l'eſcot.
D'un dient vous auez les ſas,
Qui vous deffraye,
Et le vin paye,
Qu'il ne boit pas.*

*Mais je ne ſuis pour cenſurer
Voſtre meſtier ;
Tous eſtatz tendent a l'argent.
Ceſte iournée
Soit celebrée
Joyeuſement !*

*Feſte qui vient au mois de may
Rend le cœur gay ;
Et puis voicy bonne liqueur :
Qu'elle ſoit beue,
Et qu'on ſalue
Noſtre majeur !*

*A vous, monſieur noſtre majeur,
De fort bon cucur !
Prenez le mal que ſont les dens*

Thofe Advocates who never reft,
Are fouls unbleft ;
We fee their hairs grow gray with fpeed.
The perfonage
Who is moft fage,
Will never plead.

No dilatory pleas love I,
When drink I try.
They don't catch me malingering,
Nor outlaw found,
When goblets round
Have their full fwing.

But, when I've turned my wine-pot o'er,
How clear the fcore ?
Your client's bags, crammed to the brim,
Will you well pay ;
And wine defray,
Not drunk by him.

But I'm not here to difapprove
The trade you love ;
'Tis money governs ev'ry ftate.
Let us, at leaft,
This day with Feaft
Now celebrate.

A Feftival that comes in May
Makes the heart gay ;
And here there is good wine for cheer :
Quench, then, your thirft,
Saluting firft
Our Major here !

To you, our Major, thus our love
We gladly prove !
Submit to toothache, if it bore,

*En patience,
Et non vengeance
Sur les chiens.*

LV.

*Ne hantant point le monde
Je ne fay que refuer ;
Ma femme au logis gronde
Ne cessant de crier ;
J'en suis melancholicque ;
Mais pour fuir le chagrin
Faut que ie communicque
Auecques mon voisin.*

*L'hyuer, durant la pluye,
Au soir nous nous hantons ;
Prez beau feu, la roflie
Dans le vin nous trampons.
Nous ne parlons d'affaires,
Mais de discours plaisant,
Cependant que les poires
Et marrons vont cuisant.*

*Si le vin, apres rire,
Nous deffault, volontiers
Aux courtz festus on tire
A qui payra son tiers.
Si scauons en tauerne
Quelque bonne boiffon,
On dit : " Pren la lanterne,
" Apportez en, garçon ! "*

*La voisine s'esgaye,
Et ne ride son front,
Lorsque son mary paye
Comme les aultres font.
Elle sucre la poire,
Disant le petit mot,*

Quite patiently :—
Not cruelly
To clients poor !

LV.

Far from the world, my life
In dreaminefs goes by ;
At home, my scolding wife
Is ever in full cry ;
In melancholy mood,
Such wearinefs to mend,
I feel it muft be good
To go and fee my friend.

On rainy winter night
Affembled, guefts and hoft,
By good fire's blazing light,
In wine we dip the toaft.
We talk of no affairs,
But jocund themes alone ;
While cheftnuts and the pears
Are roafting on hearth-ftone.

If, after mirth, our wine
Run fhort, in pleafant way
We draw ftaws, to divine
Who for fome more fhall pay.
If a good tap we know
In tavern kept hard by,—
“ Boy, take the lantern, go,
“ Fetch hither fome,”—we cry.

Our neighbour's wife is gay,
Her forehead fhows no frown,
Although her husband pay,
Like all the reft, caft down.
She fugars o'er the pears,
She chatters fmall-talk ftill ;

*Nous aide mesme a boire
Et se met de l'escot.*

*Lorsque me presse l'heure,
Je retourne au logis ;
Ma femme est la qui pleure,
Ainsi qu'il m'est aduis,
Et me dict en cholere :
" Que say ie seule au liét ?
" Est il seant de boire
" Ainsi jusqu'a minuiét ? "*

*De peur d'auoir querelle,
Et d'estre martyrè,
Je me couche aupres d'elle,
Faignant d'estre alterè.
Peu a peu ie la baise,
Ne disant mot pourtant :
Vne femme mauuaise
On dompte en la flatant.*

*Messieurs, ie vous supplie
Que ie boyue a vous tous :
Les femmes ie n'oublie,
Car je crains leur couroux.
Bon vin, quand ie me couche,
Si j'auois ton pareil,
Pour en lauer ma bouche,
J'auois vn bon sommcil.*

LVI.

*Ne laissons poinét secher
Le passage des viures.
Mais que nous soyons yures,
Nous nous irons coucher.*

Yea, she our drinking shares,—
She pays with us the bill !

When late the hour appears,
Returning to my home,
My wife is there in tears,
As I hear when I come.
She greets me testily :—
“ I lie a-bed, alone :
“ Do you thus shamelessly
“ Caroufe till midnight’s gone ? ”

To save all angry stir,
And shun a martyr’s fate,
I lay me down by her,
Feigning my thirst is great.
Her, by and by, I kiss,
But not a word say I :
A termagant like this
Is tamed by flattery.

My friends, I’m now inclined
To drink to you all here ;
I bear our wives in mind,
Because their wrath I fear.
Good wine ! when sleep I get,
Had I some one like thee,
My thirsting mouth to wet,
Sound would my slumbers be !

LVI.

Dry not the channel up
Through which our food is led ;
When drunk, we’ll go to bed
After our master-cup.

*Noyans nostre foucy
En ce doux d'Agoric,
Beuons tous, ie vous prie,
A l'hoste que voicy !*

*Il n'a poinct de regret
Au fidre qu'il nous donne ;
En eust il vne tonne,
Il l'habandonneroit.*

*Voulez vous rien mander
La bas a la riuere ?
Y avez vous affaire ?
Les trippes vay lauer.*

*O foulas des gosiers,
O tres bon ius de pomme !
Prions pour le bon homme
Qui planta les pommiers.*

LVII.

*Nous sommes vne grande troupe
D'infortunez,
Qui, pour auoir trop mis la couppe
Dessoubz le nez,
Sommes malades au cerueau
Du mal de pippe,
Qui prend ceux qui breuuage d'eau
Ne mettent dans leur trippe.*

*On nous diēt : Comme de nature
Le scorpion
Mesme est bon contre sa blesseure
Pour garison ;
Qu'il faut retourner aux bons vins
Comme a la beste
Qui nous a mis ces tintouins
Et ce mel dans la test.*

Let us our forrows drown
In this fweet D'Agorie ;
To our hof't's welfare, we
Will fwallow bumpers down.

Not at all does he grieve
Over his cider-cask ;
Nor, of a tun, would ask
That we a drop fhould leave.

Down at yon river-fide
Do you no errand need ?
Thither I'll now proceed
To wafh my inner-fide.

Throat-folace, hail to thee,
Apple-juice, dear to thirft !
Pray for his foul, who firft
Planted the apple-tree !

LVII.

We're a great troop, alas !
Oppreffed by many woes,
Becaufe we've held the glafs
Too oft beneath our nofe ;
Such qualms our brain confufe,
As ftrike, from pipes of wines,
Thofe who no water ufe
Within their inteflines.

As fcorpion, (they fay),
Is naturally fure
His venom to allay
By fympathetic cure,
So we muft feek again
Good wine, the beaft that bred
In us this aching pain,
This buzzing in the head.

*C'est le subiect pourquoy nous sommes
Venus de loing.
Secourez donc ces paoures hommes
En leur besoing,
Et nous donnez, pour nous garir,
Ce bon breuuage,
Qui redonne plus de plaisir
Qu'il n'a faict de dommage.*

*Loge, bon vin, en ma poitrine,
Entre chez moy !
Puisque me fers de medecine
Quand ie te boy !
Qui me verra tout avaler
Ne s'en estonne !
Il ne se faut point espargner
Pour guarir sa personne.*

LVIII.

*N'approche, auarice chiche,
De ma table aucunement :
Tu fis mourir pourcement
Mon voisin, quoy qu'il fust riche.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

*Dedans sa maison fermée
Tous les iours il se cachoit ;
Sa cheminée il bouchoit,
Craignant perdre la fumée.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

*Il portoit a sa ceinture
Ses fouliers qu'il espargnoit ;
De son poil il referroit
Et des ongles la rongneure.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le feray pas.*

That is the reafon why
 We poor men come from far.
Give, then, your charity
 To us who patients are,
And grant us for our cure
 That goodly liquid charm,
Which, if it hurt, will, fure,
 Far more than heal the harm.

Lodge in my breaft, good wine,
 O enter into me,
Serving as medicine
 When I refort to thee !
Let him who fees me take
 The whole, be not furprifed !
Since, for my perfon's fake,
 Self muft be facrificed.

LVIII.

Vile avarice, get hence !
 My table come not nigh :
 Thou madeft my neighbour die,
Though rich, in indigence ;
Out on a wealthy mifer !
No, no : I will be wifer.

He every day would ufe
 In his clofed houfe to hide ;
 He flopped his chimney wide,
Left he the fmoke fhould lofe.
Out on a wealthy mifer !
No, no : I will be wifer.

His fhoes, their foles to fpare,
 He at his girdle wore ;
 Nail-parings he would ftore,
And croppings of his hair.
Out on a wealthy mifer !
No, no : I will be wifer.

*S'il donnoit, au jour de feste,
A deux paoureux vn denier,
Ce n'estoit sans rechigner ;
Encor demandoit son reste.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le seray pas.*

*Pour ne perdre l'eau salée
Du merlut, quand il bouilloit,
De la soupe il en faisoit
Dont il passoit la journée.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le seray pas.*

*D'estrain & de chaneuotte
Se chauffoit tous les hyuers :
Il eust vendu volontiers
La graisse de sa calotte.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le seray pas.*

*Mais, quant est de son breuuage,
Ayant vin a plein tonneau,
Il ne beuuoit que de l'eau.
S'il est mort, est ce dommage ?
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le seray pas.*

*Cecy serue d'exemplaire !
Et beuuons sans chicheté
Bon vin pur pour la santé,
Tel qu'il est né de sa mere.
Riche auare est peu de cas :
Non, ie ne le seray pas.*

LIX.

*N'abregeons poinct nostre vie
Par trop nous attedier :
Cent ans de melancholie
Ne payront pas vn denier.*

If, on a festal day,
 He gave two poor one mite,
 He, grudging, would delight
To make them change repay.
Out on a wealthy miser !
No, no : I will be wifer.

To fave the ley faline
 Of stockfish, when he boiled,
 At foup thereof he toiled,
And but on it would dine.
Out on a wealthy miser !
No, no ; I will be wifer.

Hemp-litter, void of sap,
 Warmed him in winter's cold :
 He gladly would have fold
The greafe of his skull-cap.
Out on a wealthy miser !
No, no ; I will be wifer.

Then, for his drink, instead
 Of his well-filled wine-cask,
 Water alone he'd ask.
'Tis a good thing he's dead.
Out on a wealthy miser !
No, no : I will be wifer.

Let him a warning be !
 And let us well incline
 To quaff good wholesome wine,
Pure-born of vintage-tree.
Out on a wealthy miser !
No, no : I will be wifer.

LIX.

Short life do not consume
 In difinal hankering :
An hundred years of gloom
 Will not one penny bring.

*Attendons a rechigner,
 Quand nous ferons malades,
 Qu'on viendra nous ordonner
 Des breuuages si fades.*

*Ores, que sommes alaigres,
 Et en santé, Dieu mercy,
 Laissons la ces fildres aigres ;
 Je trouue bon cestuy cy.
 Il est sain & chauld aussi
 Au ventre & a la bouche :
 Aussi l'hoste que voicy
 En boit, quand il se couche.*

*Il traicte la compaignie
 Certes assez proprement.
 Si nous estions a la pluye,
 Nous serions bien pirement.
 Je hay naturellement
 L'orage & la tourmente.
 Mais le vin incontinent
 M'en oste l'espouuante.*

*L'eau qui nourrist la grenouille,
 Me refroidit trop les dens ;
 J'ayme mieux qu'elle me mouille
 Par dehors que par dedans.
 A vous, monsieur de ceans !
 Plegez moy, je vous prie :
 Voicy un doux passe tems,
 Mais qu'il ne vous ennuye.*

LX.

*Nous sommes trop long tems icy ;
 J'ay peur qu'il vous ennuye !
 Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuye !*

Put off your looking ill
 Till doctors shall prescribe :
You then will have your fill,
 But nauseous draughts imbibe.

But now, while we are gay,
 With, thank God ! no disease,
Those four drinks cast away ;
 This cider does me please.
'Tis found, and warm it makes
 The mouth, and eke the chest :
'Tis what our landlord takes
 When he retires to rest.

He treats the company,
 I'm sure, to all that's right ;
Out in the rain we'd be
 In very much worse plight.
By nature I detest
 The storm and hurricane ;
But wine is quickly blest
 In calming me again.

Water will frogs sustain,
 But makes my teeth to grin :
I like it to remain
 Outside me, not within.
Good health, my friend, to thee !
 Pledge me with heartiness.
'Tis pleasant pastime ; free,
 I trust, of weariness ?

I.X.

Too long we have stayed here ;
 You're tired of us, I fear !
Let's take our leave : you're tired of us, I fear !

*Monseur nostre hôte, grand mercy !
 Nous sommes trop long temps icy :
 Monseur nostre hôte, grand mercy !
 Couvrez vous, ie vous prie !
 Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !*

*Vous avez par trop grand soucy,
 Nous sommes trop long temps icy :
 Vous avez par trop grand soucy
 Traicté la compaignie.
 Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !*

*A vous, du reste que voicy !
 Nous sommes trop long temps icy :
 A vous du reste que voicy !
 Il est fol qui s'oublie !
 Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !*

*S'il vous plaist, vous ferez ainsi !
 Nous sommes trop long temps icy !
 S'il vous plaist, vous ferez ainsi !
 Chacun vous en supplie.
 Allons nous en ; j'ay peur qu'il vous ennuie !*

LXI.

*Nous sommes armés comme il fault :
 A l'arme ! a l'assault ! a l'assault !
 Nous sommes armés comme il fault :
 Chacun monstre ce qu'il scait faire !*

*Il semble que le cueur vous fault :
 A l'arme ! a l'assault ! a l'assault !
 Il semble que le cueur vous fault,
 Car vous faictes piteuse chere.
 Nous sommes armés comme il fault :
 Chacun monstre ce qu'il scait faire !*

*La trompette a sonné bien hault :
 A l'arme ! a l'assault ! a l'assault !*

Best thanks, our landlord dear !
 (Too long we have stayed here) :
Best thanks, our landlord dear !
 I beg your hat you'll wear.
Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

You have, as we can swear,
 (Too long we have stayed here) :
You have, as we can swear,
 Regaled us far and near.
Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

Your health, with what's left there !
 (Too long we have stayed here) :
Your health, with what's left there !
 'Twere foolish to forbear !
Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

Pray do so, with like cheer !
 (Too long we have stayed here) :
Pray do so, with like cheer !
 Each one entreats you here.
Let's take our leave ; you're tired of us, I fear !

LXI.

We are armed against all harms.
To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !
We are armed against all harms :
Each one show how he can fight !

You appear to feel alarms :
To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !
You appear to feel alarms,
Judging by your appetite.
We are armed against all harms :
Each one show how he can fight !

Hark ! the trumpet sounds to arms :
To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !

*La trompette a sonné bien hault,
Encor premier nous faut il boire !
Nous sommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monstre ce qu'il scait faire !*

*Nous en aurons le cuer plus chault ;
A l'arme ! a l'affault ! a l'affault !
Nous en aurons le cuer plus chault,
Et vaincrons mieux nostre aduersaire.
Nous sommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monstre ce qu'il scait faire !*

*A vn j'ay faict faire vn beau fault !
A l'arme ! a l'affault ! a l'affault !
A vn, j'ay faict faire vn beau fault !
Vous en ferez en la maniere.
Nous sommes armés comme il fault :
Chacun monstre ce qu'il scait faire !*

LXII.

*Oſtes moy ce medecin
Qui veult que de l'eau ie boyue
Et que ie quicte le vin,
Vne liqueur ſi ſouefue !
Pensant ainſi me garir
Il me veut faire mourir.*

*L'eau eſt a mon naturel
Vn element tout contraire ;
Et ce medecin cruel
Me vient conſeiller d'en boire !
Ty, ſy de ſon recipe !
Je n'y feray plus trompé !*

*Si ce meſchant i'euffe creu,
Las ! ie ferois mort tout voidde ;
Si ſeulement i'euffe beu
Sa ptifane & ſon eau froide.*

Hark ! the trumpet sounds to arms !
We must drink before we fight !
We are armed against all harms :
Each one show how he can fight !

Now our heart with courage warms.
To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !
Now our heart with courage warms,
And the foe we'll put to flight.
We are armed against all harms :
Each one show how he can fight !

I've brought down one of their swarms !
To arms ! to arms ! charge ! to arms !
I've brought down one of their swarms !
Do the same, and you'll do right.
We are armed against all harms :
Each one show how he can fight !

LXII.

Send off that physician of mine
Who orders me water to take,
And bids me give over my wine,
Which my thirst would pleasantly flake.
Thus thinking my illness to cure,
He'd very soon kill me, I'm sure.

For water an element is
Entirely discordant with me ;
Yet that cruel counsel of his
Prescribes it my potion to be !
His *Recipe* how I abhor !
I won't be deceived any more !

If I had put faith in that knave,
Alas ! I'd been stiff under mould ;
'Tis well I ne'er took what he gave,—
His tiffane, and water so cold.

*Quand ce bon vin j'ay gousté,
J'ay recouuert ma santé.*

*Beuvant du bon, ie ne crains
Jamais vne maladie ;
En dépit des medecins,
Je viuray toute ma vie.
Je scay bien ce qui m'est bon :
J'en boy a vous, compaignon !*

LXIII.

*On va disant que j'ay faict vne amie,
Mais je n'en ay encore poinct d'enuie :
Je ne scay pas a bien pindariser :
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'en baïser.*

*Quand j'aurois ben, elle voyant ma trongne
M'iroit disant : " Je ne veux poinct d'yurongne :
" Je veux amy plus propre a courtizer."
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'en baïser.*

*Tous mes deuis feroient de beuuerie ;
Et, quand on a maistrresse assez iolie,
D'autres discours il luy conuient rfer.
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'en baïser.*

*Faisant l'amour, ie ne scaurois rien dire
Ny rien chanter, sinon vn Vaudcuire.
Ce feroit trop vne fille abuser :
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'en baïser.*

*Je m'en vray boire a celles qui cherissent
Ceux qui de vin, non d'eau, leurs cors remplissent.
Ce sont ceux la qu'on deburoit mieux prifer.
Moy, j'ayme mieux boire vn coup qu'en baïser.*

As soon as I taste this good wine,
Fresh vigour recovered is mine.

If good wine I drink, I can dare
 To baffle disease, never fear !
And, spite of all medical care,
 I'll live all my life in good cheer.
I know what is wholesome for me :
And drink it, my comrade, to thee !

LXIII.

They often tell me I've a sweetheart got,
But as it is, as yet I want one not :
A fine Pindaric bard I could not be :
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

When I had drunk, she would spy my state,
And would keep saying,—“I a drunkard hate :
“I like a swain more fit for gallantry.”
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

My gossip all to drinking-bouts would tend ;
And if one have a very lovely friend,
One ought to talk in quite another key.
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

In courtship, I should ignorant appear,
Nor could I sing, save but a Vau-de-Vire ;
Treating a maiden far too flightingly :
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

Those girls I now will toast, whose loves incline
To water-drinking less than drinking wine :
'Tis they who ought the more esteemed to be.
Drinking is sweeter than a kiss to me.

LXIV.

*O tintamare plaissant
Et doucement resonnant
Des tonneaux que l'on relie !
Signe qu'on boira d'autant !
Cela me faict resjouir.
O belle harmonie !
Las ! sans toy, j'allois mourir
De melancholie.*

*Comme moy, tout bon beueur
Au maillet & au chasseur
Met les deux mains sans vergongne,
Et s'employe de bon cueur
A releuer ses tonneaux,
Et luy mesme congne ;
Pour remplir tost ses vaisseaux,
Haste la besongne.*

*Vignes sans fruit & pommiers
Auoient dedans noz gosiers
Trop laissé la secheresse
Et aux tonneaux & celiers.
C'est an, par fertilité,
Nous donne largesse :
Ne crions plus la cherté.
A vous, nostre hostesse !*

*Voicy bon fidre nouveau.
Je croy qu'il est faict sans eau :
Il est chauld a la fourcelle,
Et donne jusqu'au cerceau.
Le Dameret excellent
Ha la couleur telle.
Si j'en beuuois bien souuent,
Faudroit la hardelle.*

LXIV.

O refonance most sweet,
Glad din of casks complete
 With hoops which men apply !
Sound with much drink replete !
I'm filled with ecstasy.
 O lovely harmony !
Alas ! without thee, I should die
 Of sheer melancholy.

Each drinker, good as I,
Does mallet, chifel try,
 And, in unblushing-wife,
Both hands in carpentry
Employ, to hoop his casks.
 His axe his own arm plies ;
Hogheads well filled, and foon, he asks,
 Intent on such a prize.

Bare apple-trees, bare vines,
Had left our throats the signs
 Of thirst from over-drought ;
Casks, cellars, drained of wines.
This year's fertility
 With wealth to us is fraught :
Don't any more cry scarcity ;
 Hostefs ! your health is fought.

Here's cider, prime and new ;
I think, no water-brew :
 It warms the throat like fire,
And brain ; a cordial true.
Such tints, so bright and soft,
 Good Damerets attire.
Were I to drink it very oft,
 A sweetheart I'd desire.

*Au prix d'antan, vn chacun
 Diët qu'on ha trois potz pour vn.
 Bon marché ! pour vne chose
 Qui donne vn si bon parfum !
 Je trouue en toy plus d'odeur
 Qu'au musq & la rose.
 Baïse moy, mon pauvre cuer ;
 Et de moy dispose !*

LXV.

*On plante des pommiers aux bors
 Des cymetieres, prez des mors,
 Pour nous remettre en la mæmoire
 Que ceux, dont la gisent les cors,
 Ont aymé comme nous a boire.*

*Si doncq de nos predeceffeurs
 Il nous fault ensuyure les mœurs
 Ne souffrons que la foif nous tue :
 Beuuons des pommiers les liqueurs
 Ou bien de la plante tortue.*

*Pommiers, croissans aux enuïrons
 Des tombeaux des bons biberons,
 Qui ont aymé vostre breuage,
 Puissions nous, tandis que viurons,
 Vous veoir chargez de bon fruiçtage !*

*Ne songeons plus aux trespassés ;
 Soyons gens de bien, c'est assez ;
 Au surplus, il faut viure en ioye.
 Que seruent les biens amassez,
 Au besoing qui ne les employe ?*

LXVI.

*Or fus, beuuons ! Que nous sert de plover ?
 En attendant qu'on oye publier
 La douce patience,
 Il faut de ce bon vin lauer sa conscience.*

Three pots for one, they flate,
Compared with last year's rate.
 Cheap ! for what yields the nose
A scent so delicate !
Fragrance I find in thee
 More than in musk or rose.
Poor darling sweetheart, come, kifs me,
 And of myself dispose !

LXV.

Apple-trees are grown beside
Churchyards where the dead abide,
 That we may be kept in mind
How those mortals, ere they died,
 Drank like those they've left behind.

If we do, then, as we ought,
What our predecessors taught,
 Let not thirst us ever kill.
Drink we juice from orchards brought,
 Or from plant of vine-wreathed hill.

O ye apple-trees, around
Tombs of worthy toppers found,
 Who of yore esteemed your juice,
May we see, alive and found,
 You fair fruitages produce !

Dream not of those now no more ;
Be virtuous ; 'tis ample store ;
 So live all your days in joy.
What avails the hoarded ore,
 Which men do not well employ ?

LXVI.

Come, come, let us drink ! of what comfort are tears ?
While waiting to welcome the herald who bears
 The news of sweet truce,
Absolve we our conscience with this good grape-juice.

*Car aussi bien que seruiront noz biens ?
Aux heritiers on laisse des moyens
Dont ilz font chere lie :
Faisons la, cependant que nous sommes en vie.*

*Ne soyons poinct si vilains & hagardz,
Que de laisser ce bon vin aux foldardz
Qui nous font tant d'oultrage !
S'ilz le beuuoient sans nous, ce feroit grand dommage.*

*Laiſſons, voisin, ces messieurs deuifer :
Je boiray tout, si tu me veux plegier ;
Mais apres, n'en fay doute,
Tu fortiras dehors, si tu en laisses goutte.*

*On ne diroit qu'une mouche y eust beu :
Or, boy, ainsi que boire tu m'as veu,
En depit de la guerre ;
Cela ne nuira poinct a ceux qui sont en terre.*

LXVII.

*O gentil ioly mois de may,
Qui es le plus beau de l'année.
Tu dix & neuſiesme journée,
Dy moy quand ie la reuoiray,
Celle qui est tant a mon gré ?*

*La feste qui fait oublier
Les procez aux gens de pratique,
Pour vider un verre authentique,
Nettoyans leur plaideur gosier
Tont rauque a force de crier.*

*Que les auares aduocas
Gaignent a se rompre la teste :
Pournu qui ie fois de leur feste,
Certes ne me fouciray pas
De leurs procez ny de leurs fas.*

For pray of what use will our property be ?
We leave it to heirs, who in revels make free
Our favings to spend :
Let's do fo ourfelves, ere we come to our end.

Don't let us fuch villains and haggards be found
As leave this good wine to the plunderers round,
Who outrage us fo :
That they drank it without us, 'twere pity to know.

Such gentry may plot, and may plan, my good friend :
If you will but pledge me, I'll drink to the end :
But then, without doubt,
If you leave a drop in, you will soon be put out.

You swallow fo little, you drink like a fly :
You've feen me drink often,—do you drink as I,
In spite of war-strife ;
It won't hurt the fallen, no longer in life.

LXVII.

O fweet and lovely month of May !
The fairest that in all the year
Comes round, to me be pleased to fay
How soon once more thy nineteenth day
Shall dawn, a day to me fo dear ?

The Feast, when counsellors resign
Their law, and practice abrogate,
To quaff authentic flask of wine,
And lave their throats, which pleadings fine
Had rendered hoarse with shrill debate.

Let Advocates who lust for gold
Make lucre of their bawling task :
I certainly shall lightly hold
Their bags, and briefs which they enfold,
If to their Feast they will me ask.

*Mieux vaut vuider & affaillir
Un pot qu'un procez difficile.
Au moins cela m'est plus utile ;
Car les procez me font vieillir :
Le bon vin me fait raieunir.*

*A un bon biberon jamais
Calotte en teste ne fut veue.
A vous, messieurs de la cohue !
Faites ainsi, & me pleges,
Et plus ne vous entre manges.*

LXVIII.

*Puisque bon temps ne dure plus,
Je veux le siecle habandonner :
En un monastere reclus
Mes jours il me faut confiner,
Ou ceux qui le vin vont crier
Je ne puisse ouïr ny entendre ;
Car, pour mon vieil amy trouver,
Faudroit le froc quicter ou vendre.*

*Tous les droles, mes compaignons,
Quand d'eux me viendra fouuenir,
Auront part en mes oraisons ;
Mais de vin s'il fault s'abstenir,
Helas ! on me voira gemir,
N'en beuuant a leur fouuenance :
Mais pourray ie poinct obtenir
Pour cest effect quelque dispence ?*

*Au couuent encor ie ne suis ;
De cecy ie puis bien gousler :
J'en ray boire a vous, mes amis !
Diés moy : " Grand mercy, frater ! "
Las ! comme pourray ie quicter
Une si douce compaignie ?
Et qui viendra reconforter
Au couuent ma dolente vie ?*

'Tis better to affail and drain
 A wine-pot than a stiff law cafe.
Lawfuits make me grow old amain,—
The good wine makes me young again ;—
 Let me, at least, the wine embrace !

No true boon comrade e'er was found
 With covered head. In mode polite,
Hats off !—Law gentlemen all round,
Your healths !—And pledge me as you're bound ;—
 And,—don't each other tear and bite !

LXVIII.

Since forry times are rife,
 Recluse I mean to dwell :
And pafs my monkish life
 In monastery cell,
Where I can't hear nor see
 The criers of the wine ;
Nor, till from cowl fet free,
 Rejoin that friend of mine.

All my companions rare,
 When thoughts of them crofs me,
My orisons will share ;
 But if wine there can't be,
Alas ! they'll see me moan
 Over the vacant pot :—
Could not for me alone
 Be dispensation got ?

My convent life here ends :
 I well can taste this wine :
I drink to you : my friends,
 Say ;—" *Frater*, thanks be thine."
Alas ! how could I leave
 So sweet a company ?
In convent, did I grieve,
 Who'd foothe my misery ?

*Voila le fondz tout apparent :
 Voyez : je n'y ay rien laiffé.
 Ce feroit dommage vrayment
 Que ce beau verre fust cassé
 Par quelque valet insensé,
 Ou chambriere mal apprise.
 Bon vin en verre bien raincé
 Boire d'autant ! c'est ma deuise !*

LXIX.

*Puisque, beaux basilez, qui tuez par la veue,
 Je tiens ma liberté que j'estimois perdue,
 Beaux yeux, assurez vous qu'on ne me vaira pas
 Retomber en voz laes !*

*L'experience ores me deburoit faire sage :
 On euite les lieux ou l'on a faict naufrage.
 Sage n'est le marchand qui est encor allé
 Par ou l'on l'a volé.*

*Pour n'y retomber poinct, que me fault il donc faire ?
 Est ce poinct le meilleur de ne songer qu'a boire,
 Si ces beueurs, lesquels sont tousiours sur le vin,
 N'ont poinct d'amour au sein ?*

*Pour chasser cest amour, lequel me fantasie,
 Je ne veux espargner ny vin ny Maluoisie,
 Me deust il faire mal ! Petit mal j'ayme fort,
 Qui plus grand mal endort.*

*J'ayme mieux employer en beuuettes gentilles
 L'argent qu'il faudroit mettre a courtoiser les filles.
 Vn beau tainct rouge & fraiz par Bacchus en acquert :
 Par Venus, on le pert.*

I've drained it now. In fact,
Nothing is left within.
To have that fair glaſs cracked,
Were truly a great fin,
By lacquey,—ſtupid aſs !—
Or maid, not over-nice :—
“ *Good wine, in well-riſed glaſs,*
“ *Drink out !*”—is my device !

LXIX.

Since, beauteous baſilisks, who by a ſingle glance can kill,
My liberty, which I thought loſt, I find is with me ſtill,
Bright eyes, be ſure that ne'er again for me need any net
Henceforth by you be fet.

Experience henceforth, I know, will render me more wiſe ;
We dread the place where ſhipwreck lately loſt our merchandiſe :
That merchant is not ſage who would the pathway travel o'er
Where he was robbed before.

What then have I to do, to try of damage to beware ?
Would not the wiſeſt plan be found, for drink alone to care,
If thoſe good fellows who the joys of wine do always prove,
Have hearts ſecure from love ?

To exile far away this love, which grieves my fancy,
I will not ſpare the beſt of wine, nor yet of Malvoſie ;
Can that hurt me ? If ſo, I far prefer a little ill,
If it the greater kill.

I'd rather uſe in pleaſant taverns, of the better fort,
The money which I ſhould expend were I fair girls to court ;
For Bacchus gives the roſy tint and countenance of joy,
Which Venus would deſtroy.

LXX.

*Plusieurs, en se scandalisant
De noz chançons du Vau de Vire,
Secrettement s'en vont disant
Qu'elles ne font que nous induire
A boire d'autant & a rire
Et faire en table maint excès.
Mais telles gens, qui ne font que mesdire,
Sur rien fonderoient vn procès.*

*Quand vn Vaudeuire est chanté,
A boire on ne contrainct personne,
S'il n'a soif & nécessité.
Je suis d'aduis que l'on ordonne,
Pour ces gens qui trouuent l'eau bonne,
Et veulent sur tout censurer,
Ayant chanté, que pour boire on leur donne
De l'eau, de peur de s'enyurer.*

*Quand nous difons vne chançon,
Qui de boire nous admoneste,
De peur qu'en aucune façon
Le vin ne nous trouble la teste,
Honnestement faisons requeste
Qu'on ait a nous en dispenser,
Or n'en beuons, sinon vne goutte,
Si de boire on nous veut presser.*

*L'auteur de ces chançons icy
Ne les fist pour contraindre a boire,
Mais pour chasser de luy foucy,
Quand il n'estoit a l'auditoire.
Il ne pensoit rendre notoire
Son nom, quand il les composoit :
Au moins, messieurs, ne blasmes sa memoire,
Si quelque yurongne en abusoit.*

LXX.

Some furly perfons, menacing disgrace

To our poor carols of the Vau-de-Vire,

In fecret whifper all about the place

That they teach nothing elfe than, as they hear,

To drink too much, and make too merry cheer,

And, when at table, to commit excefs.

But fuch folks, who do nothing elfe than sneer,

Would found, on no good grounds, litigiousnefs.

When Vau-de-Vire is fung in company,

No gueft is ever unto drink constrained,

If he thirft not, nor feel neceffity.

I think, indeed, that it fhould be ordained,

For thofe who water's virtues have maintained,

And feek, above all things, to ban and blame,

That when they've fung, pure water fhould be drained

By them. They won't get drunk upon the fame.

When we, too, fing a hearty drinking-fong,

Admonifhing us ftill to drink the beft,

Left any-wife, in any fafhion wrong,

Our head might by the liquor be oppreffed,

We make, in loyal manner, our request

That we may be excufed, of courtefy :

Or drink, at moft, but a mere drop, if preffed,

Out of politenefs and civility.

The author of thefe fongs which here you find,

Compoſed them, not to teach debauchery,

But to chafe care from his own lonely mind

When he was abſent from the company.

He never dreamed of notoriety,

When ſo he wrote them, for his humble name :

So, Sirs, at leaſt don't charge his memory,

If drunkard ſhould abuſe them, with ſuch blame.

LXXI.

*Que Noé fut vn patriarche digne !
Car ce fut luy qui nous planta la vigne
Et beut premier le ius de son raisin.
O le bon vin !*

*Mais tu estois, Lycurgue, mal habile,
Qui ne voulus qu'on beust vin en ta ville.
Je ne scay pas ou tendoit ton dessein,
O le bon vin !*

*Qui boit bon vin, il fait bien la besongne.
On voit souvent vieillir un bon yurongne,
Et mourir jeune un sçauant medecin.
O le bon vin !*

*Le vin n'est point de ces mauuais breuuages
Qui beus par trop font faillir les courages :
J'ay, quand j'en boy, le courage herculin.
O le bon vin !*

*Puisque Noé, vn si sainct personnage,
De boire bien nous a monstré l'usage,
Je boiray tout. Fay comme moy, voisin !
O le bon vin !*

LXXII.

*Que l'on fasse cet' eau seruir
Ou a faire le pot bouillir,
Ou a tramer la mourue !
Icy n'en entrera ia !
L'eau le monde submergera,
Et la terre en fut perdue.*

*Qu'on en arrouse le iardin !
Mais d'en aller gaster ce vin,
Seroit ce pas grand' offence ?*

LXXI.

Noah was truly a patriarch good !
Planting the vine after days of the flood,
He the first drank his own grape-liquor fine.
O the good wine !

But, O Lycurgus, how foolish wert thou,
Wine in thy city who didst disallow,—
What upon earth could have been thy design ?
O the good wine !

He who drinks good wine doth happiness seize.
Jolly old toppers oft live at their ease,
While he dies young who pores over medicine.
O the good wine !

Wine is no liquid of qualities queer,
Which in excess will make gallant men fear.
Drinking it, Hercules' courage is mine.
O the good wine !

Since such a holy man taught us the lore
How to drink well, I will drink all the more.
Pray let my practice, O neighbour, be thine.
O the good wine !

LXXII.

Be this water put to use
Kettle-boiling to produce,
Or to steep salt codfish in !
Here shall none of it be found !
For by it the world was drowned,
And the earth destroyed for sin.

Fill the garden watering-pot
With it ; but this wine spoil not.
That would be a high offence.

*Quand ie boy le vin tout pur,
C'est tout vn : ie n'ay pas peur
Que pour ce ma femme tance.*

*C'est, c'est mon vray roffignolet,
Qu'un crieur de bon vin claiet :
L'eau ne faiet que mal au ventre.
Quel bien faiet elle aux gosiers,
Qui n'en faiet pas aux fouliers
Et bottes, quand ell' y entre ?*

*Que l'on fasse cet' eau feruir
Ou a faire le pot bouillir,
Ou a trumper la mourue !
Icy n'en entrera ia.
L'eau le monde submergea,
Et la terre en fut perdue.*

LXXIII.

*Qui est comme moy bon beueur
Ne crainet tant trouuer vn voleur
Comme vn mauuais breuage :
Car d'un voleur on se deffend ;
Mais celui qui mauuais vin prend
Perd bien tost tout courage.*

*Je voudrois, mauuais vin beuant,
Me veoir la gorge au mesme instant
Bien courte deuenue ;
Mais, quand le bon vin je boirois,
Que le col i'eusse encor trois fois
Aussi long qu'une grue.*

*Quant a l'eau ne me parlez poinet
D'en boire, si n'y suis contrainet,
Ou si ne suis hermite ;
Encor faudroit il quelquefois
Que vin ie beusse dans les bois,
Ou ie mourois bien vif.*

When the wine I drink is pure,
Then I dread not to endure
My wife's scolding virulence.

He's true nightingale of mine,
Who fings out good rofy wine :
Water-drink the stomach hates.

Why should throats that fluid ufe,
Which does harm to boots and shoes,
When inside it penetrates?

Be this water put to ufe
Kettle-boiling to produce ;
Or to steep falt codfish in !
Here let none of it be found !
For by it the world was drowned,
And the earth destroyed for fin.

LXXIII.

He who, like me, drinks well and long,
Fears lefs to meet with robber-wrong
Than with bad tap of wine :
Against a robber we can fight ;
But him who drinks bad liquor, fright
Soon brings to woe condign.

I wifh, when drinking wine that's bad,
That my throat on a fudden had
Become of fhorteft ftrain ;
But when I drink of wine that's nice,
Then I could wifh my neck were thrice
As long as that of crane.

For water-drinking, don't to me
Speak of it, unlefs forced I be,
Or I as hermit live ;
And even then, unlefs I fould
Drink wine fometime amid the wood,
I could not long furvive.

*Je scay bien que ie bois des mieux.
 Mais j'en reffemble a mes ayeux ;
 Il faut fuyure noz peres.
 En laissant les vieilles façons,
 Jamais si bien que nous penfons
 N'iront droict noz affaires.*

LXXIV.

*Quand fuis fans verre & breuage,
 C'est fans coque vn limaçon,
 Sans liurée, c'est vn page,
 C'est vn escolier fans leçon.*

*C'est vn chasseur fans fa trompe,
 Sans braguette vn lanfquenet,
 C'est vn nauire fans pompe,
 C'est vn berger fans flageolet.*

*C'est vn foldat fans panache,
 C'est fans pifre vn tabourin,
 C'est vn charpentier fans hache,
 C'est vn orpheure fans burin.*

*Sans vin ie perds contenance :
 C'est ce qui mieux me conuient,
 Comme au cheualier la lance,
 Et la baguette a vn fergeant.*

*Je vous annonce la guerre ;
 Pour l'amour de mon amy
 Que voicy dedans ce verre,
 Je ne boiray poinct a demy.*

LXXV.

*Qui est celui qui est gifant
 Soubz ceste froide sepulture ?
 — Un riche auare qui viuant
 Ne beuuoit que l'eau toute pure.*

I well know that I drink good store.
 So did my ancestors before ;
 Whom we should imitate.
 If we forsake the good old ways,
 Never, whate'er our fancy says,
 Will our affairs go straight.

LXXIV.

Without my glafs and beverage,
 I am an unshelled snail ;
 Without a livery, a page ;
 Student, where lessons fail.

A hunter, but without his trumpet ;
 A breeches-legs recruit ;
 A vessel, but without a pump ;
 A shepherd, without flute.

A warrior, without a crest ;
 A fife without fife ;
 A joiner, of no axe possessed ;
 A goldsmith without knife.

Wine-legs, I feel as in a trance :
 Wine-full, I'm right again,
 As to the knight is his good lance,
 To squire is his cane.

A war I now proclaim to thee ;
 For love of my dear friend,
 Whom in this drinking-glass you see,
 Half-measures will not end.

LXXV.

Who is he that lies below,
 Under this cold sepulchre ?
 —A rich miser ; who, we know,
 Drank in life but water pure.

*Quelle mort l'a faiët trepasser ?
— Il est mort d'une foif cruelle,
Pour n'auoir voulu rechauffer
D'un verre de vin sa fourcelle.*

*Pourquoy ne croist sur son tombeau
Que du chardron qui l'environne ?
— Qui n'a jamais beu que de l'eau
Ne produiët herbe qui soit bonne.*

*Pourquoy est ce un Pater noster
Que pas un ores ne luy donne ?
— Pour ce qu'ayant vin en chantier,
Il n'en faisoit boire a personne.*

*Est il mort sans estre ploré ?
— Quel ducil voulez vous qu'on en fasse ?
Qui comme luy meurt alteré,
Il faiët trop grand' honte a sa race.*

*Vrayment tu es bien ou tu es :
T'es heritiers comme ie pense,
De ton bon vin faisant gros nez
Laueront bien leur conscience.*

LXXVI.

*Roffignolet musicien,
Au printemps tu chantes fort bien,
Quand tu vas saluant l'aurore ;
Mais si j'estois roffignolet,
Beuant de ce bon vin clairer,
Je chanterois bien mieux encore.*

*Vray est que moy qui suis inclin
A dormir a l'aïse au matin,
Ne chanterois de si bonne heure ;
Mais ayant un peu sommeillé
Puis de vin ma sale mouillé,
Ma chanson seroit bien meilleure.*

What disease brought on his end?
—Of a cruel thirst he died;
Since no wine did e'er descend
To enliven his inside.

Wherefore grows upon his grave
Nothing save those thistles bare?
—Water-drinkers' corpses have
Never borne a plant that's fair.

Why no *Pater Noster* said?
Why no mass, nor holy hymn?
—Of his wine, in cellar laid,
No one got a draught from him.

Did none sorrow for his death?
—Pray, what mourning would you have?
Who dies parched like him, his breath
Yields for a dishonoured grave.

Where you lie, you are well placed:
Your executors, I think,
Your choice wines will freely taste,
And absolve themselves in drink.

LXXVI.

Nightingale, musician sweet,
Thou dost well the spring-time greet,
Bright Aurora welcoming;
But, were nightingale's voice mine,
Drinking of this rosy wine,
Far more sweetly I should sing.

True it is, that I, who love
In the morn long sleep to prove,
Should not quite so early trill:
But if I could sometime sleep,
And my throat wine-moistened keep,
My song would be better still.

*D'aussi bon matin toutes fois
Que toy, leuer ie me pourrois,
Selon le vin qu'il faudroit boire :
Car pour bien me defendormir,
Du bon vin qu'on me vienne offrir,
J'ouuriray bien tost la paupiere.*

LXXVII.

*Sur mer ne veux par folie
En hazard mettre ma vie,
Pour augmenter mes moyens.
Pourucu qu'a mon grè ie boyue,
Et que mon peu ie conserue,
Ça bas ie ne veux plus riens.*

*Plus tost quitterois ma terre
Que le pot & que le verre !
Je suis deia vieillard gris,
Le vin tous mes maux appaise
Et m'ose vne toux mauuaise
Qui me tient toutes les nuitz.*

*Le vin mes forces refueille :
Quand ie n'en boy poinct, ma vicille
En ha le cuer fort estrainct ;
Car, au soir, quand ie me couche,
Je luy dy, s' elle me touche :
" Non, je ne le feray poinct."*

*Vien donc, vin de couleur belle,
Me rechauffant la fourcelle,
Garir mon rheume & ma toux !
Pour moy, qui suis vieux bon homme,
N'est sain le ius de la pomme :
Le vin est propre pour nous.*

And I could, at morning red,
Quite as early quit my bed,
 Just according to the wine.
Were I asked good wine to take,
Soon my eyelid would awake :
 Quite as foon, O bird, as thine !

LXXVII.

I don't wish at all to be
Risking life upon the sea,
 To increase my store.
Let me drink quite unrestrained,
And, my little means retained,
 Here I want no more.

Rather let me lose my land
Than the wine-cup leave my hand !
 Now I'm gray and grave,
Wine doth cure all my disease,
And a tiresome cough appease,
 Which all night I have.

Wine invigorates my force :
When I drink not, then of course
 My old wife can tell ;
For at eve, when I take rest,
She no longer is carest,
 As I don't feel well.

Come then, wine of colour fine,
Warming up this throat of mine,
 Cold and cough to cure !
With an old good-man like me,
Apple-juice will not agree :
 Wine's the thing, I'm sure !

LXXVIII.

*Si noz malheurs bien tost ne prennent fin,
Tristes malheurs qui trauaillent la France,
J'ay peur, Oliuier Basselin,
Qu'on ne te mette en oubliance.*

*Las ! Basselin, avecques le bon temps
Que tu auois, faisant tes Vau de Vire,
S'en sont allez les bonnes gens,
Lefquelz les fouloient si bien dire !*

*Sur le bon vin si les voulois chanter,
L'vsurier tance, & l'aure en murmure,
Disant que nous irons quester,
Et, rechignez, nous font iniure.*

*Des bons beueurs ioyeux ie fay grand cas ;
Ilz n'ont jamais les ames si meschantes
Que ces vilains, qui n'osent pas
Boire, pour accroistre leurs rentes.*

*Or, nous allons, Oliuier Basselin,
Noz verres pleins vuider en ta memoire.
Puisque bon nous trouuons ce vin,
Haut ! hault le bras ! Il faut tout boire.*

LXXIX.

*Si voulez que ie cause & profche,
Et parle latin proprement,
Tenez ma bouche tousiours fraische.
De bon vin l'arroufant fouuent ;
Car ie vous dis certainement :
Quand j'ay secche la bouche,
Je n'ay pas plus d'entendement
Ny d'esprit qu'une fouche.*

LXXVIII.

If our misfortunes find not speedy end,
 These sad misfortunes, which in France we see,
I fear, Olivier Baffelin, old friend,
 That soon will come forgetfulness of thee.

Ah, Baffelin ! with the brave olden times
 When thou didst improvise thy Vaux-de-Vire,
The brave companions, too, are gone ; thy rhymes
 Who well could chant, their revelry to cheer !

When I would find them now, o'er our good wine,
 Ufurers scold us, and the misers cry,
Saying that we in beggary shall pine ;
 Those louts insult us everlastingly.

Ye joyous comrades, 'tis for you I care ;
 You never have so niggardly a soul
As those malicious wretches, who won't dare
 To drink, for fear of robbing their rent-roll.

But now, Olivier Baffelin ! a glass
 We'll drain,—a full one,—to thy memory.
And, since this wine for excellent may pass,
 Raise, raise the arm ! To thee we'll drink it dry !

LXXIX.

If you want me to chat and preach,
 And Latin speak correctly,
Keep my mouth watered, I beseech,
 With good wine circumspectly.
 For unto this I stick,
 That when my throat is dry,
My wit is dull, my sense is thick,
 No intellect have I.

*Mais tost mon esprit se desgele
 Lorsque ie mouille le gosier ;
 Et je me remetz en ceruelle
 Potz & verres a manier.
 Le bon vin me faiët refuciller,
 Alors que ie sommeille,
 Et plus causer & jargonner
 Qu'une vicille qui teille.*

*Or demandez bien a ma mere,
 Soit au soir ou soit au matin,
 Alors que l'on m'a faiët bien boire,
 Si je parle pas bon latin :
 Elle dira par Saint Copin
 Que j'y fuis habile homme.
 Qui me faiët scauant ? C'est ce vin,
 Et ce bon ius de pomme.*

LXXX.

*Si i'ay vn amy, quand ie boy,
 Je voudrois qu'il beust avec moy
 Du meilleur vin que l'on peust boire ;
 Car, pour moy, ie le vay jugeant :
 Plus grand bien on ne me peult faire
 Que de bon vin en m'abreuuant.*

*Mais si j'auois vn ennemy,
 Qu'il ne beust jamais qu'a demy,
 Quoy qu'il eust vne soif extreme ;
 Encor que ce ne fust pas vin,
 Que son breuuage fust de mesme
 Ce qui faiët tourner le moulin.*

*Ce luy feroit affliction
 Plus grande, a mon oppinion,
 Qu'aux Enfers n'est celle a Tantale ;
 Encor plus grande, que ie croy,
 S'il desiroit oindre sa sale
 De bon vin, autant comme moy.*

But speedily my spirit thaws,
 If wine my gullet soften ;
 Then brain and wit awake, because
 The cups and cans come often.
 Good wine drives off my sleep,
 Quite wide-awake I feel,
 And greater chatter keep
 Than dame at spinning-wheel.

Go, ask my mother :—Does she think,
 At ev'ning, or at morning,
 When I have had a hearty drink,
 My Latin merits scorning?
 She'll vow, by Sainte Chopine,
 I clever work produce.
 Who teach me? 'Tis this wine,
 And this good apple-juice !

LXXX.

If fate to me in drinking gave
 A friend, then he should surely have
 The very best wine to be got ;
 Since of all things I hold it first
 That greater kindness you cannot
 Show unto me when I feel thirst.
 But if it were an enemy,
 Half-measures only he should try,
 Although extreme his thirst should rage ;
 And those, too, not of wine : but still
 Should have, as his sole beverage,
 The stream that turns the water-mill.

He then would suffer greater woe
 Than Tantalus in shades below,
 Unless I very much mistake ;
 Still greater, if of his dry throat
 He longed, like me, the thirst to slake
 With that good wine on which I doat.

LXXXI.

*Se treuvent trois lettres en vin,
Qui font Vigueur, Ioie, Nouriture,
Et denotent bien sa nature,
Comme dict fort bien mon voisin.*

*Le bon vin redonne vigueur
Et force au corps qui est malade,
Et chasse la tristesse fade ;
Nourrist le corps, purge le cuer,*

*Fait de la bile eiection ;
Le sang espois il subtilise,
Et nostre appetit il aguise
Et aide a la diggestion.*

*Et bref, le vin, pris sobrement,
Est toujours vne bonne chose.
Je n'en prendray que ceste dose :
Prenez la vostre mesmement.*

*Je me sens bien reconforté :
O belle & bonne creature !
Tu as, de ce coup, ie te iure,
Ma toux & mon rheume emporté.*

LXXXII.

*Tous les sept fages Gregeois
Beuvoient bien chacun deux fois ;
Nous en boirons doncq bien trois,
Qui tant fages ne sommes pas.
Il y en a qui ne sont pas
Que d'hypocras.*

*Je n'ayme sucre ni miel ;
Il n'est theriacque tel
Que vin en son naturel.*

LXXXI.

Three letters which in VIN are found,
 Mean *Vigour, Joy, and Nutriment* :
 My neighbour well fays, thus are meant
Three gifts that in good wine abound.

Fresh vigour it will foon impart
 To frame that long in ficknefs pined ;
 Cheer up the melancholy mind,
Nourish the body, purge the heart,

Produce ejection of the bile ;
 Congested blood 'twill render light,
 Will sharpen up the appetite,
And help digeftion all the while.

In fhort, wine, drunk in fober guife,
 Is always a good thing to take.
 With this dofe only, thirft I flake :
My worthy friend, take yours likewife.

Much comfort I already find :
 O creature excellent and fair !
 By that one draught, I have, I fwear,
Left all my cough and cold behind.

LXXXII.

All the feven Greek wife men
Drank, at leaft, each twice ; fo then
We will thrice the goblet drain,
Who for minor fages pafs.
Some there are who prize, alas !
 Nought fave hypocras.

Sugar, honey, are no treat
To me : nor is cure complete
Wanting wine of flavour meet.

*Diray ie hypocras mal basti
Valoir mieux que vin de Saincti ?
J'aurois menti.*

*Aux accouchées laissons
Ces doucereuses boiffons :
Ce bon sildre careffons.
Mauuais vin, bon pommé le vault.
Vous scauez ce que faire il fault,
Quand il faict chault.*

*Varlet, qui bon maistre fert,
Doibt boire a luy, descouuert.
A vous, messieurs. S'il appert
Que je n'en laisse aucunement,
C'est signe que ce restorent
Est excellent.*

LXXXIII.

*Tout a l'entour de noz rampars
Les ennemis font en furie :
Sauuez noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

*Prenez plus tost de nous, soldartz,
Tout ce dont vous auez enuie :
Sauuez noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

*Nous pourrons au moins en beuant
Chasser nostre melancholie :
Sauuez noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

*L'ennemy, qui est cy deuant
Ne nous veult faire courtoisie.
Vuidons noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

*Au moins, s'il prend nostre cité,
Qu'il n'y trouue plus que la lie :
Vuidons noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

Hypocras to glorify
More than good wine of Saincti,
Were to tell a lie.

Such fweet drinks let us refign
To fick dames : this cider fine
Praise we as a drink divine.
Than bad wine it does lefs harm.
You know what will work a charm
When the weather's warm !

He who ferves a mafter good,
Drinking to him, doffs his hood.
Your good healths ! 'Tis understood
That if not a drop remain,
This refreshing draught we drain
Is quite pure from ftain.

LXXXIII.

The fierce befieging hoft
Prefs hot our ramparts round :
Keep our casks fafe and found !

Sooner all elfe be loft
That plunderers have found :
Keep our casks fafe and found !

That with the wine-cup's flow
Mirth may again abound ;
Keep our casks fafe and found !

But as th' advancing foe
Would fain our arms confound,
Drain our casks fafe and found !

That, if he take our town,
The lees alone be found ;
Drain our casks fafe and found !

*Deussions nous marcher de costé,
Ce bon fildre n'espargnons mie :
Vuidons noz tonneaux, ie vous prie !*

LXXXIV.

*Toujours avecques moy je porte
Un fort bon entonnoir a vin.
Je n'emprunte en aucune sorte
L'entonnoir de nostre voisin.
Le mien m'a tant coulé d'argent,
Que c'est une chose infinie :
Aussi m'a t il toute ma vie
Servy continuellement.*

*Gosier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laisse entrer en ma fourcelle
Brenuage, s'il n'est excellent !*

*J'ayme une bonne compaignie
Plus volontiers qu'un bon repas,
Pour passer ma melancholie
Qui m'advanceroit le trespas.
Prez mes amis honnestement
J'ayme mieux boire & mouiller l'anche,
Que manger mon pain en ma manche,
N'ayant jamais contentement.*

*Gosier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laisse entrer en ma fourcelle
Brenuage, s'il n'est excellent !*

*J'ayme tant ceste melodie
De nos Van de Vire nouveaux !
Je say jure la compaignie
Que les vieux ne sont point plus beaux.*

If we muſt march, quaff down
This cider, all around :—
Drain our casks ſafe and found !

LXXXIV.

I always have by me
A funnel, prime for wine,
Nor any-wife make free
To borrow aught but mine.
Such funs my funnel coſt,
That 'tis above all praife :
And throughout all my days,
It never has been loſt.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be !

I love good company
Better than grand repaſt,
To keep melancholy
From ending me at laſt :
To have my mouth-piece full
And moiſt, with friends, I own,
Than gnaw my cruſt alone,
And ſo be always dull.

O throat, whom Heaven's decree
My funnel true did make,
Let me no liquors take
But ſuch as choiceſt be !

How ſweet this melody
Of our new Vaux-de-Vire !
Judge all the company,—
The old are not more dear !

*Si j'estois vn homme opulent,
Je ferois chere magnifique
A tous ceux qui ceste musique
Me chanteroient journellement.*

*Gofier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laisse entrer en ma fourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'est excelent !*

*Breuuage, rempli d'excellence,
Je te donne ton passeport :
Passe ! tu as toute licence ;
Refucille l'esprit qui s'endort.
Si ta force & vertu surprend
Et brouille nostre fantaisie,
Faut dormir vne heure & demie,
Et ne cueillir poinct trop le vent.*

*Gofier, qui naturellement
Es mon entonnoir tres fidelle,
Ne laisse entrer en ma fourcelle
Breuuage, s'il n'est excelent !*

LXXXV.

*Voyant en ces valons Virois
Des moulins foulcurs la ruine,
Ou noz chantz prindrent origine,
Regrettant leur temps ie disois :
" Ou font ces moulins, o valons,
" Source de noz chantz biberons ! "*

*Le trafic de nos peres vieux
Estoit iadis en drapperie.
Le bon Basselin, lors en vie,
Se refouissoit avec eux.
Ou font ces moulins, o valons,
Source de noz chantz biberons !*

Did I in wealth abound,
 I should in royal way
 Feast those who, day by day,
 Would treat me to that found.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
 My funnel true did make,
 Let me no liquors take
 But such as choicest be !

Most goodly drink, depart :
 Thou hast thy passport : go !
 Awake the sleeping heart,
 Pass freely to and fro.
 If thine excelling strength
 In dreams our wits should sleep,
 An hour and half's found sleep
 Will set all right at length.

O throat, whom Heav'n's decree
 My funnel true did make,
 Let me no liquors take
 But such as choicest be !

LXXXV.

I saw, where Vire through valleys flows,
 The fulling-mills in ruins laid,
 The mills from which our songs arose ;
 And, mourning the past time, I said :—
 " Where are the mills, O valleys fair !
 " The source of many a drinking-air ? "

The traffic of our fires of yore
 Was in the cloth they made and fold.
 Good Baffelin,—(alas, no more !)—
 With them his joyous music trolled.
 Where are the mills, O valleys fair !
 The source of many a drinking-air ?

*Aux moulins qui fouloient leurs draps
 Sur ceste riviere iolie,
 Beuvoient d'autant, par drolerie,
 Pommé qui valoit hypocras,
 Ou font ces moulins, o valons,
 Source de noz chantz biberons ?*

*Baffelin faisoit leurs chansons
 Qu'on nomma partant Vaudeuire,
 Et leur enseignoit a les dire
 En mille gentilles façons.
 Ou font ces moulins, o valons,
 Source de noz chantz biberons ?*

*Or bien ce bon temps est passé.
 De toutes choses vne pose !
 Va dans mon cors & t'y repose :
 Benoißt soit il qui t'a versé !
 Ou font ces moulins, o valons,
 Source de noz chantz biberons ?*

LXXXVI.

*Voicy tous gens de courage,
 Lcsquelz s'en vont en voyage
 Jusque par dela les mons.
 Faire ce pelerinage
 Sans boire nous ne pouuons.*

*Que la bouteille on n'oublie,
 En regrettant Normandie.
 A l'ombre nous nous ferons,
 Si le chemin nous ennuye,
 Et l'un a l'autre boirons.*

*Beuons ! deia ie me lasse.
 Vn chacun sa calabasse
 Remplira par les chemins,
 En disant : " Donnez, de grace,
 A boire a ces pelerins ! "*

In mills that fulled their drapery,
Where that bright river's currents pass,
They deeply drank, in jollity,
Cider worth more than hypocras.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair !
The source of many a drinking-air ?

Baffelin framed their drinking-lays,
As Vaux-de-Vire so widely known ;
And taught a thousand charming ways
Of finging their melodious tone.
Where are the mills, O valleys fair !
The source of many a drinking-air ?

But to that good old time, a clofe.
To all things human, cometh rest !
Within me, wine ! take thy repose :
May he who poured thee out be blest !
Where are the mills, O valleys fair !
The source of many a drinking-air ?

LXXXVI.

Here we are all, of courage found,
Upon our pilgrim-journey, bound
For distant hill and vale.
But if no drink be found,
Our pilgrimage must fail.

Though we our Normandy regret,
The bottle let us ne'er forget.
We'll in the shade repose,
If long the road ; while yet,
Around, our wine-cup flows.

Let's drink ! already I'm foot-fore.
Let each his calabash with more
Replenish ;—" Give, we pray,
" These pilgrims drink in store,
" To help them on their way."

*Compagnon, vuide la tienne,
Ainsi que j'ay faiēt la mienne !
Quelque chance nous viendra,
Mais que la soif nous reprenne,
Qui noz flacons remplira.*

LXXXVII.

*Viue le roy ! voicy la Patience :
Plus ne nous faut vainement redoubter
Ces Espagnolz, vieux ennemis de France,
Lefquelz vouloient ce royaulme vsurper ;
Car ilz s'en font retournez tous honteux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?*

*Ces faux ligueurs nous nourrissoient la guerre,
Qui nous a faiēt oublier noz chansons.
Ilz ne nous ont rien laiffé que la terre ;
Et, en vuidant noz tonneaux & poinffons,
Nous ont osté ce qu'aymions le mieux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?*

*Mais maintenant qu'ilz font a vau de route,
Et que failly ilz ont a leurs desseins,
Beuons d'autant ! Ne nous chaille qu'il couste !
Car noz tonneaux peut estre seront pleins,
Et l'an qui vient nous rendra tous ioyeux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?*

*N'oublions poinēt noz gentilz Vau de Vire ;
Honnestement les faut encor chanter ;
Si tu en scais, voisin, il les faut dire !
En attendant, vn peu ie vay gousler :
Fay comme moy, tu en chanteras mieux.
Helas ! pourquoy viuent ces enuieux ?*

Companion pilgrim, empty thine,
As I, a pilgrim, empty mine !
 May fome chance blefs us fill ;
And, if we thirst, with wine
 Our calabash refill !

LXXXVII.

Long live the King ! Peace comes to fword and lance :
 And ne'er again regard we for an hour
The Spaniards, ancient enemies of France,
 Who fain would have ufurped this kingdom's pow'r ;
For they have back been driven fhamefully.
Alas ! why can't thofe envious ones die ?

Thofe leaguers false maintained the hostile bands
 Who made us all forget our poetry.
They now have left us nothing but our lands ;
 And, drinking all our casks and rundlets dry,
Have pillaged our moft valued property.
Alas ! why can't thofe envious ones die ?

But meanwhile, fince in rout their caufe is loft,
 And they have failed in all their foul designs,
Let's freely drink ! No matter for the coft !
 Our casks perhaps will foon be full of wines.
The coming year will blefs us joyoufly.
Alas ! why can't thofe envious ones die ?

Let us forget not our fweet Vaux-de-Vire ;
 Again let's carol them in honeft hafte ;
If you know one, my friend, come fing it here !
 Meanwhile, a goblet full I fain would tafte :
Do as I do ; you'll fing more charmingly.
Alas ! why can't thofe envious ones die ?

LXXXVIII.

*Voyant messieurs de Parlement,
Avec leur rouge accoustrement,
Du bon vin clairet j'eus mocmoire ;
Mais conseiller ny president
Ne me pria iamais de boire.*

*Je juray que dorenavant
Je n'y ferois plus appellant
Qu'aux cabarets les plus notables,
La soif, ma partie, intimant
Deuant les beuveurs, mes semblables.*

*J'ayme mieux y perdre vn proces
Que deuant tant de gossiers secs
Qui ne respirent que le code ;
Et puis, sans faire si grandz frais,
En beuvant fouuent on accorde.*

*Depenceons plusloft nostre argent
A nous donner bon traictement,
Sans aller courir a la Bouille.
L'hyuer il ne passe aisement
Qui laisse a Rouan sa despouille.*

*Mais, voisin, changeons de deuis.
Vn Vaudeuire, a mon aduis !
Sans boyre, on ne peut bien conclurre.
J'y fatisferay, si je puis,
Car j'ayme cela de nature.*

*Mouillons donc ; il fait bon secher.
Je veux, pour ma soif eslancher,
Verre plein du bon vin que j'ayme.
Cesluy cy vous va denancer :
Vous le voirez en Angoulesme.*

LXXXVIII.

Seeing the Peers of Parliament,
With all their red accoutrement,
 “ Good rofy wine ! ” thought I ;
But neither Peer nor President
 Asked me a glaſs to try.

Thenceforth, I thereon roundly ſwore,
I ſhould appeal my cauſe no more
 Save to beſt taverners :
Summoning thirſt to come before
 Tribunal of my peers.

I'd fooner loſe ſuits there, than try
To plead before thoſe throttles dry,
 Who breathe but ſtatute-lore ;
Men oft, without ſuch robbery,
 Drink and are friends once more.

Then let us rather money ſpend
In feaſts without an early end,
 Than running to La Bouille.
His winter goes without a friend,
 At Rouen who leaves ſpoil.

But, neighbour, let us change the ſtrain.
A Vau-de-Vire would ſuit my vein !
 Athirſt, we nothing prove.
I'd ſatisfy that, if I could,
 For 'tis what I moſt love.

Then drink : 'tis well to do ſo, firſt.
I fain would have, to quench my thirſt,
 Full glaſs of wine, I own :
Make haſte, or you'll come off the worſt,—
 Through Angoulême 'tis gone !

LXXXIX.

GRACES.

*Nous congnoissons, grand Dieu, nostre avoir & noz biens
Procéder purement de ta main nouriciere ;
Et, quoy que nous soyons vne race fautiere,
Bon pere, que c'est toy qui seul nous entretiens !*

*Graces nous te rendons de tes biens qu'auons pris !
Si auons excédé ce qu'il faut a nature,
Ne cesse toutes fois d'auoir de nous la cure :
Pour s'esjouir sans mal ne nous metz a mepris !*

*Fay que beuuans ensemble en vain ne prenions
Ton nom ; que ne foyons ny gourmandz ny prodigues,
Ny contempteurs de toy ; ains que tu nous infligues
A l'aymer & benir, pendant que nous viurons.*

*A l'hoste quant & quant nous disons : Grand mercy,
Qui, pour l'amour de nous, n'a rien mis en espargne !
Aduienne que bientôt inslement il regaigne
Ce qu'il luy a cousté pour nous traicter ainsi !*



LXXXIX.

THANKSGIVING.

We know, great Lord ! that all our wealth and flore
 Proceed entirely from Thy gracious hand ;
And, though our race with sin be clouded o'er,
 Great Sire ! we live but by thy fole command.

We blefs Thee for thy gifts' kind affluence !
 If more than Nature's wants be thus supplied,
Still guide and guard us by Thy Providence :—
 May we enjoy them without blame or pride !

Ne'er in our cups may we Thy name profane,
 Nor may we gluttonous nor wasteful be :
Nor Thee despise : fo may Thy mercy deign
 To make us ever love and worship Thee.

And, as from time to time we thank our host,
 Who spares no kindness his esteem to prove,
May he in Thy good time find nothing lost
 Of all his costly evidence of love !





CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

SECOND RECVEIL

I.

*O vray & naturel François,
Beau & bon, tu as toutes fois
Mere grande mal faicte,
Qui a peau laide & cors tortu,
Et, sans appuy, n'a la vertu
De se fouslenir droicte.*

*Sur ta mere il falut fouler,
Et sur le ventre luy piler,
Afin de te produire.
Pour ton bers, tu eus un cuveau ;
Tu es sain ; mais abreuvé d'eau
C'est alors qu'il l'empire.*

*Tu changes logis plusieurs fois.
En sortant d'un logis de bois
Entres en un de terre,
Ou un d'estain, premierement ;
En nostre corps finalement :
Puis, retournes en terre.*

*Mais ta vertu ne vas monstrant,
Sinon en nostre corps entrant,
La ou tu fais merveilles ;
Mais qu'on l'y mette sobrement,
Tu nous rends gais incontinent,
Et l'esprit tu refacilles.*



SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

SECOND SERIES

I.

O Frenchman true and native-born,
Fair, good, yet from a mother torn
 Great and ill-formed to fight,
Uncouth of skin, in body bent,
And, unless some support be lent,
 Unfit to stand upright.

Thy mother had child-labour long,
And underwent convulsions strong,
 That she might thee produce.
Thy rustic cradle was a vat ;
Healthy thyself, thy force grows flat
 From water-drink's abuse.

Thou many times dost change thy home.
First from a wooden house to come,
 To enter one of glafs ;
Or, first into a pewter can,
Thence into body of a man :
 Thence into earth to pass !

Thy virtue, natheless, is unknown
Till in our body it be shown,
 Where thou dost magic make ;
If therein taken soberly,
Thou cheerest us unfailingly,
 And dost our spirit wake !

*Qui te prend ne peut rien celer :
Tu contraindras chacun a parler
Et deviser & rire.
Tu fais descouvrir les humeurs,
Et congnoître si les beueurs
Sont benigns ou pleins d'ire.*

*Sur tous, ceux la sont vicieux
Pour l'auoir, auaricieux,
Qui craignent le coustage :
Puisqu'apportant nostre santé,
En un corps de maux agité
Tu remetz le courage.*

*On ne pourroit congnoître mieux
Que tes effectz sont genereux,
Et n'est rien qui l'egale,
Qu'a ton blanc & incarnatin ;
Jamais n'est l'habit d'un coquin
De ta pourpre royalle.*

*Mais t'ay ie poinct assez presché ?
Me feroit il bien reproché
De n'auoir tenu compte
De loger un hôte si bon,
Par charité, dans ma maison ? . . .
Ce me feroit grand'honte.*

II.

*On les a censurés
Les pauvres Vau de Vire,
Et plusieurs rechargés
Ne cessent d'en mesdire.
Ce sont des morfondus
Qu'on ne void iamais rire.
Ils sont les entendus
Et ne peuuent rien dire.*

He who takes thee, can nought conceal :
Through thee, men hidden things reveal,
 And tell long tales, and laugh.
Men's humours thou dost let us know,
And whether quick to wrath, or slow,
 Are those good souls who quaff.

But most of all they show keen zeal
To have thee : avarice they feel
 Indeed, who fear thy cost :
Since our good health thou dost restore,
And shattered frame inspire once more
 With vigour that was lost.

No better proof could we exact,
How generous thine ev'ry act,
 Unmatched in chivalry,
Than thy white and incarnadine ;
No rascal's coat could ever shine
 Like thy red royalty.

Have I enough thy merits broached ?
Could I be justly now reproached
 With insufficient heed
To giving charitable rest
Within my house to such a guest ?—
 That were a shame indeed !

II.

They've censured them sadly,
 The poor Vaux-de-Vire ;
And louts who live badly,
 Incessantly sneer.
They're all dismal fellows
 Who merriment fear,
No good thing they tell us,
 But backbite and jeer.

*Qui, ioyeux & gaillard,
Chantant, ne boit du pire,
Vaut mieux qu'un vieux mulard
Qui tousjours est en ire.
C'est du vin de ceans
Que vous voyez reluire :
Gage qu'il est dedans,
Pourveu que ie le tire.*

III.

*Breuvage, amy souef,
Armé de verre,
Vne importune soif
Me fait la guerre.*

*Mais vien m'en deliurer,
Je te supplie,
Et faire desloger
Ceste ennemie.*

*Je ne crains tous les jours
Qu'elle m'affaille,
Pourveu que ton secours
Ne me deffaille.*

*Or, i'en seray rangé,
Je m'en console ;
Car j'ay fort bien chargé
Ceste pistolle.*

*Meschante soif, rendz toy,
Ouvre la porte,
Et tuide de chez moy,
Ou tu es morte.*

*Elle fuit maintenant,
Quitant la place.
O breuvage vaillant,
Je te rendz grace !*

He, gallant and jolly,
 Who fings and drinks right,
Displays not the folly
 Of mulish old fright.
This liquor, believe it,
 In bottle shines bright ;
And when you receive it,
 I'm fure 'twill delight.

III.

Sweet friend, O beverage,
 Thy wine-glafs wield ;
Thirst with a restless rage
 Taketh the field.

Swift to my succour speed,
 Humbly I pray ;
And make that foe recede
 Quickly away.

I will not be dismayed
 Though it affail,
If only thy good aid
 Daily avail.

Now, I avenged shall be,
 Comforting thought !
I have, well charged, with me
 This pistole brought.

Villain thirst, render thee !
 Open the gate :
Hurry away from me,
 Or doom await.

Thirst takes to flight,
 Quitting the place.
O liquor, brave in fight,
 Thanks for such grace !

*Je te veux demeurer
Amy fidelle,
Qui peux si bien vuider
Vne querelle.*

*Tu es d'auecques moy,
Tousiours, &, pource
Je ne craindray pour toy
Vuider ma bource.*

*Et je ne veux aymer
Vne maistresse
Qui me voudra prier
Que ie te laisse.*

IV.

*Celuy qui, pour chanter le los
Du bon vin, fist sa poesie,
Auoit nom en grec Philinos,
Et Torexia fut son amie.*

*Sachant qu'escrire il ne pouuoit,
Et parler de choses sublimes,
Pour la maistresse qu'il aymoît,
Passant temps, il dressa ses rythmes ;*

*Rythmes qu'il trampoit dans le vin,
Pour douces les faire & plus riches ;
Et jamais ne fut son dessein
De les composer pour les chiches.*

*Car jamais auare alteré
Ne dira bien les Vaudcuire ;
Le ris ne luy vient point a gré ;
Il craint les frais, & boit du pire.*

But thou, I prithee, stay,
O faithful friend !
Thou who canst an affray
So deftly end.

I will for ever be
Comrade of thine :
Ne'er shall be closed for thee
Purse-strings of mine.

Nor will I ever give
Mistress my heart,
Who would ask me to live
From thee apart.

IV.

He of goodly wine who framed
Praises in poetic lay,
Was in Greek *Philænos* named,
And his love, *Thorexia*.

Conscious that in vain he strove
To descant on things sublime,
For the mistress of his love
Playfully he built his rhyme ;

Rhyme which he immersed in wine,
That it might be sweet and brave ;
It was never his design
To compose it for the knave.

Never will a miser's thirst
Rightly chant the Vaux-de-Vire ,
With unsmiling temper curst,
He dreads cost of jolly cheer.

*Mais laissons la ces morfondus,
Parlons des fermiers de vilage
Qui viennent de gasteaux cornus,
Aux Rois, estrener le mesnage.*

*C'est un grand heur, en verité,
Qu'y trouuant la noix ou la febue,
On acquert une royaulté :
C'est donc bien raison qu'on en boiue.*

*Ce petit regne fans profit,
Qui dure a peine une journée
Monstre que bientôt se reduict
Toute gloire humaine en fumée.*

V.

*Beuuons a la santé du Roy
Vin d'Orleans ou de Limoy !
Ensepuelissons la moemoire
Des maux passés, & leur tombeau
Bastissons d'un pot de bon boire,
Tiré du plus friand tonneau.*

*On a subiect de s'esgayer,
Quand on boit du bon, sans payer :
La bourse a souuent indigence.
Sans cela, plusieurs espritz beaux
Esueilleroient leur suffisance,
Et, beuuans, diroient motz nouveaux.*

*Je feray vomir au matin
A un pedant tout son latin ;
Par le vin je feray merueille :
J'esmouueray mieux le caquet
D'un aduocat, par la bontillie,
Que par l'argent, dans le parquet.*

Leave we those dull souls forlorn.
Sing we of the village clowns,
Whom, on Twelfth-night, cake with horn
As the reigning Monarch crowns.

When they find the nut or bean,
Truly they who win may laugh ;
Kings they suddenly are seen :
Reason good why they should quaff.

Brief, unprofitable reign,
Lasting scarcely for a day !
Human glories, not less vain,
Soon in smoke pass all away !

V.

"Health to the King !" drink we with joy,
In wine of Orleans or Limoy !
Of sorrows past, the memory
Entomb we ; and, above their grave,
To build a monument let's try,
With pot from the best cask we have.

To drink good wine with nought to pay,
Is matter for reflection gay :
The purse is oft in want of pence.
Not seldom, else, some witty one
Would waken up his affluence,
And, o'er his cups, invent new fun.

Till morn, I could a pedant teach
To pour forth all his Latin speech ;
And, in the forum of the law,
I could a cleverer debate
By bottle than by money draw
From fluent tongue of Advocate.

*La femme, pour n'estre en deffault
De parler, boire il ne luy fault ;
Mais si le vin on luy adiouste,
Elle aide a bien vous confesser :
Vostre vie ell' vous dira toute,
Si lors vous la faictes feschier.*

*Mais ne blasmons personne icy :
Un chacun a tousiours un sy.
Prendray ie ceste medecine ?
Mon mal vous congnoissés fort bien
Ouy, ouy, ne prenons poinct la peine
D'en prendre aduis de Galien.*

VI.

*Las ! cher amy, je croy bien que la mort
Dure te fut, quand en l'eau te noyas ;
Car l'eau, viuant, tu haïssois si fort,
Qu'en ta boisson jamais ne l'employas.
Si la riuiere ou chetif tu tombas,
Eust eu ses flots de vin ou Maluoisie,
Tu n'y aurois jamais perdu la vie.*

*Vne moindre eau pouuoit finir tes jours,
Ton naturel ayant cet element
Pour ennemy : au boire aussi tousiours
T'en abstenois, & faisois fagement ;
Pour ce subiect ie t'aymois chèrement ;
Car le vin pur nous faisoit viure ensemble,
Et, pour ta mort, quand ie vois l'eau, j'en tremble.*

*Voudrois ie bien pour breuuage en mon cors
De mon amy la meurtriere loger !
Si l'eau pourrit les pieux qui sont si fers,
Elle pourroit aussi m'endommager
En ma santé que je veux mesnager.
S'il est sans eau, je prendray ce breuuage.
Nobre heste, a vous ! J'en boy de bon courage !*

Woman alone can well dispense
With vinous aids to eloquence ;
But if to her you add some wine,
 She'll help you bravely to confess ;
And your past life tell, line by line,
 If e'er you caused her a distress.

But let us here no one malign ;
All have their failings ; I have mine :
Am I to take this doctor's draught ?
 (You know full well my malady).—
Yes, yes ; let it be duly quaffed,
 Nor stay for Galen's pharmacy.

VI.

Alas ! dear friend, I well believe thy death
 Was sad, when thou wert in the water drowned ;
Water, so hated with thy living breath,
 That in thy drink it never yet was found.
 Had but that fatal flood, instead, been crowned
With waves of wine or of Malvoisie,
We had not now been so bewailing thee.

In drinking, from thy foe thou didst abstain ;
 And in so doing didst thy wisdom prove.
That view, indeed, was common to us twain,
 Therefore for thee I felt so great a love ;
 A like abhorrence did my fancy move,
For in pure wine we both took much delight,
And, since thy death, I dread all water's fight.

What ! in my body could I choose to take
 To lodge, the vile assassin of my friend ?
If water rot away the sturdy flake,
 It might me also hasten to my end.
 I must my health with prudent caution tend.
If free from water, I will drink this draught.
Our host ! To you, with brave good-will, 'tis quaffed !

*Nous ferons bien, avecques cestuy cy,
Vne heure ou deux que nous ferons ceans.
Laiſſons, Meſſieurs, le chagrincux ſoucy ;
Feſſoyons l'hoſte aux deſpens de ſes biens.
Il ne faut pas eſtre traïſtre au dedans,
Et ſeindre vn ris qui n'eſt que d'apparence :
Vraye amitië giſt en l'experience.*

VII.

*A quelques hommes ſans cerueaux,
C'eſt vne conſtume ordinaire
De faire rompre leurs manteaux,
Pluſtoſt que ſ'arreſter a boire.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.*

*Ayant ſoiſ, la diſſimuler,
C'eſt par honte ou hypocriſie ;
Mais plus grand'honte eſt ſ'en aller,
Reſuſant telle courtoïſie.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.*

*Offrir a boire, quand on boit,
C'eſt choſe a l'Alemand tant belle,
Qu'à cil qui le reſuſeroit,
Il baſſiroit vne querelle.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.*

*J'ay perdu ceſt occaſion
Pluſieurs ſois d'une humeur peu caute ;
Mais ores puisque c'eſt du bon,
Je ne ſeray plus telle faute.
Bon pommé, ſeras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu ſois beu.*

We shall be well content with this good wine,
 An hour or two, while we are gathered here.
Let us, my friends, cease longer to repine ;
 Pledge we our host in liquor he holds dear ;
 No traitors to our bosom's inward cheer,
Nor smiles assuming that are feigned alone.
True friendship best by that ordeal is known.

VII.

Some men, in their foolishness,
 Make it quite their common way
Rather to be stripped of drefs,
 Than at drinking-bout to stay.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

To dissimulate our thirst
 Is shame or hypocrisy ;
But to go away is worst,
 Spurning such a courtesy.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

Where men drink, to offer wine
 Germans do so truly love,
That who should such grace decline,
 Would a quarrel surely move.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

Often, from a thoughtless mood,
 I have lost at such a game ;
But now, since this drink is good,
 I will not reject the fame.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

*Quand je te voy, le cucur me rid,
Beau sildre, & ma gorge sechée
T'attend, ainsi que, dans le nid,
L'oyseau qui attend la bechée.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.*

*Il ne faut manger du falé,
Afin qu'a te boire on s'innite ;
Mais tu ne doibs estre baillé
Qu'a ceux qui jugent ton mérite.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien micux que tu fois beu.*

*Ou l'on te boira fans excès,
J'estime la place honorable ;
Tout escot aura bon succès,
Pourveu que tu fois a la table.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien micux que tu fois beu.*

*Les gendres, qu'on rendroit ioyeux
Avec des boiffons si gentilles,
Ne deburoient, s'ilz sont amoureux,
Rien prendre, en epousant les filles.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien micux que tu fois beu.*

*Bon boire n'a plus ces effectz ;
Trop regne a present l'avarice.
Je m'en ray descharger ce fais ;
Puis vous direz qu'on le remplisse.
Bon pommé, feras tu perdu ?
Il vaut bien mieux que tu fois beu.*

When I see thee, I am blest ;
 My throat waits thee, cider good,
As the bird which, in the nest,
 Waiteth for its little food.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

No falt viand need they serve
 To make me drink thee with haste ;
But thee only those deserve
 Who can value thy fine taste.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

To drink thee without excess
 Is a mark of virtue rare ;
Tavern-bill will have success
 If thou but be present there.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

Sons-in-law who would enjoy
 Being on such liquids fed,
Should, if love their thoughts employ,
 Not be portionless when wed.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

Good drink now has feebler grown ;
 Avarice does too much reign.
This cup full I now send down ;
 You can have it filled again.
Cider good, shalt thou be lost ?
Rather let us drink thee most !

VIII.

*S'il faut proceder sur le boire,
Je ne me veux jamais aider
De l'exception dilatoire.
Le jambon est un acceffoire,
Sur quoy ie voudrois me fonder.*

*En matiere de beuverie,
Quant a moy, tousiours ie pretens
A anticiper ma partie,
Cessant toutes fois plaiderie,
S'il veut payer tous les depens.*

*Les raisons sur quoy ie me fonde
Sont tousiours la soif & le chauld.
Ma cause est en la tasse ronde,
Qu'a vuider, combien que profonde,
Jamais ie ne tombe en deffault.*

*Le paragraphe & la rubrique
Ne valent rien pour decider
De quelque bouteille authentique :
Je ne m'y fers que de praticque,
Alors que ie la veux vuider.*

*Mais laissons proces, car j'en tremble,
L'oyant nommer, tant ie le crains !
Ce n'est pas ce qui nous assemble :
C'est pour sçavoir ce qu'il vous semble
De ce dont les verres sont pleins.*

*Comme gourmetz pleins de science,
L'hoste vous en veult consulter.
Je dy, selon ma conscience,
Que voicy bien de l'excelence,
Pourveu qu'il ne faille conter.*

VIII.

If thirst must indicted be,
 Then I never wish to raise
Any dilatory plea.
Ham is an accessory ;
 Upon which I found my case.

When a drinking-fuit is mine,
 Then I always would dispense
With a contradicting line ;
And all argument resign,
 If they pay me my expense.

As my main substantial ground,
 Thirst and heat I mean to keep :
My case lies in goblet round ;
In default I'm never found,
 Though the cup be ne'er so deep.

Rubric, paragraph, the task
 Might attempt, but all in vain,
Trying some authentic flask :
Practice there is all I ask,
 When I would its contents drain.

Leave we fuits, which I detest,
 And their name fills me with fear !
Not for them have we professed
Here to meet : but which is best
 Of these wines, we wish to hear.

From Epicurean fage
 Such as you, the host would learn
Your opinion : I engage,
Here is goodly beverage !
 Let him note it in his turn.

*Je veux de l'eau de Clitorie,
S'il faut d'eau ce bon vin tremper ;
Mais encore je ne me fie
En ceste source d'Archadie.
Pline me pourroit bien tromper.*

IX.

*Pour fuir a mes ennuis, sans partir d'une place,
Je pren le cor, la gaule, & m'exerce a la chasse :*

*Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !*

*Mon gibier est la soif, qui fait chez moy son giste ;
Non, pour l'avoir, je chasse ; ains veux qu'elle me quite.*

*Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !*

*Le verre d'est mon cor, que je fay par merueilles
Ronfler en l'embouchant ; mes chiens font les bouteilles.*

*Pren, pren !
Boy, boy !
Happe, happe !
Pren, pren !
Garde bien
Qu'il n'echappe !*

*La table est ma forest & ma campagne verte,
Quand mes amis & moy nous la trouons couverte.*

Bright Clitoria's stream let's try,
If we must mix this good wine :
Yet I rather would pass by
That famed spring of Arcady :
Pliny might give erring sign !

IX.

To flee from my fadness, yet stay in one place
I take horn, and staff, and I practise the chase.

Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it slip !

My game is the thirft, which I don't want to catch ;
But only to make it decamp with despatch.

Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it slip !

The goblet's my bugle, which splendidly sounds,
When I lustily blow ; the bottles, my hounds.

Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it slip ;

The table's my forest and hunting-field green,
When clofe fet with covers for friends and me seen.

*Pren, pren !
 Boy, boy !
 Happe, happe !
 Pren, pren !
 Garde bien
 Qu'il n'échappe !*

*Que j'embouche ce cor, quelque ouruary qu'il fasse,
 La soif mourra ce coup, ou quiètera la place.*

*Pren, pren !
 Boy, boy !
 Happe, happe !
 Pren, pren !
 Garde bien
 Qu'il n'échappe !*

*O bon cor, doux soufflet, agreable a la bouche !
 Cest exercice est bon, attendant qu'on se couche.*

*Pren, pren !
 Boy, boy !
 Happe, happe !
 Pren, pren !
 Garde bien
 Qu'il n'échappe !*

X.

*J'entre librement la ou ie scay qu'on boit ;
 Car, sans honte, un malade doit
 D'un medecin entrer en la maison
 Pour avoir garison.*

*La soif c'est un mal dont ie suis poursuivi,
 Qui plus me presse & fait d'ennuy.
 Ses recipes faut il chercher ailleurs
 Que parmy les beueurs ?*

*Si ceux sont amis, chez qui vous arriuez,
 Sont ioyeux, si vous beuez ;*

Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it flip !

I blow on my bugle, and, loud though he cry,
Thirst soon will break cover, or else he must die.

Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it flip !

O sweet-sounding bugle, mouth-instrument dear !
This pastime is charming when bed-time is near.

Catch, catch !
Drink, drink !
Hip, hip !
Catch, catch !
Keep watch
Left it flip !

X.

I enter a wine-shop, unconscious of blame ;
For patient may surely, without feeling shame,
Go into the house of a medical man,
To be cured if he can.

The chronic disorder I suffer is thirst ;
But though evermore by its presence I'm curst,
Why should I abandon, for recipes new,
The carouse of my crew ?

In meeting your friends, when you come where they dwell,
They drink with you kindly, and all passes well ;

*Ou accordés, quoy qu'ilz soient voz haineux,
En beuvant avec eux.*

*On diét qu'en beuvant, sans excez toutes fois,
On void si un homme est courtois.
Vilain, qui a des escus enterrés
N'a soing des alterés.*

*Entre tous les vins, je voy d'un fort bon œil
Tousiours celui qui est vermeil.
Comme on se trouue, vser du blanc il fault
Quand le claret deffault.*

*Le vin pour l'affault ! Mais du pommé normand
Je n'vse qu'en me deffendant ;
Ou bien j'en boy, espargnant, si je puis,
Les frais chez mes amis.*

XI.

*Cæsar, des vaincus ennemis
Faisoit tryomphe magnifique :
Moy, domptant la soif, j'ay promis
De faire un tryomphe bachique.*

*Porté sur un baril vineux,
Au lieu d'un martial carosse,
Je meneray, victorieux,
La soif, ayant perdu sa force.*

*Ceste soif, qui m'a tant couflé,
Marchera, baissant les oreilles ;
Prez d'elle, d'un aultre costé,
Les potz, les verres, les bouteilles.*

*Les droles, mes bons compagnons,
Qui m'ont fait aide a la combatre,
Avec ceruelatz & jambons,
Marcheront deuant, quatre a quatre.*

Or if you meet foemen, in drinking, you know,
Angry thoughts you forego.

They say that in drinking,—(in soberness, mind!)—
A man's polished manners are easy to find.
A wretch who has buried his crowns in the ground
Pushes no goblet round.

Of all the good wines I am ravished to see,
The rofier fort is the liquor for me.
But if it so chance that the red is all flown,
Then the white must go down.

Wine, wine for the charge! Norman cider I choose
Not, except for defensive precaution, to use;
Or, perhaps, at friends' tables I drink it, at most,
To diminish their cost.

XI.

Grand triumphs o'er foes whom he beat,
Did Cæsar victorious raise:
Having vanquished my thirst, it were meet
To triumph in Bacchanals' ways.

Borne high on a jolly wine-tun,
In lieu of a battle-car brave,
Behind me a victor, shall run
Thirst, captive in fetters, a slave.

That thirst, who my might so defied,
Shall now pace with low-drooping ear;
Close by, on the opposite side,
Pots, bottles, and glasses appear.

The drolls, boon companions of mine,
Allies in my fight, four and four,
With hams and with saufages fine,
Shall gaily march onward before:

*En chantant musicalement
Les Vaudcuire, en la moemoire
Du bon Denis tant excellent,
Par qui j'emporte la victoire.*

*Despit ferons a l'usurier,
Qui, laissant le pauvre a sa porte
Mourir de soif, de son celier
Ne croit la ferrure affes forte.*

*Ainsy descendre nous irons
Chez quelqu'amy bien volontere,
Ou la soif mourir nous ferons,
Sans compter pour la bonne chere.*

XII.

*Nostre hôte, s'il est vray que vous soit agreable
Ceste trouppc d'amis, qui font a vostre table,
Donnés nous du meilleur qu'ayes dans le celier,
Et beués le premier.*

*L'aubre, qui craindra, comme vn Jan du mesnage,
Faire boyre chez luy de son meilleur breuuage,
Lequel est seulement pour sa bouche gardé,
C'est vn amy sardé.*

*Nous ne vous jugeons tel : mais que la bonne chere
Soit du consentement de vostre mesnagere ;
Pour faire a vne femme vn hôte bien traicter,
Il conuient la flatter.*

*De ce faire, messieurs, je vous laisse la charge.
Je ray de ce bon vin entendre au chariage :
On diét que bien souuent entre bec & cueiller
Il vient du deslourbier.*

In musical chant they shall raise
 The Vaux-de-Vire, hymning a strain
Of good Dionysos in praise,
 Who makes me the victory gain.

The miser shall quake in his shoes,
 Who leaves at his gateway the poor
To perish of thirst ; while he screws
 His own cellar's treble-locked door.

Thus on we shall march to some friend,
 Whose kindness is far above pence ;
There thirst to its doom we shall send,
 And not have to count the expense !

XII.

Our host, if it be true, that you with pleasure view
This troop of friends who now are come to dine with you.
Let what you from your cellar bring not be the worst,
 And you drink first.

The miser who would dread, as gaming-table's pest,
To give, in his own house, his friend the wine that's best,
Which he for his own lips doth carefully intend,
 Is a false friend.

Such, doubtless, are not you : yet I should like to hear
The sanction of your spouse to this our goodly cheer ;
To make a wife receive her lord's friends pleasantly,
 Needs flattery.

Of doing this, good Sirs, I leave to you the care.
For this good wine I haste the transport to prepare :
They say, that oft it haps, between the cup and lip
 There is a flip.

*Pourueu que aucun de vous sur le bras ne me touche,
Je pourray seurement le porter a la bouche.
Je croy bien, quand ce coup dans ma gorge entrera,
Que ma soif se rendra.*

*Pour l'hoste, c'est profit qu'une prompte victoire
On emporte sur elle, & qu'on cesse de boire ;
Mais si d'un coup ou deux on ne peut la dompter,
Il faut patienter.*

*Messieurs, comme fergeant de Bacchus ie vous somme
De vous desalterer ; de chez un honneste homme
Qui remporte la foif, pour boire a sa maison,
Est priué de raison.*

XIII.

*On a versé cecy, pour estre beu :
Il faut l'ester, de peur qu'on ne le jette.
Voisin, je vay tirer de jeu,
Puisque nostre partie est faicte.*

*Pour gagner quinze, il faut mettre dedans,
Par sur la langue, & non par sus la chorde.
Pour nous juger voicy des gens
Lesquelz nous mettront a concorde.*

*Si je faisois encor trois pareilz coups,
Le premier jeu j'aurois de la partie.
Tirés, maintenant c'est a vous ;
Car ma soif elle est amortie.*

*J'ay encor bisque a prendre sur le jeu ;
Mais j'attendray que la foif encor vienne :
Quand le pot fera presque beu,
Il fera temps que je la prenne.*

Unless some of you pull my sleeve, and say, "Beware!"
In safety to my mouth I feel I could it bear.
And well I wot that when it down my throat shall flow,
My thirst will go.

For the host, too, to gain swift victory were best,
That thus we all might cease, when thirst was laid to rest;
But if a draught or two should fail to vanquish it,
Then wait a bit.

As Bacchus' bailiff, Sirs, I summon all of you
To quench your thirst; for from the house of landlord true
To carry thirst away, to drink at home alone,
Were mad, I own.

XIII.

This wine was poured out for our thirst:
We must take it, for fear it be lost:
My friend, I will strike the ball first,
Our match is arranged with our host.

To score fifteen, drive it well home,
And in; not half-way, nor aside;
These honest bystanders are come
As umpires, the match to decide.

Thrice making a volley so true,
I'd win the first game of the set.
The play is now standing with you;
My thirst is dead, happily met.

The odds of a bisque I've still got;
But wait, till my thirst come again:
When well-nigh you've emptied the pot,
'Twill be time:—till then, let it remain.

XIV.

*Belle, a vous ie m'adresse,
Torexia, mes amours ;
Pour ma chere maistresse
Je vous auray tousiours.
Qui l'amour vous veut faire,
Ne s'acquert des ialoux,
Et faictes tousiours boire
Qui frequente avec vous.*

*Vostre couleur vermeille
Me rend le cuer ioyeux,
Et souuent me refueille
Du dormir sommeilleux.
Quand on a bource pleine,
En chassant ses ennuis,
Avec vous, sur chopine,
On acquert des amis.*

*Soulas de nos miseres,
Belle boisson fans eau,
Les brouillemens d'affaires
Vous ostes du cerueau.
Bons beueurs ont dispense :
Sergeant pour namps ne doit
Prendre, par violence,
Les vaisseaux ou l'on boit.*

*A vn beueur bon homme
Oster le gobelet
Est vn tel peché, comme
Oster a l'agnelet
La nourrice tetine.
Laiſſes doncques, larron,
La boîte a médecine
Au pauvre biberon.*

XIV.

O fair Thorexia,
 To thee my love I vow ;
No other dame shall sway
 My bosom's troth but thou.
The futor who thee woos,
 Excites no jealousy,
And, while he thee pursues,
 Drinks, in thy company.

Thy hues of blushing red
 My spirits cheerful make :
From drowsy sleep in bed
 They often me awake.
If full the purse be seen,
 Drive sorrow from the door :
While drinking our chopine,
 We gain friends more and more.

Sweet solace of our cares,
 Fine drink, from water free !
From worrying affairs
 Our brain is cleared by thee.
Good drinkers can dispense
 With fees : no bailiff may
Arrest by violence
 A drinking-cup for pay.

To snatch his cup of wine
 From boon companion good,
Were to leave lamb to pine
 For lack of milky food.
Then, thief, abstain : do not
 To rob that lamb incline ;
Nor take from the poor sot
 His chest of medicine.

*Je fçay vn moyen braue
 Pour garder que le vin
 Ne se coule en la caue.
 Quand vous voudrez, voifin,
 Nous irons faire epreue
 De mon fçauoir chez vous.
 Je vous pry' qu'on n'y boiue
 Tout le meilleur fans nous.*

XV.

*Vous qui aymez mieux le fildre que le laiët,
 Grandz docteurs au jeu de palet,
 Qui ne voulez jamais, en voz efcotz,
 Laisser le boyre aux potz.*

*Vous, gentils cerueaux, bons garçons qui beuûs
 Tousiours sur l'argent que iouez ;
 Aux cabaretz avecques peu d'argent
 Vous irez hardiment.*

*De fildre a deux folz le pot, il n'en est plus ;
 Il ne vault mais qu'en carolus ;
 Et neantmoins, prenans vostre repas,
 Ne vous enyurez pas.*

*Vous, qui aimes tant les tonneaux a tuidre,
 Apprenes a les relier ;
 Car ce qui est enclos dans les tonneaux
 Entre dans voz boyaux.*

*Les tonneliers font maintenant bien requis ;
 Ils font plus rogues que marquis.
 Les preffouriers, o leurs sabotz de bois
 Sont plus rogues que rois.*

*Mais beunons a eux, & faire les laiçons
 Du bon breuage aux bons garçons ;
 Et les prions qu'au marc & au cueuau
 Ils ne mettent de l'eau.*

I know a first-rate way,
 Neighbour, to keep wine tight
In cellar : and, some day,
 We'll try if it work right.
In your house let us test
 If it go pleasantly.
And don't drink all the best
 Till I be standing by !

XV.

Ye who than milk esteem good cider more,
 Great graduates in pitch-and-tofs,
Who in the wine-pots of your tavern score
 Take care to have no los ;

Ye, clever wits, boon comrades, who carouse
 Always on money gained at play ;
Though ye be scant of funds, to public-house
 Now boldly wend your way.

The pots of cider at two fous are past ;
 'Tis worth a Carolus :—no more.
Yet, as ye quaff it, during your repast,
 Don't you get half-feas-o'er.

Ye who so cheerily drink out the tuns,
 Should study how their hoops are bound ;
For all their contents, ye capacious ones !
 Will within you be found.

The coopers, meanwhile, are in high request ;
 A Marquis must give place to them.
The cider-preffer's wooden shoes are blest
 Above King's diadem.

Let's drink to them ; and leave them, after that.
 To make, for good lads, some good juice ;
And beg they will, whether in marc, or vat,
 No water introduce !

XVI.

*Nous sommes trois bons drolles,
Qui venons de Paris,
La bouteille a la main.
Du vin il n'y a plus !
Helas ! nous en sommes perdus !*

*Les gorges auons cuites
De foif, & peu d'argent.
Remplissez viftement
Nos vaiffeaux & fauvez
Ces drolles & les abreueuez.*

*Nous vous ferons de mefme,
Quand vous viendrez chez nous,
Le bon fera pour vous.
Nous feauons bien comment
La foif eft vn afpre tourment.*

*Compagnons, ce qu'on donne
Ne le refusons pas.
Si fuffions advocas,
Souuent ferions garir
Cete foif qui nous faic̃t mourir.*

*Je veux estre a l'office,
Si ie fers vn feigneur,
Je prendray pour le cueur,
M'auuant les efpris,
Deux doigtz du vin de plus hault prix.*

XVII.

*Chefnes, qui portoient le glan,
Aux celiers feront, cefl an,
Pleins de bon breuuage,
Propre a noſtre vfage.
Ne ſoit ceſte année
La caue fermée !*

XVI.

Here we, three good droll fous,
From Paris come, a band
With bottle in our hand.
But all the wine's run dry !
Good stars ! What misery !

Our throats are parched with thirst,
And we have got no cash :—
Quickly some liquor dash
Into our cups, and quench
These drolls' thirst with a drench.

And when you visit us,
We'll treat you in like wise,
And give you wine you'll prize.
Alas ! Too well we know
That thirst's a torture slow.

Friends, what they give to us,
Our need appropriates.
If we were Advocates,
We oft should cure the thirst
By which we are so cursed.

I'd fain the steward be,
If I served some great lord ;
And to myself afford,
To keep my spirits up,
Of grandest wine a cup.

XVII.

Oak-trees, that acorns bore,
This year shall hold good store
Of wine, to choofe
For our own use.
Let this year see
The cellar free !

*Varletz boyront du tonneau,
Qui beuvoient au pot a eau :
La feruante fine
Boyra fa chopine.
Ne foit ceste année
La caue fermée !*

*Les droles & bons garçons
Feront, chantans leurs chansons,
Un escot honneste,
A fix blancs par teste.
Ne foit ceste année
La caue fermée !*

*Mais les vilains usuriers,
Qui ont tous pleins leurs celiers
De vieil fidre a vendre,
Se voudroient bien pendre.
Ne foit ceste année
La caue fermée !*

*Ils font tousiours en peché.
Quand le peuple a bon marché
Peut auoir sa vie,
Ilz meurent d'enuie.
Ne foit ceste année
La caue fermée !*

*Or, beuuous, mais fans excès,
Et accordons noz proces.
Voicy, ce me semble,
Les voisins ensemble !
Ne foit ceste année
La caue fermée !*

Varlets have hogfhead got
To drink, for water-pot :
 The fair maid's lip
 Chopine fhall fip.
 Let this year fee
 The cellar free !

The drolls, and comrades brave,
Uplifting vocal ftave,
 Shall fcore, till each
 A penny reach.
 Let this year fee
 The cellar free !

But mifers vile, who hold
Great flocks of cider old
 Kept back to fell,
 Curfe their fate well.
 Let this year fee
 The cellar free !

They always grind the poor.
 If plenty's at the door,
 Their fchemes are rife
 To take folks' life.
 Let this year fee
 The cellar free !

Let's drink, then, foberly,
And lay our law-fuits by.
 As neighbours, meet,
 Each other greet ;—
 Let this year fee
 The cellar free !

XVIII.

Voicy mon nauire qui nage :
Et vient a ce haure aborder.
Et vient a ce haure aborder.
Je luy donne tousiours fa charge
De bon vin si j'en puis trouuer.
De bon vin, si j'en puis trouuer.

Les bons garçons de ce riuage
M'attendoient, pour leur en donner ;
M'attendoient, pour leur en donner ;
Mais par les pillardz & l'orage,
Las ! j'ay tout perdu fur la mer.
Las ! j'ay tout perdu fur la mer.

Sur la mer, subiect a naufrage,
Je ne me veux plus hazarder :
Je ne me veux plus hazarder :
Des taulpes dessus l'heritage
J'ayme mieux boire & me loger.
J'ayme mieux boire & me loger.

Donnes, pour le mettre en courage,
A boyre au pauvre marinier :
A boyre au pauvre marinier :
Les compagnons du nauigage,
Ne les rucilles pas oublier !
Ne les rucilles pas oublier !

Voicy mon nauire qui nage :
Il vient a ce haure aborder.
Il vient a ce haure aborder.
Je lui donne tousiours fa charge
De bon vin, si j'en puis trouuer.
De bon vin, si j'en puis trouuer.

XVIII.

My ship comes floating o'er the brine,
 Brought to this haven by the wind.
 Brought to this haven by the wind.
I always freight it with good wine,
 When I such welcome drink can find.
 When I such welcome drink can find.

The boon companions of this land
 Waited, to have some wine from me ;
 Waited, to have some wine from me ;
But pirates, and storm-beaten strand,
 Have wrecked my all upon the sea.
 Have wrecked my all upon the sea.

Shipwreck's so rife upon the main,
 I will no more approach its brink :
 I will no more approach its brink :
While yet above the moles' domain,
 I'd rather have a house, and drink.
 I'd rather have a house, and drink.

Give the poor failor, to restore
 His courage, means to drink your health :
 His courage, means to drink your health :
His meffmates, also, I implore,
 Remember kindly in your wealth.
 Remember kindly in your wealth.

My ship comes floating o'er the brine,
 Brought to this haven by the wind.
 Brought to this haven by the wind.
I always freight it with good wine,
 When I such welcome drink can find.
 When I such welcome drink can find.

XIX.

*Je vay boire aux gentilz pommiers,
Qui ont faiēt mettre a six deniers
Le pot de fildre, ceste année,
Dont la foif fera ruinée.*

*Les fidres, a peine parez,
On faiēt boire aux gens alterez,
Et n'eussent ilz denier ny maille,
Pour remplir bientost la fustaille.*

*Le boisseau de fruiēt excelent
Ne vaut que six blancs seulement :
Des poires, on n'en scait que faire.
Qui mettra donc l'eau dans le boire ?*

*On relcue les tonneaux vieux,
On y met des cercles tout neufz ;
On n'oit plus rien que reliages,
Chacun entend aux pressourages.*

*En donnant un vuide tonneau,
Un aultre de fidre nouveau
On vous emplira, sans coustage.
Bon temps est reuenu ; courage !*

*Courage ! drolles, bons garçons !
Encor on dira voz chansons ;
Encor seront, pour faire rire,
En bon credit les Vau de Vire.*

*L'an mil six cens douze, un garçon,
Bon pressurier, fist la chanson,
A qui tous ceux du voisinage
Venoient sur la mé faire hommage.*

XIX.

I will drink the good apple-trees' health !
For this year they will yield cider-wealth
At a pot for six farthings ; whereby
Thirst will surely be ruined, and die.

The new ciders, though hardly yet clear,
They bestow on the thirsty folks near,
(And yet never a farthing will ask !)
To fill quickly the home cider-cask.

They will get but a penny, to sell
A whole bushel of fruit ripened well,
And they cannot get rid of the pears.
Therefore who to mix water now cares ?

They repair the old casks, tight and true,
And re-bind them with hoops that are new ;
We hear nothing but hogheads new-bound,
And the cider-mills pressing around.

If you'll give them but one empty cask,
They will fill you another, and ask
Nothing more ; so good times, never fear,
Have come back. Bless the plentiful year !

Then rejoice, merry comrades all round !
For again shall your melodies sound ;
And again, as gay chorus ye sing,
Shall the fame of your Vaux-de-Vire ring.

Sixteen hundred and twelve was the time
When a good cider-lad made this rhyme :
All the neighbours, their homage to pay,
Came to visit him throned on the may !

XX.

*Je ne voy si volontiers
Les boutiques des grossiers,
Comme j'ayme en chaque rue
Les bouchons des tauerniers.
Belle hyerre, que je fuis
Joyeux, quand ma veue
Regarde en tant de logis
Ta branche pendue !*

*L'hyerre, c'est en tous lieux
L'arbrisseau que j'ayme mieux :
Il m'enseigne ou je doy boire,
Quand j'ay argent, si je veux.
Il faut argent ; car credit
On ne trouue guere,
Si on n'est bien fauorit
De la tauerniere.*

*Ne me parles nullement
D'aller jouer mon argent,
Ou, estant encor en vie,
D'en bastir mon monument.
J'en veux bastir ma fanté.
Qui est amoindrie,
Quand de peu boire, en eslé,
Ma gorge s'ennuye.*

*Vn eslat dont je fay cas,
C'est celuy des aduocatx.
Souuent o eux j'allois boyre,
Estant clerc, portant leurs fas.
Le client leur consultoit
Ainsi sa matiere
Et, en beuuant, on mettoit
Sa cause en meemoire.*

XX.

Not so lovingly I hail
Shops where goods are fet for sale,
 As, in streets, I see the fine
Bush from countless taverns trail.
Beauteous ivy ! How my heart
 Leaps with joy, when branch of thine
I behold, in ev'ry part,
 Gracefully its garland twine !

In the ivy-bush I trace
Plant of most consummate grace :
 Showing me where I may fill
Goblets in a fitting place.
But one must have cash : for wine
 Finds scant credit in the bill,
Should the hostess not incline
 To view one with warm good-will.

Tempt me not with cent. per cent.
Got by gambling management ;
 Nor persuade me, while alive,
To build up my monument.
To build up my weakened health,
 I with wiser aim would strive ;
Weakened, when small drinking-wealth
 To my thirst hot summers give.

Very highly the estate
I esteem of Advocate.
 Oft with such I used to swill,
Bearing bags, a clerk fedate.
In that guise, upon the laws
 Clients would consult them still ;
And with merits of the cause
 They their memories would fill.

*Je vous diray le garçon
 Qui a faiçt ceste chanson,
 Quand toute la compaignie
 Aura vuidé son guichon.
 Ce fut un fergeant, n'aymant
 Mal ny tricherie,
 Non plus qu'un vieil loup saillant
 Dans la bergerie.*

XXI.

*Douces chansons, a tort on vous blasonne ;
 Beaux airs pour boyre, a qui faiçtes vous mal ?
 En collaudant vn breuuage loyal,
 On ne faiçt tort ni dommage a personne.*

*Par vous, la foif de la bouche se tire,
 Et d'un grand mal on se va deliurant,
 Pourueu qu'on ait breuuage a l'aduenant.
 Couste t il moins a rechigner qu'a rire ?*

*Mon gosier est comme pierre de ponce :
 Il est plus sec que l'aire d'un four chault.
 Gousté, gosier, si c'est ce qu'il te faut
 Que ce breuuage, & m'en donne respõce.*

*O le grand boire ! o la liqueur friande,
 Qui, me flatant, coulle si douccment !
 Voisin, prenez ce rafraichissement,
 Et le vuides, de peur qu'il ne s'espande.*

XXII.

*Vous qui dans voz gosiers
 N'aymez la secheresse,
 Et chez les tauerniers
 Passez vostre ieunesse,
 Il faut que ie vous laisse :
 J'y ay beu si fouuent
 Que ie n'ay plus d'argent.*

I will tell you, before long,
Who it was that made this song,
 When the present company
Shall have drained their flagons strong.
'Twas a bailiff, loving things
 Tinged with fraud or trickery,
No more than old wolf, who springs
 Into sheep-fold stealthily !

XXI.

Sweet songs, which some erroneously blame ;
 Soft drinking airs, whom is it that ye harm ?
'There is no wrong to any one, no shame,
 In finging praises of good liquor's charm.

By you, the thirsting mouth is well relieved,
 And from a great discomfort we're set free,
If but some fitting draught can be received.
 Can scowls than smiles more profitable be ?

My throat is like a porous pumice-stone :
 And than a heated oven's air more dry.
Taste, throat, and fee if it be not alone
 This drink you want, and give me a reply.

O the great drink ! O the delicious draught !
 Which, gently soothing, flows so sweetly down !
Neighbour, by you be this refreshment quaffed,
 And drain it dry, before its strength be flown.

XXII.

Ye who in your throats abhor
 Sentiments of thirstiness,
And within the tavern-door
 Pass your time of youthfulness,
 I must quit your pleasant merris :
There I've drunk so long and fast,
That my funds no longer last.

*J'étois toujours premier
A tirer a la bource,
Pour les escotz payer
Trop liberal ; & pour ce
Me faut boire a la source ;
Car, n'ayant plus de quoy,
Aucun ne paye pour moy.*

*Donc, breuvage excellent,
Faut il que je te quicte
Pour n'avoir plus d'argent ;
Que les droles j'cuite,
Et les brutes j'imité,
Beuvant comme un cheual,
L'eau qui me faict du mal ?*

*Mettrai ie plus le nez
Et ma bouche altérée
En ces verres, comblés
De liqueur qui m'aggrée ?
Et ma bource vidée
M'aura-t-elle reduict
A n'avoir plus credit ?*

*Puisque encor ie te tiens,
O bonne quintessence,
J'en vay laver mes dens
Et boire a l'assistance ;
Puis, si je n'ay puissance
De payer tout l'escot,
Quicte moy pour mon pot !*

XXIII.

*Bon boire, on ne peut te louer dignement.
Tu m'as osé du grand tourment
De l'estude, que tu m'as faict quicte
Affin de t'accoster.*

I was always foremost found
 To draw forth my purse, and pay
 For the company all round,
 With too generous display :
 Hence must water now allay
 My own thirst ; for when I'm poor,
 No one comes to clear my score.

Must I then, O liquor brave,
 Therefore leave this happy state,
 Since I no more money have ?
 Boon companions abrogate,
 And the brute-beasts imitate,
 Drinking, as a horse would do,
 Water that destroys me so ?

Shall I never put my nose
 And these thirsting lips of mine
 In those glasses, wherein flows
 That *Elixir Vitæ*, wine ?
 Does my purse so sadly dwine,
 That I'm left the hopeless task
 All in vain for loans to ask ?

Then, since in my hands I sway
 Thee,—(quintessence, O how good !).—
 I'll just wash my teeth, and say,
 “ Health to all this brotherhood !
 “ If my poverty elude
 “ Means to pay the total score,
 “ Pardon me this one pot more ! ”

XXIII.

Good drink, I can never thy kindness repay,
 Who me from the plague of my study didst free,
 And pleasantly indicate which was the way
 Of meeting with thee.

*Car, pour ma santé te prenant, ie fay mieux
 Qu'en lisant vn codde ennuyeux ;
 Et j'ayme mieux aux bons boires sans cau
 Aplicquer mon cerueau.*

*O ! que de bon cueur mes liures harderois
 Pour les escotz ou tu ferois,
 Gentil breuage ! Ah ! tu m'es trop amy,
 Pour te boyre a demy !*

*Donc, vuidant cecy, sans commettre un deffault,
 J'en liure a mon voisin l'affault.
 Ne craignez poinct, voisin : ce combat mien
 N'est que pour vostre bien.*

*Car, de ce duel si vous fuyez la loy,
 Et beuvez ainsi comme moy,
 Quand vous aurés ce breuage auallé,
 Vous ferés consolé.*

XXIV.

*O gentil joly vin claiet,
 Qui fers aux vieilles gens de laiët,
 Tu sois bien venu ! Je desire
 Que chez moy tu prennes logis,
 Comme vn de tes meilleurs amis,
 Et la raison ie t'en vay dire :*

*C'est pour mon grand mal appaïser.
 La nuit, je ne puis reposer,
 Tant la cholicque me tourmente !
 On m'a diët, selon Galien,
 Qu'on peut garir, par ton moyen,
 Vne douleur tant vehemente.*

*Je veux vser de ta bonté,
 Sans aller chercher ma santé*

Thy company better for health I have found,
Than o'er dreary statutes my eye-sight to strain ;
I see that a waterless beverage found
Suits better my brain.

How willingly would I my law-reports burn,
For those jolly reck'nings where thou dost appear ;
Fair beverage ! Never from thee would I turn
Half-drunk :—never fear !

I empty this pot, no defaulter in wine,
And then challenge boldly my neighbour to quaff.
Fear not, my good neighbour : this duel of mine
Will but make you laugh.

For if you will notice the rules of this fight,
And follow precisely the method I've done,
When you shall have swallowed this liquor downright,
You'll think it such fun !

XXIV.

O lovely wine, in hue a rose,
Whose stream like milk to old folks flows,
All hail to you ! I think it well
That in my house you make your home ;
To friend of your best friends you come.
The reason I will briefly tell,

Namely, my anguish to appease.
At night, I get no sleep nor ease,
The colic does me so torment !
But Galen says, (as told to me),
Your anodyne can set me free
From sufferings so vehement.

Your charity, I think were best,
Without recourse to chemist's chest,

*Aux boetes des apoticaïres.
Leurs drogues coustent trop d'argent,
Je ne veux plus que toy, vrayement,
Pour me servir en mes affaires.*

*Je scay comme il en faut user,
Sobrement, sans en abuser,
Que raison ne soit pervertie.
Ma femme aggrera volontiers
Qu'elle & moy en ayons un tiers,
Tous les soirs, avec la rostie.*

*Si m'eschet ailleurs d'en goufler,
Je n'iray pas luy raconter.
Elle me diroit en cholere :
" Tu as tant d'enffans a nourrir !
" Les veux tu, prodigue, appourir
" A ne cesser jamais de boire ? "*

*L'auare femme son mary
Rend souuent bien triste & mary,
Et en a de mauuaises heures.
Mais changeons de deuis : bon vin,
Versé on ne l'a pas, afin
Qu'au verre tousiours tu demeures !*

*Je pren donc ce qu'on m'a donné.
Personne ne soit estonné,
Si tout d'une fois je le vuide ;
Car, j'ay, pour boire, assez chanté.
Sus ! voisin, a vostre santé !
Vinc un gosier tousiours humide !*

XXV.

*Mareschal, qui le rouge fer
Ba-bas sur l'enclume en ta forge,
A force de battre & chauffer,
Te prend poinct la soif a la gorge ?*

To renovate my shattered state.
 Their costly drugs are far too dear ;
 I want to have you only here,
In bufinefs to co-operate.

Your virtues I know how to ufe,
In fobernefs, without abuse,
That reafon's pow'rs be never loft.
 My wife will be quite fatisfied
 That fhe and I a quart divide,
Each ev'ning, as we take our toaft.

Should I by chance tafte you elfewhere,
I fhould not mention it to her.
She would with indignation cry ;—
 “ You have fo many babes to feed !
 “ You prodigal, would you in need
“ Leave them, nor ceafe your revelry ? ”

A mifer wife oft makes her lord
Feel both afhamed and greatly bored,
And hours of much difcomfort pafs.
 But change we fuch ungrateful lay :—
 Good wine, you were not meant to ftay,
Poured out, for ever in the glafs !

I take, then, what they've given to me.
And don't you be furprifed to fee
It drained at one good pull with glee ;
 I've fung enough to earn my draught.
 To your health, neighbour, be it quaffed !
Long live the throat from drynefs free !

XXV.

Blackfmith, as you beat, beat,
 In the forge, the iron hot,
By the dint of blows and heat,
 Thirft nigh chokes you, does it not ?

*Je fuis ton valet, si tu veux
Faire, apres chacun martelage,
Que nous beuons vn coup ou deux,
Pour nous rafreschir l'hyfophage.*

*D'un pauvre valet qui n'a beu
L'endume n'est poinēt bien batue :
A fucr ainſi prez le feu,
De ſoif vne gorge eſt perdue.*

*Touſiours, s'il me faut traouiller,
De fort grand matin je m'eſucille,
Et ſcay auſſi bien a ſouſſler
Au charbon, comme a la bouteille.*

*Donc, de la ſoif me garderes,
Et avec vous je veux bien eſtre.
Ça le vin du marché beuues !
Le breuage eſt bon ; a vous, maiſtre !*

XXVI.

*Gentil forgeur, au viſage noirey,
Sur ce fer chaud qui alles martelant,
Vous faut il poinēt vn compaignon icy,
Qui ſouſſle bien, & qui eſt bon battant,
Et qui ſcait bien boire d'autant ?*

*En noſtre accord vn article mettray,
Si vous voulos qu'avecque vous ie ſois :
Chaque eſchaudée ou je traouailleray
Au gros marteau, vous me ſerés courtois
Et me feres boire vne fois.*

*J'entendz que ſoit de quelque bon pommé,
Et non de vin, qui couſte trop d'argent,
Et je ne fuis au vin accouſſumé.
Vous me voirez, m'abbreuant bien ſouuent,
En la forge fort diligent.*

I'm your fervant, if you think
That a cup or twain for us,
At each hammering, to drink,
Would refresh th' æsophagus.

He must anvil feebly beat,
Who ne'er drinks to cool his thirst :
Ever sweating in such heat,
A poor throat must be accurst.

Always, when to work I go,
With sunrise begins my task ;
And as ardently I blow
At the fire as at the flask.

You will keep all thirst from me,
And your favour I would win.
Your health, Master ! We agree.
'Tis good wine I drink it in !

XXVI.

Honest blacksmith, swart of face,
Forging iron all a-glow,
Canst thou give a workman place,
Who can deftly strike, and blow,
And drink well of goblet's flow ?

In our contract, I insist
One condition shall apply :
Ev'ry time that I assist
At the great forge, courtesy
Shall invite me drink to try.

It must be some cider fine,
Not wine, which entails expense,
And I'm not inured to wine.
See, if I'm oft sprinkled thence,
How I'll forge with diligence.

*Si je ne boy, je ne puis trauailler ;
Car j'ay vn mal : la foif fouuent m'affault.
Et c'est pitié que d'un pauure gosier
D'un compaignon alteré, qui a chauld,
Et n'a le remede qu'il fault.*

*Or, vous ferés de moy bien satisfaiēt
Par ce moyen ; maistre, je boy a vous.
Voicy le vin de nostre marché faiēt.
Ce fildre est bon : mais ne soyés jaloux
De la maistresse ny de nous.*

*Ay je pas bien fouslé pour vne fois ?
Il m'est entré dans la gorge vn charbon,
Et a l'estaindre, en beuuant, je taschois.
Faiētes ainsy pour dire : Lariron !
Vine le gentil forgeron !*

XXVII.

*Tous ces vers biberons ie veux defaduouer,
Aduorton que j'ay faiētz en ma ieune allegresse,
Quoy que ie n'eusse lors vne humeur beuueresse :
Mais on faiēt fouuent mal, ne pensant que jouer.*

*Je crains que quelques vns ne vueillent en rser
Pour seruir de pretexte a leur gourmande vie.
Ces vers ne pecheront, mais bien l'yurongnerie :
Car de toute autre chose on peut bien abuser.*

*Je retraēte pourtant les chansons qui feront
Scandale aux scrupuleux, & ceux que sans les dire
Vn chacun les censure & bannisse de Vire,
Blasfant avec l'auteur ceux qui les chanteront.*

*Moy mesme j'en ay honte avec vn repentir.
Je voudrois que jamais elles n'eussent pris vie ;
Mais elles ont deia pris cours en la patrie,
Qui, malgré moy, les chante ; & me faut le patir.*

I can't work, if I drink not ;
 One misfortune's mine :—'tis thirst.
If poor fellow's throat be hot,
 And with lack of drink he's curst,
 'Tis of miseries the worst.

Thus, your praise shall aye be mine ;
 Master, thus I drink to thee !
'Tis our foresaid contract-wine,
 Cider good. Don't jealous be
 Either of thy wife, or me.

Have I not, for once, well blown ?
 In my throat a cinder stuck,
And I drank to cool it down ;
 Do the same, and sing, for luck ;—
 " Long be such good forging struck ! "

XXVII.

All these drinking-songs I would gladly disown,
 Imperfect attempts of my frolicsome youth ;
 When I wasn't addicted to drinking, in foorth,
Yet mischief may oft, though in jesting, be done.

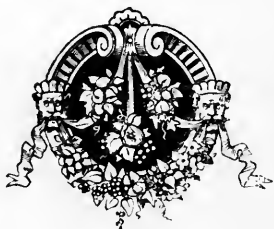
I fear lest by some they perhaps may be used
 As covers for veiling their epicure way.
 These verses won't sin ; the debauchery may ;
As all other things may be grossly abused.

Such songs I retract as may possibly bring
 To squeamish minds, scandal, offending the ear :
 Let all men revile them, and banish from Vire,
And blame him who wrote them, and those who may sing.

Myself am ashamed of them ; vow I repent ;
 And wish that they never had come into life ;
 But now o'er the whole of the country they're rife.
'Spite of me they are sung ; and I must consent.

*Je ne laisseray pas a hanter mes amis,
Sans faire toutes fois excez fur le breuuage,
Contre le mauuais temps leur donnant bon courage,
Et en le fouhaissant tel qu'il estoit jadis.*

*Je vay boire d'autant pour finir ces chansons,
Lesquelles ne sont pas au gré de tout le monde ;
Mais quel dommage en ha tout homme qui en gronde,
Si, sans haine & sans mal, nous nous resjouissons ?*



My meetings with friends I will never give o'er,
Though never committing excess ; in my rhymes
Exhorting my comrades to bear evil times,
And praying for days like the brave ones of yore.

To finish these songs, I'll now heartily quaff,
Though not with all tastes they go pleasantly down ;
But how do they injure the cenfours who frown,
If we in pure innocence merrily laugh ?





CHANSONS DU VAU DE VIRE

DU MS. POLINIÈRE.

I.

*Si souuent en nos repas,
A la façon ancienne
De nos peres gros & gras,
Nous chantons, chascun la sienne,
C'est pour chasser le soucy
Qui nous peut donner ennuy.*

*Celuy qui n'a le cerueau
Capable de l'armonie,
N'est qu'une teste de veau
Remply de melancolie :
Un homme ne chantant poinct,
C'est comme vn qui n'en a poinct.*

*Celuy qui ayme a chanter,
En beuant, le Vaudeuirc,
Ne s'amuze a detracter
De son voisin ny d'en rire ;
Mais bien heureux & content
S'amuse a boire d'autant.*

*Ces beaux espritz, doux chantans,
Pendant que l'on disne ou soupe,
Me font souuenir des chants
Dont l'on dit des dieux la troupe,
Parmy leur nectar vineux,
Se repaistre dans les cieux.*



SONGS OF THE VAU DE VIRE

FROM THE POLINIÈRE MS.

I.

If we oft, with festal cheer,
 Like our burly fires of old,
Sing each one his Vau-de-Vire,
 Such as those great heroes trolled,
'Tis to drive dull care away,
Lest it damp our spirits gay.

He whose brain was never bred
 To enjoy fweet harmony,
Is no better than calf's head
 Teeming with melancholy :
He who never fings his part,
Has no harmony of heart.

He who takes delight to fmg,
 While he drinks, the Vau-de-Vire,
Finds no joy in flandering
 Friend or neighbour, nor in sneer ;
But rejoices in content,
And in jocund merriment.

Such glad fowls, their carols fweet
 Chanting while we fup or dine,
Seem with those clear notes replete
 Which, 'tis faid, with neétar-wine,
In celestial abodes,
Feaft affemblies of the gods.

*Imitons donc gayement
Ceste musique celleste,
Et chantons ensemblement
Quelque Vaudeuire honneste.
Sans contrefaire le fin,
Chascun boiue a son voisin.*

II.

*Tu fois le bien venu,
O fidre delectable !
Tu vaux pour estre beau.
Vn pressourier notable
T'a façonné. Entre tous les mestiers,
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Vn pressourier vrayment
Est bien plus qu'on ne pense.
C'est comme vn president ;
Quand le marc il agence,
C'est le premier. Entre tous les mestiers,
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Quand le marc est assis,
Pressouriers vont repaistre,
Et disner, au logis,
A la table du maistre.
Il faut du rost. Entre tous les mestiers,
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Les grans fabos aux pieds,
Le bonnet a la teste,
Sur la may respectés,
Ils font toucher la bestle
A un vallet. Entre tous les mestiers,
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

Then such Paradise-like lay
Let us gaily rival here,
Singing in our choral way
Some good honest Vau-de-Vire.
Our true feelings hiding not,
To friend's health drain we wine-pot.

II.

O delicious cider-draught,
Thou shalt ever welcome be !
Some grand cider-preffer's craft
Must have aptly fashioned thee
So fit to drink. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourish long !

To the cider-preffer 's lent
Greater sway than is supposed.
He is like a President.
While he sees the marc disposed,
He's Premier. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourish long !

When the marc is left to rest,
Cider-preffers go to dine
With the master, on what 's best,
At high-table, superfine.
They must have roast. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourish long !

Wooden sabots on their feet,
On their head their bonnet kept,
Reverenced on the may-feat,
While they make the horse be whipt
By servant's hand. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourish long !

*A eux seulz appartient
De tout le pressourage
L'entier gouuernement,
Et du grand couteau large
Tailler le marc. Entre tous les mestiers,
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Les jumelles, la viz,
Les cuues, le moullage,
Le mouton, la brebis,
La may leur font hommage.
Bref je vous dis : Entre tous les mestiers,
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Dans le fildre nouueau
Sont gens qui ont puissance
De mellanger de l'eau
Et nous faire nuisance.
Disons en bien. Entre tous les mestiers,
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

*Pressouriers, je promets
Pinte de Maluoise,
Mais qu'au pressoir jamais
L'eau n'entre, je vous prie.
Je boys a vous ! Entre tous les mestiers,
Viue celluy des pressouriers !*

III.

*Farin Du Gas, tu es vn honnestle homme :
Par mon ferment, tu es vn bon Gallois.
Eslois tu poinct du temps que les Anglois
A Basselin firent si grand vergongne ?
Ma foy, Farin, tu es vn habille homme.*

*Mais quoy ! Farin, y a t il quelque chose
Qui semble mieux a Basselin que vous ?
Premierement il beuoit tous les jours,*

For all apple-management,
On them are the functions laid
Of despotic government ;
And with great broad-shapen blade
To cleave the marc. All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourish long !

Double boards, and spiral screw,
Streaming pipes, the mill, the prefs,
Table, floor, pay homage due
To the preffer's mightiness.
In short, I say :—All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourish long !

While as yet the cider 's new,
There are folks who have a charm
To mix water in the brew,
And so work us monstrous harm.
But blefs we it. All handicrafts among
May the cider-preffers flourish long !

Cider-preffers, I will give
You a flask of Malvoisie :
But no water, as you live,
In your cider-prefs must be.
I drink your health ! All handicrafts among,
May the cider-preffers flourish long !

III.

Farin Du Gas, thou art a goodly man :
Thou art, I swear, a chosen one of ten.
Wert thou not of that time when Englishmen
Did Basselin so shamefully trepan ?
My troth, Farin, thou art a clever man !

But prithee, Farin, is there any thing
Which more than thou to Basselin is like ?
First, he kept drinking, ev'ry day alike ;

*Et toy, Farin, tu ne fais autre chose :
Ny jour ny nuit, chez toy on ne repose.*

*Onc Baffelin ne voullut de laitage,
Et toy, Farin, le hais plus que la mort ;
Mais pour vider centz fois le gobelot,
Tu le ferois, & encor dauantage.
Si Farin meurt, ce feroit grand dommage.*

*Baffelin fut de fort rouge visage,
Illuminé, comme est vn cherubin ;
Et toy, Farin, tu as tant beu de vin,
Que maintenant tout ce l'on te presage.
Si Farin meurt, ce fera grand dommage.*

*Raoul Baffelin fit mettre en curatelle
Honteusement le bonhomme Oliuier ;
Et toy, Farin, voys tu poinct Le Soudier
Qui, en riant, te faiet mettre en tutelle ?
Ça, diet Farin, par ma foy, j'en appelle.*

*A Baffelin ne demeura que frire ;
Et toy, Farin, tu es bon mesnager.
Pour boire vn peu, ce n'est pas grand danger :
C'est de ton creu. Encore faut il rive.
Bois donc, Farin, & ne prens pas du pire.*

IV.

*Je congnois vn qui faiet pitié,
Tant il se desole & lamente,
Scachant qu'il perdra la moitié
Du prix de son fildre a la vente.*

*Il se plaint contre tant de fleurs
Qui nous promettent tant de pommes,
Et luy donnent mille douleurs,
Ceste bonne année ou nous sommes.*

And thou, Farin, too, dost no other thing :
Nor day, nor night, to thy house rest doth bring !

Then, Baffelin did milk for drink abhor ;
And thou, Farin, dost hate it more than death ;
But as for draining hundred goblets,—faith,
Thou would'st do that, and even somewhat more.
Did Farin die, it were a pity fore !

Baffelin's visage was of rosy dye,
Illumined, as a cherub's features shine ;
And thou, Farin, hast drunk such floods of wine,
That a like fate for thee men prophesy.
It were a pity fore, did Farin die !

The good Olivier was put in ward
By Raoul Baffelin, disgracefully.
And so, Farin, does not Le Soudier,
In jest, restrain thee by curator's guard ?
Farin says :—" I appeal from such award ! "

To Baffelin was left no bite of food ;
And thou, Farin, art frugal of thy stuff.
To drink a little wine is safe enough.
'Tis thine own growth. Be gravity eschewed.
Drink, then, Farin ; and drink of what is good !

IV.

One, whom I know, makes sad outcry,
Most pitiable moan and wail,
Over his loss, since folks will buy
Cider for half-price at the sale.

He raves against the burst of bloom,
Whose teeming fruit our trees will bless,
But him to thousand furrows doom,
In this our year of plenteousness.

*Il vendroit son fildre aux voisins,
(S'il n'en eust esté d'aventure)
A six blancs le pot & rien moins,
Et feroit petite mesure.*

*Las ! faut il qu'il ait tant vescu,
Et voir, malgré son avarice,
Pippe de fildre a vn escu,
Et qu'il faut que le sien aigrisse !*

*Voicy la faison, gosiers secs,
Par vous tant de fois désirée.
Ne beuez pourtant par excès,
Si la soif n'est immodérée.*

*Je pense estre avec mes amis.
Je bois a vous & vous fallue ;
Ce breuage icy n'est pas mis
Pour estre jeté dans la rue.*

*Quand vn homme est bien alteré,
Et que le fildre le contente,
A mon aduis il est tiré
Des pommes de quelque bonne ente.*

V.

*Ma commerc, ma mye,
Visitons nous souuent,
Car beaucoup il m'ennuye
Que mon mary ne vient.
Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'est pas sans raison,
Car je couche feullette,
Seulette a la maison.*

*Qu'a Rouen son affaire
Aye bientoisl bon succès,
Je voudrois, ma commerc,
Qu'il n'y eust nul procès.*

He would have fold to neighbours, round,—
 (Had only the crop failed, by chance !),—
At pence the pot, nor cheaper found,
 Which his short measure would enhance.

Why live so long, to see, with frown,
 Spite of his avarice's power,
A pipe of cider for a crown,
 And that his own must soon grow four ?

Ye thirsty throats, such blissfulness
 Was oft by you desired of late.
But still, pray quaff without excess,
 If thirst be not immoderate.

To you, the friends I dwell among,
 I drink, saluting as we meet :
Because it would be clearly wrong
 To throw this draught into the street.

When a man's thirst is well redressed,
 And cider pleases him when quaffed,
I feel it must have been expressed
 From apples of some noble graft.

V.

My friend, my gossip dear,
 Let us oft visits pay :
So long the hours appear
 While my good-man's away.
If I his absence moan,
 'Tis not mere fantasy,
For in the house, alone,—
 Alas ! alone I lie.

At Rouen may his cause
 Right early have good end :
I would that by the laws
 There were no law-suits, friend !

*Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'est pas sans raison,
Car je couche seulette,
Seulette a la maison.*

*Pourueu qu'il me maintienne
Sa foy & loyauté,
Attendant qu'il reuienne,
Je bois a fa santé.
Si tant je le regrette,
Ce n'est pas sans raison,
Car je couche seulette,
Seulette a la maison.*

VI.

*Messieurs, je m'en vais boire a vous
De ce vin qui est si tres doux
Et fauoureux.
Vous ferez en la manierre
Comme je vay faire ;
Or beuez donc, mon comperre,
Car c'est a vous.*

*J'ay beu d'autant, vous le voyez
Voisin, c'est a vous en apres,
Et vous hastez.
Prenez doncques vostre tasse
De cuer & de grace.
Ce vin vient de bonne place.
Vous en boirez.*

*Boire tousiours il nous conuient,
Et sy mangons pareillement
Du pain souuent.
Et faictes tousiours chere lie
A nostre partye :
Beuons tous, je vous en prye,
Chascun d'autant.*

If I his absence moan,
 'Tis not mere fantasy,
For in the house, alone,—
 Alas ! alone I lie.

If he to me maintain
 His faith and loyalty,
Till he come back again,
 I'll toast him lovingly.
If I his absence moan,
 'Tis not mere fantasy,
For in the house, alone,—
 Alas ! alone I lie.

VI.

Your health, all the company round,
In this wine delicious and sound,
 Of flavour renowned.
And, just in the manner I do,
 Do each one of you.
Then drink, gossip true !
 Don't laggard be found.

I've heartily drunk, and I fend
The wine next to you, my good friend ;
 So prithee attend.
Enjoy your wine-cup with good grace,
 Not making a face :
'Tis from a choice place,
 Which you will commend.

To drink without ceasing, behoves :
And often to eat of our loaves
 As appetite moves ;
And aye to be merry and gay
 While chatting away :
Drink, each of us, pray,
 As much as he loves.

*Quand nous ferons rassasiés
Des biens qui nous sont présentés,
Vous n'oublierez
A dire une chansonnette
Belle & joliette,
Voycy ma vaisselle nette. . . .
Vous n'en doutez !*

*J'ay oublié a dire un mot :
Y a t il plus rien en ce pot ?
Regardez tost.
C'est de bonne Meruoisie,
Je vous le certiffye.
Chascun vide, je vous pryé,
Son gobelet.*



When we shall be satisfied quite
With all the good cheer of to-night,
Give us the delight
Some canzonette pretty to hear,
That tickles the ear :
See, my glass is clear
Drunk out, honour bright !

One last parting word I forgot :
Does no wine remain in the pot ?
Beware it do not !
The liquor 's right good Malvoisie,
As I certify.
Drain goblets, say I,
Not leaving a jot !



APPENDIX.



APPENDIX.

I.

VAUDEVILLE.

From "Le Mot et la Chose," by M. Francisque Sarcey : Paris, 1863.

[M. Gasté, in the Appendix to his "Jean Le Houx," has given the three first stanzas of this lively and graceful composition ; adding :—"The whole piece should be read. It " is impossible in a more exact or more charming manner to " tell the story of the origin and the different transforma- " tions of the Vaudeville." Some of the very descriptive stanzas of M. Sarcey,—himself, we believe, a native of Normandy, and nurtured in that land of romance and song,—recall to our mind what the greatest and most popular of the modern bards of France has sung of some of the famous Vaudevillistes of former times :—

“ Ces couplets comme on n'en fait plus,
“ Où Favart peignait la tendresse,
“ Où Panard frondait les abus.
“ Contre l'humeur qui nous irrite
“ Quels antidotes souverains !
“ Leurs vers badins,
“ Francs et malins,
“ Aux moins joyeux faisaient battre les mains.”

Those songs,—there are no longer such !—
Favart with his refrains of love,
Panard with his satiric touch ;
Against our fretting discontent
What sovran remedies !
Their sportive glee,
Adroit and free,
Brought down applause from gravest audiences.]

*Au vieux temps où l'on aimait
Chanter, boire, et rire,
Baffelin improvisait,
Sans favoir écrire,
De bons couplets bien chantants,
Que l'on répéta longtemps
Dans le val de Vire,
O gué
Dans le val de Vire.*

*Là fut jadis le berceau
Du vieux Vaudevire ;
Il naquit au bord de l'eau,
C'est cruel à dire.
Mais il n'en chanta que mieux
L'amour jeune et le vin vieux,
Dans le val de Vire,
O gué
Dans le val de Vire.*

*C'était un enfant malin,
D'humeur indocile ;
Il voulut voir un matin
Paris la grand'ville ;
Il laissa son nom Normand
Pour s'appeler noblement
Maître Vaudeville,
O gué
Maître Vaudeville.*

*De la fatire il y prit
Le goût et le Ryle,
Et charma par son esprit
La cour et la ville ;
Il cribla de ses refrains
Et frondeurs et mazarins,
Ce bon Vaudeville,
O gué
Ce bon Vaudeville.*

Song, wine, mirth, in olden days
Did our fathers cheer ;
Baffelin unwritten lays
Improvised by ear ;
Vocal stanzas, very sweet,
Which they ever since repeat
In the Val de Vire,
O gay !
In the Val de Vire.

Cradled there, of yore, in fedge,
Was old Vaudevire ;
Born beside the water's edge,—
Cruel tale to hear !
But he all the better trolled
Love that's young, and wine that's old,
In the Val de Vire,
O gay !
In the Val de Vire.

With an artful fancy born,
Self-willed child was he ;
He resolved to go, one morn,
Paris town to see ;
He left off his Norman name,
One of noble rank to claim,
Maître Vaudeville,
O gay !
Maître Vaudeville.

There he of satiric sport
Caught the taste and style ;
His fine talent town and court
Often would beguile,
And, with sharply-pointed wit,
Frondeurs, Mazarins, would hit :
That good Vaudeville,
O gay !
That good Vaudeville.

*En ses chansons, du grand roi
Il refit l'histoire ;
La Vallière et Villeroy,
L'amour et la gloire,
Tout le grand siècle y passa,
Et sa perruque y dansa
Sur des airs à boire,
O gué'
Sur des airs à boire.*

*Au temps de la Pompadour,
Comme à cette école,
De vin, de joie, et d'amour
La France était folle ;
D'un ton un peu plus salé
Il se livra chez Collé
A la gaudriole,
O gué
A la gaudriole.*

*Mais le théâtre à Paris
Est la grande affaire,
Un matin il y fut pris
De belle manière ;
Et sans crainte des sifflets
Il débita ses couplets
Devant un parterre,
O gué
Devant un parterre.*

*Pour théâtre, il eût longtemps
Celui de la Foire ;
Pour public, de bonnes gens,
Rient après boire ;
Il chantait avec Panard
A la franquette et sans art,
En narguant la gloire,
O gué
En narguant la gloire.*

Next the great King's feats employ
His song's plastic mould ;
La Vallière and Villeroy,
Love, and Fame, he told :
All that stately age went past,
His peruke there dancing fast
To wine-music old,
O gay !
To wine-music old.

In La Pompadour's sunshine,
Fashioned in her school,
France, of joy, and love, and wine,
Frantic, served the rule ;
He, beneath the lively sway
Of the volatile Collé,
Played in song the fool,
O gay !
Played in song the fool.

But at Paris the grand thing
Is dramatic wit :
Going on the stage to sing,
He made quite a hit ;
And, not fearing hiss or groan,
Stanzas in unfaltering tone
Spouted to a pit,
O gay !
Spouted to a pit.

All the theatre he had,
Was La Foire, a while ;
All the audience, folks glad
Just to drink and smile :
With Panard, in frankest ways,
He sang rustic roundelays,
Aping no fine style.
O gay !
Aping no fine style.

*Quand d'un théâtre à son nom
Plus tard il fut maître,
Il conserva même ton,
Même façon d'être ;
Avec Merle et Défaugiers,
Et tant d'autres chansonniers,
Il se vit renaître,
O gué
Il se vit renaître.*

*Il chanta comme toujours,
La gloire et les belles ;
Les vieux vins et les amours,
Les amours nouvelles ;
Il mit Horace en flons flons ;
En avant les violons,
Et foin des cruelles,
O gué
Et foin des cruelles.*

*Mais enfin Scribe arriva,
Scribe, l'homme habile ;
De la scène il éleva
Le ton trop facile.
Veuillez tourner le feuillet,
Vous verrez ce qu'il a fait
Du vieux Vaudeville,
O gué
Du vieux Vaudeville.**

* In M. Sarcey's volume, this "Vaudeville" is followed by "Les
trois Scribe, Critique-Vaudeville en un acte, du Théâtre de Madame."

When a theatre his name
 Owned, in times of late,
He retained his tone the fame,
 And changed not his state :
With Merle and Defaugiers,
And a host as good as they,
 Quite regenerate,
 O gay !
 Quite regenerate.

True to early days, he trolled
 Songs of Love, and Fame :—
Sang of wines of vintage old,
 And Love's youngest flame.
To his deft Horatian slave
Violins sweet music gave,
 Cruel girls to shame,
 O gay !
 Cruel girls to shame.

But at length did Scribe appear ;
 Master-mind was he
Higher the stage-tone to rear,
 Ere too light and free.
On the next page, you will learn
How he gave a novel turn
 To old Vaudeville,
 O gay !
 To old Vaudeville.

II.

OLIVIER BASSELIN.

Longfellow.

[We make no apology for here introducing the characteristic and animated poem in which Mr. Longfellow has celebrated the scenery of the Vaux-de-Vire, and the fongs,—and the mill,—of Olivier Baffelin ; a poem which the good taste of M. Gasté has selected as one of the principal ornaments of his volume on “Jean Le Houx.” The charm of Mr. Longfellow’s verses will be little diminished by the recent discovery as to the true authorship of most of the fongs of the Vaux-de-Vire which have come down to us ; and the name of Olivier Baffelin, so generously praised in the poetic strains of Jean Le Houx, still remains one “which Fame will not willingly let die.”]

In the valley of the Vire
 Still is seen an ancient mill,
 With its gables quaint and queer,
 And beneath the window-fill,
 On the stone
 These words alone :
 “ Oliver Baffelin lived here.”

Far above it, on the steep,
 Ruined stands the old Château ;
 Nothing but the donjon-keep
 Left for shelter or for show.
 Its vacant eyes
 Stare at the skies,
 Stare at the valley green and deep.

Once a convent, old and brown,
Looked, but ah ! it looks no more,
From the neighbouring hill-side down
On the rushing and the roar
Of the stream
Whose funny gleam
Cheers the little Norman town.

In that darksome mill of stone,
To the water's dash and din,
Careless, humble, and unknown,
Sang the poet Baffelin
Songs that fill
That ancient mill
With a splendour of its own.

Never feeling of unrest,
Broke the pleasant dream he dreamed ;
Only made to be his nest,
All the lovely valley seemed ;
No desire
Of foaring higher
Stirred or fluttered in his breast.

True, his songs were not divine ;
Were not songs of that high art,
Which, as winds do in the pine,
Find an answer in each heart ;
But the mirth
Of this green earth
Laughed and revelled in his line.

From the alehouse and the inn,
Opening on the narrow street,
Came the loud convivial din,
Singing, and applause of feet,
The laughing lays
That in those days
Sang the poet Baffelin.

In the castle, cased in steel,
Knights, who fought at Agincourt,
Watched and waited, spur on heel ;
But the poet fang for sport
Songs that rang
Another clang ;
Songs that lowlier hearts could feel.

In the convent, clad in grey,
Sat the monks in lonely cells,
Paced the cloisters, knelt to pray,
And the poet heard their bells ;
But his rhymes
Found other chimes,
Nearer to the earth than they.

Gone are all the barons bold,
Gone are all the knights and squires,
Gone the abbot stern and cold,
And the brotherhood of friars ;
Not a name
Remains to fame,
From those mouldering days of old.

But the poet's memory here
Of the landscape makes a part ;
Like the river, swift and clear,
Flows his song through many a heart ;
Haunting still
That ancient mill,
In the Valley of the Vire.

III.

[To the kindness of M. J. B. Weckerlin, the very learned Librarian of the Conservatoire de Musique at Paris, we are indebted for a transcript of the following seventeen ancient airs; to which, Vaux-de-Vire of Jean Le Houx were sung in his own time. They are taken from a work of great interest, rarely found complete:—“*Recueil des plus beaux airs accompagnés de Chançons à Dancer, Ballets, Chançons folatres, et Bachanales, autrement dites Vaudevire, non encore Imprimés. Auxquelles Chançons l'on a mis la musique de leur chant, afin que chacun les puisse chanter et dancer le tout à une seule voix. Caen, chez Jaques Mangeant, 1615.*” The volume consists of three parts bound in one, small duodecimo.

A somewhat similar collection had been published at Caen, also by J. Mangeant, in 1608, entitled “*Airs nouveaux accompagnés des plus belles chançons à danser que ayent esté, par cy devant mises en lumiere, mesurées sur toutes sortes de cadences, de Branles, Voltes, Courantes, Ballets, et autres dances, et qui n'ont encor esté imprimées. Ausquelles chançons l'on a mis la Musique de leur chant, afin que chacun les puisse chanter et dancer de mesure en compaignie.*” But, from its title, that work does not appear to have contained airs of the Vaux-de-Vire.

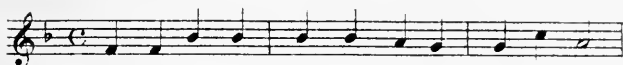
Of all the songs of ancient France, with the arrangement of which, whether as “Echos du Temps Passé,” or under other titles, M. Weckerlin's name is honourably associated, none, perhaps, are more interesting to the musical bibliographer than these

“Vocal stanzas, very sweet,
 “Which they ever since repeat
 “In the Val de Vire,
 “O gay!
 “In the Val de Vire.”]

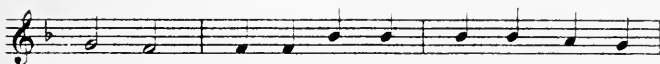
ANCIENT MUSIC
OF THE VAU-DE-VIRE.



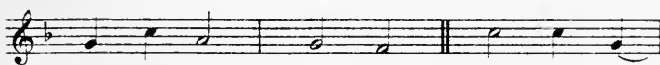
I. Au barbier qui la barbe ofte .



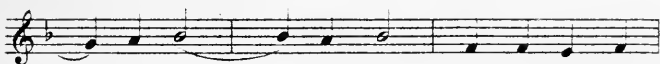
Au barbier qui la barbe os - te Qui ma barbe



os - ta Et à la mo - de qui trot - te



Qui me la coup - pa; D'ar - gent il -



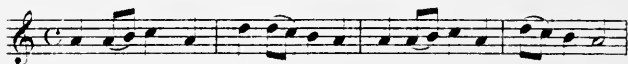
- ne m'en - - cous - ta, Mais je luy pay -



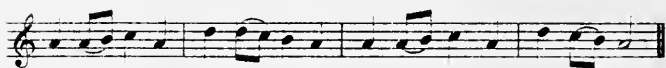
ay cho - pi - ne, Quand il sceut mon o - ri - gi - ne,



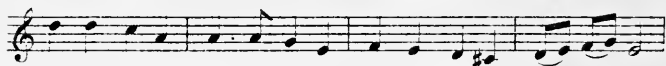
Que j'estois Vi - rois Et compaignon ga - lois.

2. *C'est affez. troupe honorable.*

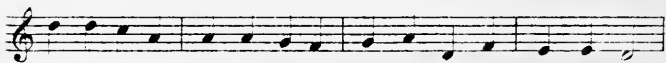
C'est as-sez troupe ho-no-rable De ces gentis chans virois



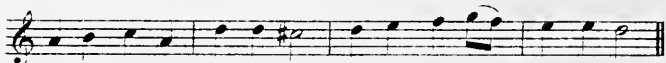
Il faut se le-ver de table Le reste en une au-tre fois,



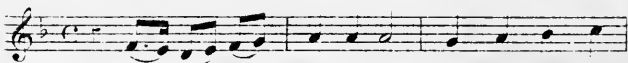
Car peut-estre que le maistre Qui nous assem-ble ce-ans



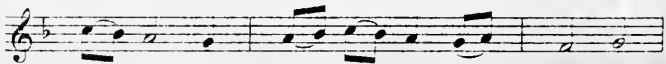
Nô-se di-re le marti-re Et mal que luy font les dents:



Souvent in-com-mo-di-té Provient d'à-voir trop chanté.

3. *Compagnon marinier.*

Com-pa-gnon ma-rinier Grande et pleine est



la mer, Le flot bat le ri-va-ge.



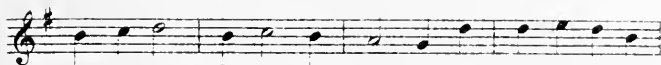
Il faut pren-dre ce bort Car le vent



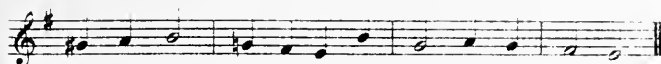
est trop fort, Ne perdons point----- coura-ge.

4. *Faute d'humeur nos choux font morts*

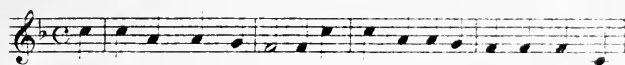
Fau - te d'humeur nos choux sont morts En



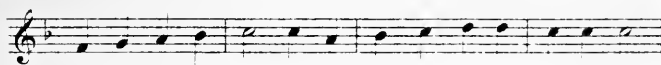
nos jardins par sè - che - res - se: Fau - te d'a - brever



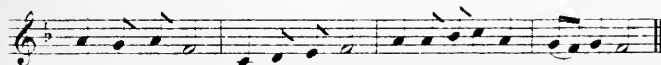
bien mon corps Si j'allois mou - rir que se - roit - ce?

5. *Hé! Qu'avons nous à faire.*

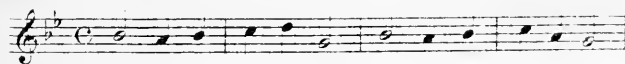
Hé qu'avons-nous af - fai - re Du Turc ny du Sophy, don don? Pour



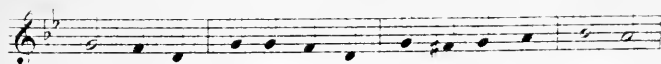
veu que j'aye à boi - re Des grandeurs je dis - fy, don don.



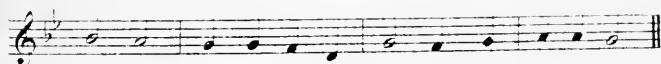
Trinque Seigneur, Ce vin est bon Hoc a - euit in - ge - nium.

6. *J'ayme parfaitement.*

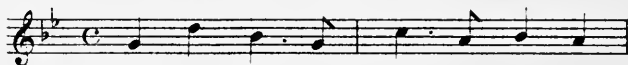
J'ay - me par - faitement, Un breuvage excellent.



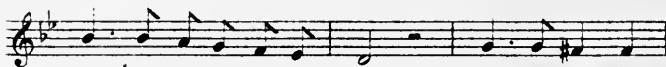
Car il fait resjon - ir mon gé - nereux cou - ra - ge:



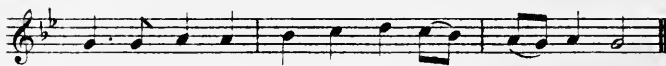
Qui d'eau fait breuva - ge N'a point d'en - ten - dement.

7. *L'amour je laisseray faire.*

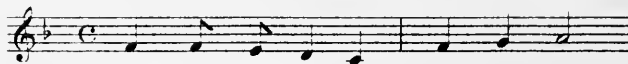
La - mour je les - se - ray fai - re



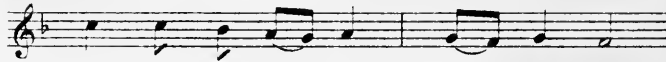
Et les dames courti - ser; Il ne me faut



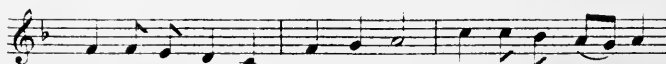
plus qu'a boi - re D'au - tant et me re - po - ser.

8. *Meffieurs, voulez-vous rien mander.*

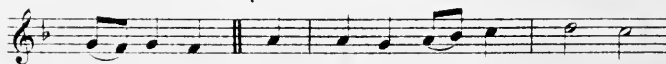
Mes - sieurs vou - lez - vous rien man - der,



Mes - sieurs vou - lez - vous rien man - der?



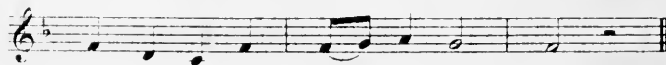
Ce bateau va pas - ser la mer, Ce bateau va pas -



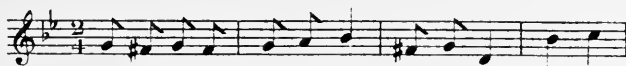
ser la mer. Char - gé de bon breu - va - ge,



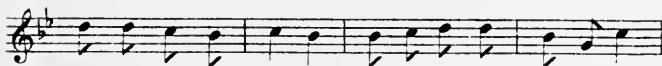
Le ma - te - lot le puis - se bien me - ner



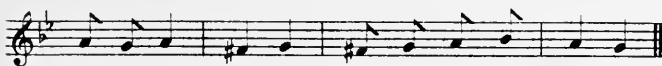
Sans pe - ril et sans nau - fra - - ge.

9. *Mon mary a, que je croy.*

Mon mary a, Que je croy Par ma foy Le go-



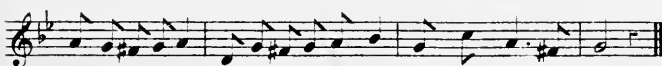
sier de chair sa - lé - e, Car il ne peut res-pi-rer



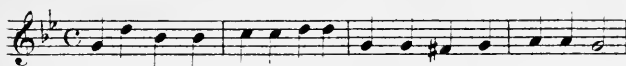
Ny du-rer Si sa gor-ge n'est mouil - lé - e.

10 *Monsieur de ceans.*

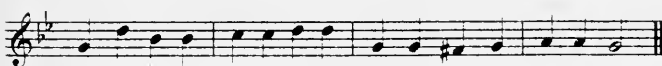
Monsieur de ceans Ces honnestes gens Ne vous pourront ru-i-



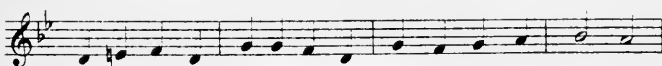
ner à chopiner, Car le sidre ne vaut plus qu'un ca-ro-lus.

11. *N'abregeons point notre vie*

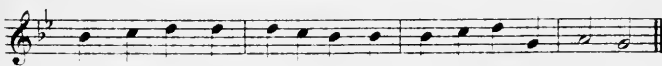
N'abregeons point nostre vie Par trop nous at - te-di-er,



Cent ans de me - lancholi - e Ne payeront pas un denier;



At-tendons à rechi-ner que nous soy-ons ma - la - des



Qu'on viendra nous ordonner Des breuva-ges si fa-des.

12. *Né t'approche, avare chiche.*


Ne t'ap - pro - che a - va - re chi - che

De ma ta - ble au - cu - ne - ment, Tu fis

mou - rir pau - vre - ment Mon voi - sin quoqu'

il fut ri - che: Riche a - va - re est

peu de cas, Non je ne le se - ray pas.

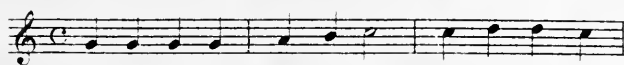
13. *Nous sommes armés comme il faut.*


Nous sommes ar - més comme il faut: Alarme! à l'as - saut,

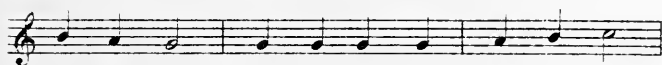
à l'as - saut! Nous sommes ar - més comme il faut.

Chacun monstre ce qu'il sait fai - re: Alarme! à l'as - saut,

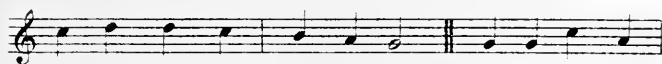
à l'as - saut! Cha - cun monstre ce qu'il sait fai - re.

14 *O tintamarre plaisant.*

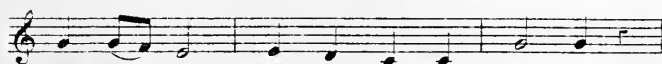
O tin - ta - mar - re plaisant Et dou - ce - ment



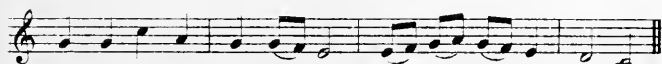
re - son - nant Des tonneaux que l'on re - lie



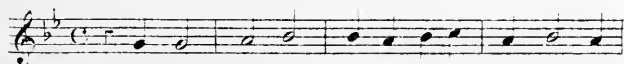
Si - gne qu'on boi - ra d'au - tant; Ce - la me fait



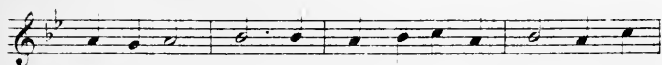
res - jou - ir O belle har - mo - ni - e



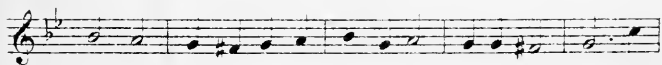
Sans toy je m'al - lois mou - rir De me - lan - cho - li - e.

15. *Que Nôé fut un patriarche digne.*

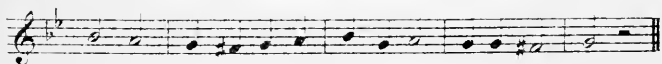
Que No - é fut un pa - triar - che di - gne,



Car ce fut luy qui nous planta la vi - gne. Et



bout pre - mier le jus de son raisin O le bon vin! Et



bout pre - mier le jus de son raisin O le bon vin!

16. *Qui est celui qui est gisant.*

Qui est ce - luy qui est gi - sant

Sous cet - te froi - de se - pul - tu - re?

Un riche a - va - re qui vi - vant Ne bu -

voit que l'eau tou - te pu - re.

17. *Sur la mer je ne veux mie.*

Sur la mer je ne veux mi - e

En hasard mettre ma vi - e Pour augmenter mes moy - ens,

Pour - veu qu'à mon gré je boi - ve

Et que mon peu je con - - ser - ve

Cy bas je ne veux plus ri - en.



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